This Book is Dedicated to:

All people moving to another country, facing a new culture, language and surroundings, without any friends or any money.

Young people who can learn from my experiences.

Those who are depressed and are feeling as though the world is crashing around them, due to bad luck or serious injury.

Educational groups and universities for their studies and analysis.

Suppliers around the world who share with me the satisfaction of delivering the best the world has to offer.

Millions of consumers, so they may experience the joy and satisfaction I feel, knowing that I have done and I am still doing the very best.

The competition, which I know will examine this book very carefully. I trust they will finally understand that my motive is, and always has been, to provide the consumer with the very best, and maybe they can try to do the same.

This is a solid testament of my desire to share feelings, experiences, accomplishments, the highs and lows, with our customers, general public, supporters, friends and even the competition, whose respect I feel that I have earned.
A special gesture of appreciation

Prior to the final completion of this biography, Mr. Goudas, gave a few draft copies to some of his close friends and coworkers, and asked them for their opinion.

One of these copies got to the hands of Mrs. Amani Saif. Even though she did not know Mr. Goudas in person, Mrs. Saif was so inspired and impressed with everything she read, that she spontaneously drew his portrait with great success.

She sent him the portrait via e-mail, along with the following brief note, filled with a lively and genuine review of his biography.

We thank her.

The Biography of Mr. Goudas

Mr. Goudas’ biography takes you on a special journey; one that is as interesting, dramatic, eventful and packed full of wisdom as any major work of literature. From the time young Spyros begins his work at a clay factory to the time Goudas Foods becomes an international symbol for quality, Mr. Goudas delivers great inspiration for hard work, determination, building standards for excellence and ongoing contribution to all people. Upon reading the full biography, I felt as if I had entered Mr. Goudas’ world. I re-examined his picture on the book cover. His facial expressions matched the stories in his life. There was intensity where life has been intense, and grace where dreams have been fulfilled.

To you, Mr. Goudas, I dedicate this portrait to express my gratitude for sharing your biography with all readers and myself.

With great appreciation,
Amani Saif
Dear Friends, Customers and Readers:

Spyros Peter Goudas has given his permission to have this biography of his life compiled and published.

He wishes to acknowledge the loyalty of all his employees, both domestic and abroad.

He thanks the media, who have written and published favourable articles over the years.

The life and tireless efforts of Mr. Goudas is an inspiration to all of us, especially to all new Canadians.

Mr. Goudas, therefore, dedicates this book to all the immigrants in Canada, who in their own way shaped the path of this beautiful country.

The stories and articles have been written and recorded as they were told. We urge you to read this book with a lot of patience and understanding. Forgive any errors of omission and commission.

Please reserve any judgments and comments.

Publication Information

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It Was the Middle of World War II

The Germans have invaded Poland, France, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Romania and Yugoslavia. Together with their Italian allies, they entered Greece on the 28th day of October 1940. After a long battle in the northern part of Greece, which cost the lives of thousands, the German army installed their war machine base in an area 12 kilometers southeast of Athens, close to Kalamaki Beach.

Just outside of the German camp was a very small house made from clay bricks. The occupants were Panagiotis and Thekla Goudas, along with their four-year old son Nikos.

Panagiotis was a police officer, the kind of officer who was not there to “catch a thief” or “solve a big murder case”, but a quiet man whom the police force used mostly for public relations.

On the 29th of March 1942, Palm Sunday, Thekla, a very pretty 27-year-old Greek girl who originated from Smyrna (Asia Minor) in Turkey, gave birth with the help of a midwife to a healthy baby boy whom they named Spyros. The midwife received a broom as payment for assisting the birth!

For the next few years until the war ended, the boy witnessed many executions right in front of his home. As a consequence, he became accustomed to words like “anger, curfew, blackouts, sirens, and machine guns”. In his innocence, he never really thought that all German soldiers were that bad, because on one occasion he severely burned the

Panagiotis in uniform.

1942 - Thekla with Spyros in her arms.
bottom of his foot attempting to step on “pirina”. “Pirina”, made from crushed olive seeds, was used at that time as a method of heating homes. Shortly after the burn turned into a big bubble covering almost the whole bottom of his foot.

As a consequence of his condition, his mother took him to the nearest portable German Hospital where a young German doctor came in to check the situation. Spyros can still visualize the German doctor examining the foot burn very carefully. While the doctor was examining his foot, Spyros was looking at him in the eyes, which seemed to be like two beautiful blue marbles he wished to have.

The next clear picture in his mind was the time that the war ended. The Germans were leaving the camps, and all the neighbours were gathering to wave good-bye, witnessing the relief felt by both parties. World War II was over! However, there were internal political problems in Greece, which caused more fighting and executions.

Thekla had another child in 1944, Stefano. Panagiotis tried to raise the family within the confines of a very small wage due to the shortened funds from the Greek government (the lowest paid workers at that time in Greece were police officers, teachers, and postal workers). As the time passed, Thekla gave birth in 1947, to a girl named Marina.

Young Spyros attended the one and only public school in Kalamaki, located right at the beach. The school had only three teachers: Mrs. Sofia, Mrs. Aspasia, and Mr. Hatzioannou who was nicknamed by the kids “Kounavos”, which in Greek means marten, an animal similar to the fox but a little smaller and darker in colour.
Perhaps the Last Casualty of WW II

During his young years, a terrible event shocked and disturbed the whole neighbourhood in Kalamaki, and is carved in Spyros’ memory for life. Kalamaki was a wonderful place, in spite of the circumstances during that period; all the children were a happy bunch. When the German occupation ended, they left a series of underground bunkers full of weapons, which the children discovered and played with in various games, especially policeman and thieves (cops and robbers in today’s language). It was very common to see a child playing with an unloaded machine gun, bazooka or even a midralio. Since there was no ammunition in the weapons, they voiced the sounds according to their imagination.

However, the sound once became very real, when one of the children found a hand grenade and, as he was playing with it, pulled the pin. The noise of the explosion, which blew up the unfortunate child into pieces, brought the sound of reality to the neighbourhood. This was a wake-up call for the citizens of Kalamaki, a city where each child belonged to every parent, and each parent was a parent to every child. This tragic event devastated everyone, young and old, and despite the fact that there was no actual body to bury, it was the biggest funeral of all time. Nobody went to work that day; all the stores, businesses, schools, and eateries were closed. It was as if a “national day of mourning” had been declared; no one was speaking or even whispering, everyone was crying. In the years to come if anyone were to ask anybody from Kalamaki if they knew the names of the war casualties, they only had one name in their minds: “young Raditsas”.

***

During the summer school break, Spyros began working in the Kaligeris clay-plate making factory. These clay-plates were made with pictures of the Parthenon, Acropolis and other historical areas in Greece. Spyros’ job consisted mostly of melting lumps of porcelain in one big barrel, approximately six feet high by six feet in diameter, and keep it from settling. He did this all day long using a large paddle for a pay of 50 drachmas per week, which today is the equivalent of eighteen cents. However, back
then, that was enough to purchase 18 loaves of bread, which was his small contribution to the family. He really enjoyed that job because the factory was located in the hills of Kalamaki overlooking Saronikos, the most beautiful view in the world. While paddling all day long, Spyros started developing extraordinary muscles for a person his age, because of the physical nature of the job.

After he finished elementary education, he pursued courses of further studies in the evening schools in drafting, mechanics and engineering. He studied in schools such as Hfestos, Palmer, and Department of Labour School of Engineering. During his childhood and in parallel with his part-time job and studies, Spyros found time to engage in chess games and also his favourite sport, swimming. Although he trained a lot, his sister was the one who won the Pan-Hellenic swimming races.
We have to make a parenthesis here, now that his little sister is mentioned. Spyros was quite generous to his sister, especially when he wanted her to help him look good whenever he went out on a date. He would give her some money to shine his shoes and help him look splendid, which in combination with his fine athletic body and handsome face, always caused him trouble with the girls, who were constantly after him.

During the daytime Spyros also worked for a while in companies like Palavos & Spinaries Engineers, followed by another company, Vassalos & Kazakos, specializing in engineering.

At the age of 16, Spyros started his own business in construction.

While working at the Vassalos & Kazakos Company, he was participating in the building construction for the Malakoutis Construction Company. One day, completely unexpectedly, while he was still only 16, Mr. Malakoutis himself appointed him as the General Manager of the company.

Although this position might seem a little out of reach for a young boy, and it might bring questions to one’s mind in regards to the sanity of Mr. Malakoutis as the owner of one of the most successful construction
companies in Greece, maybe the following story can make some more sense out of this over risky decision.

It all happened on one of those routine days at work while Spyros was working on the construction of a building. Back then the buildings were made of brick and the design required the balconies to be extended outside the wall, held to the building by iron rods, which were inserted into the wall. These rods were nothing more than extensions of the railing (or iron bar) of the balcony, and were held to the wall by plaster which filled the hole.

Young Spyros had noticed that although the balcony floors were very strong, because they were erected as part of the concrete construction, they were also enforced with additional iron bars to support any weight. However, the actual railings were pretty much standing in the air, having as the only support the plaster holding the rod inside the brick wall. He began thinking to himself that those balconies were not very safe, especially since it was a common Greek habit for people to stand on the balconies and talk to each other, or even more, observe the people in the street and find out what they were up to (another Greek habit is to gossip about their neighbours...). Furthermore, it is a Greek tradition for all the people in the house to go outside to their balconies during the national holidays and watch the parades.

As he was thinking all this to himself, Spyros realized that a fatality could happen at any time. How could the plaster filling hold the weight of 2 or more people? Not only the plaster could crumble easily under large weight, but also the bricks of the wall would have difficulty holding it together, since they are weaker material when compared to steel or concrete.

This is how he started thinking how to make balconies safer. He discovered that there was a way to avoid the plaster and enhance the support for the balcony. This could be done by drilling a hole which penetrated the wall all the way through. The hole could be consistent with the size of the iron bar, so
there would be no need to fill the space with plaster. Most importantly, an iron plaque would be installed inside the wall and welded to the rod to ensure maximum support. The iron bar would be penetrating the wall and the plaque, increasing the people capacity of the balcony, together with the safety level. This ensured that regardless of the number of people on the balcony and those leaning against the railing, there would be no possibility of a disaster occurring.

Since he felt that this was a brilliant innovation, and a long due idea, he tried to speak directly to Mr. Malakoutis about it. As it was naturally expected, Mr. Malakoutis, although he listened to this idea, chose to ignore this young boy’s childish enthusiasm, and he did not even take the safety concern seriously. Unfortunately, it was only a short time later when one of the workers had to prove with his life that the balconies were unsafe, when a balcony collapsed sending the unfortunate worker to an instant death.

As the concern for the safety of many buildings arose, followed by a lawsuit from the worker’s family, Mr. Malakoutis reconsidered and called young Spyros to his office immediately. He announced that balconies would from now on be built based on his innovative design. It was then that Mr. Malakoutis appointed young Spyros as General Manager of Construction, and expressed his satisfaction to have selected such a capable man to this position. Although this appointment was viewed with envy and hostility by some of the other workers and managers in the company, this 16 year old boy proved that not only experience, but also keenness, the skill of observation, and strong determination are rewarded and can actually change things for the better.

The codes of construction were soon changed, modifying the rules related to balcony design and building according to what young Spyros had proposed.

The Malakoutis Co. awarded to Spyros the responsibility to construct more than thirty high-rise buildings from the foundation all the way up to the last detail. Thereby, making Spyros the youngest individual in the industry, in the complicated city of Athens, to be entrusted with such a huge undertaking. Just a reminder that Athens was nearly destroyed throughout WWII and consequently had to be totally rebuilt. At one point during this period, Spyros had two hundred and twelve employees in his charge. His workforce included plumbers, painters, construction workers, bricklayers, electricians, carpenters, and more. Prior to building any new building, his responsibilities also included prepa-
ration of demolishing the existing building with the least disturbances to the public and surrounding area.

One must understand that Athens is extremely complicated, pedestrian busy, not to mention just a very busy and high traffic city. All buildings are extremely close to one another. Preparing a site for new construction is much more difficult and undertaking than building a new one from scratch; yet this was a very manageable task for Spyros to master and complete.

During this period young Spyros had in his employ most of his classmates and even included some of his teachers! His competence in this undertaking was so great that the Malakoutis Company formally made a request to the Greek government to make an extension of his enlisting in the army for a one-year period. This was granted, but it never materialized because the situation in Cyprus was very turbulent at the time.

The government, thereby, rescinded the extension and drafted him into the Air Force at the age of 21.

The Malakoutis Company found itself without its right-hand man, resulting in huge financial losses for the company, and Spyros himself. To better illustrate, the company’s president, recognized qualities of leadership, organization, efficiency and overall care for completing a job cost-effectively and safely. These qualities were already inherent in young Spyros.

Mr. Malakoutis did not even have to visit the work sites, because he was confident of Spyros’ qualities and work ethics. Now all of a sudden the Cyprus conflict drove a dagger into the heart of Malakoutis operations, and left all the workers under Spyros’ care without direction and organized supervision.

Shortly after presenting himself for duty in the Air Force, Spyros’ love for the past six years gave up on their relationship, after prolonged pressure from her parents.

This break-up drove young Spyros into a depression resulting in admission to the air force hospital.

However, with the help of:
Takis Kalitzeris, Spyros Delilambros, and Nikos Valatsos, who persuaded him to view life in a different perspective, to meet new girlfriends and to take more active and responsible roles in the many activities the Air Force offered, he finally overcame the problem. The draft into the Air Force lasted for 4 years, and although there were no financial earnings, his love for responsibilities positioned him in charge of maintaining all resident and visiting war aircrafts.

Prior to his release, the Air Force requested that he become a civilian aircraft mechanic. Spyros, however, declined this offer because he sought more self-gratifying opportunities in the civilian lifestyle. During the last few months of being released from the Air Force, he became engaged to a beautiful young law student named Mary Papadaki.

Mary is shown in the picture with Spyros walking in downtown Athens. Their relationship did not last however, because, after Peter was released from his duties in the Air Force, he immigrated to Canada in the spring of 1967. By reading the following article, you would have a full understanding about the circumstances under which Spyros Peter Goudas left Greece.

On his way to Canada, Spyros had his trusty harmonica (which he loved playing) and a chess board waiting for his next victim.
This picture was taken in the month of May, upon his arrival to Canada, and he remembers that there was still snow on the ground. Two weeks prior to this picture, he was enjoying the above 30 degrees sunny weather of Athens. It was a depressing time because he had no money, no friends, or any knowledge of the English language, and was sleeping on the streets. In addition to the above, he had to cope with Canada’s freezing weather for that time of year.

In the Morning of April 21, 1967

A Decree, purportedly apparently signed by the king and his government, was issued proclaiming martial law. Various articles of the Constitution guaranteeing human rights were suspended, special martial courts were set up, political parties were dissolved, and the right to strike was abolished. Thousands of people, with a record of left wing political views or activities, were rounded up and sent into exile in the island of Makronisos (considered to be the Greek Alcatraz at the time). In the course of the day the creation of a nondescript civilian government headed by a Supreme Court prosecutor, Constantine Kollias, was announced. In the evening broadcast statement, Kollias roundly attacked the politicians for failing the nation, promised social justice, and declared that from now on there are to be no left-wing (communist), right-wing (anti-communists) or neutral political followers, “only Greeks who believe in Greece”.

It soon became apparent, however, that the new civilian prime minister was a mere facade, and that real power lay in the hands of a triumvirate of relatively junior officers. These were Colonels George Papadopoulos and Nicholas Makarezos, both of whom had backgrounds of intelligence, as well as Brigadier Stylianos Pattakos, backed up by a shadowy Revolutionary Council. Papadopoulos took charge of the key ministry, and became Prime Minister. Pattakos became Minister of the Interior and Makarezos took over the important Economic Ministry of Co-ordination. The ‘Colonels’, as the military junta came to be known, established their control over the Greek government.
Although King Constantine had not signed the decree establishing martial law, which had been issued in his name, he rejected the urgings of his last constitutional Prime Minister to resist the conspirators. Political figures like Kanellopoulos, along with other prominent authorities, were placed under house arrest. Civil servants, school, and university teachers, whose allegiance was in doubt, were dismissed, while others were required to demonstrate their loyalty to the regime, or risk forfeiting their jobs.

Lawyers and judges who showed too much independence, were harassed and dismissed as well.

‘The Revolution of April 21, 1967’, as the coup was now officially known, was becoming increasingly powerful everyday. To justify their continued grip on power, the Colonels sought to give their regime an ideological basis. Political strikes, for instance, were forbidden, and a number of the most important articles of the Constitution were in any case held in abeyance.

The fact that any person’s vote was held under martial law, indicated that the regime, despite its protestations to the contrary, was uncertain of its popularity. The Colonels had met little opposition at the time, and the initial reaction of the Greek people was the only surprise, limited to a patient observation of events.

Greece is a country which has more than four thousand years of history; the legendary home of the gods, the genesis of democracy, a country where freedom of speech originated, a land of open mindedness, the birthplace of great minds, such as Plato, Aristotle and Socrates, as well as the original birthplace of the Olympics. This country was now under a big cloud with respect to its future. Was this a temporary thing? Was this something that would go away or would this situation continue for a long time? Questions and more questions arose in the minds of the people and there were no specific answers provided.

The new regime was planning to recall anyone who was recently released from the Air Force, and enlist them again - who knew for how long!!

Young Spyros Peter Goudas had to make a quick decision, either permanent or temporary, due to the fact that he had just finished 4 years mandatory service as an aircraft engineer at Tatoi & Elefsina Air bases. Having high qualifications as an aircraft engineer, he had to determine whether he was ready to put the safety of warplane pilots in his
hands. There were instances where the pilots would look at him right in the eye expecting the signal of ‘yes’ or ‘no’, as to whether they should fly or not.

(A small parenthesis here to let the public know, is that the planes, F84, F76 and others, were all used American warplanes and were in need of constant maintenance from capable engineers).

Such qualifications did not go unnoticed from the Australian, South African and Canadian governments, which had each sent Spyros an invitation letter to emigrate to any of these three countries. And since the invitation was open, all he needed was a small sum of money (and here is a reminder that the mandatory army service was an unpaid service). Since he did not have any money even for the ticket, he had to borrow a little bit from each of his friends to purchase a third class departure ticket with Christopher Columbo Italian liner departing for Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada, on the 27th of April, 1967 at 10 a.m.

The journey to Canada took more than one week and throughout this period of time Spyros had endured a high fever of above 40 C degrees because, prior to his departure, he had to be inoculated. Inoculation is a normal procedure, however at the moment he was being inoculated, the prick of the needle caused him to jerk his left arm and the needle bent due to the extraordinary muscle power which he had developed in his arms when he worked at the porcelain and clay factory, as well as in construction.

He arrived in Halifax N.S. on May 5, 1967 with approximately $100 in his pockets and no English knowledge. The money he had did not get him very far, and he was soon sleeping out in the streets. The reason he immigrated to Canada was also portrayed in detail in an article of the Business Journal Magazine titled: “The Man for all Seasonings”.

This is where the real problems began: money problems, adjustment problems and most of all, language problems.

First Efforts in Canada

Without wasting any time, he immediately started looking for jobs that would require more of his knowledge than his language. After searching everywhere for work, he finally found not one, but three jobs, which he worked at the same time! The first company was Ray McKey, at Brimley Road and Sheppard Avenue, which was considered out of town at the time. The company was responsible for the heating and air-conditioning systems for the Board of Education. The second company was Peabody Engineering, on
Wharton Way in Mississauga, which was manufacturing air-conditioning and heating systems for export to foreign countries.

The third was Douglas Aircraft on Airport Road, a position where he qualified due to his experience in engineering in the Greek Air Force.

He used to work 7 days a week, 20 hours a day, submitting those hours in all three jobs together each day. If you asked him “How did you do it?” he would say:

“You can almost perform miracles at the age of 25!”

Anta 1942-1968

Shortly after getting nestled down with work and making ends finally meet, Mary Papadaki, his fiancée, informed Peter that she was unwilling to leave her native land, Greece, where she was completing her law degree at university, and withdrew their engagement.

Mary went on to become a successful lawyer and then a judge.

Sometime during the month of March 1968, in Toronto, he met and fell in love with a beautiful and well-educated girl named Anta Kalampothakis.

Anta was a popular personality in the Greek community since she hosted children’s programs, the news broadcast, talk shows, cooking segments, and in general hosted a twelve-hour radio broadcast all by herself. Following what was considered to be a whirlwind romance, he popped the question and Spyros and Anta became engaged in May 1968.

Unfortunately, his happiness didn’t last long. Anta passed away three short months later, without any indication of illness, from a brain tumor. With sadness, Spyros explained that on the day Anta passed away, they were sightseeing at City Hall and Anta mentioned to him: “Lately, sometimes I lose my vision.” No one could have envisioned that hours later Anta would be gone forever!

Anta’s sudden passing caused chaos and sorrow not only for Spyros, but also within the Greek community in general. Due to her popularity, there was a huge turnout at her funeral. Her program was listened to, and enjoyed by thousands of loyal radio listeners.

Because of his love for her, he arranged to have her dressed in a wedding gown and her remains were flown back to her parents in her native land of Greece.

Her loss created a void in Spyros Peter Goudas’ life.

(This picture of beautiful Anta was taken by Spyros when they visited Montreal, just a week prior to her passing).
Mr. Goudas opened his First Store at 173 Baldwin St. in Kensington Market, located in the South West area of Spadina and College streets in Toronto.

The Store (named Pallas Meat Market), initially catered to the Greek community. When he finally got settled in, he soon realized that all his customers were Latin, Caribbean, Asian, European, Jewish or other nationalities, so he quickly changed the store to accommodate them all.

He understood how important it was to quickly learn the eating habits, customs, and religions of his multi-cultural customers.

Experiences like this made him well acquainted with the multi-cultural food business in Canada and he constantly enriched his expertise.

After several requests from customers, he decided to bring into the country his first shipment of various fresh vegetables. This included, on an experimental basis, the following items: yellow yams, Negro yam (as called those years by Jamaicans), chocho (christophene), dasheen, dasheen bush, bodi, eddoes, Cassava, hot peppers, okra, plantains, and the most important, green bananas for cooking. Yes, you read correctly: Green! Green bananas for cooking, and it is not a typographical error. This was due to the fact that people from the Caribbean use green bananas as a vegetable instead of a fruit.

They simply boil it, take the skin out and serve along with curry dishes, rice or along with other vegetables. It is also excellent in soups.

On the completion of his idea, he organized farmers in Jamaica and Trinidad to search for the items mentioned above to be packed fresh and air transported to Canada from
Jamaica by Air Jamaica, or from Trinidad and Tobago by BWIA.

Some difficulties followed at the airport since the customs officers were unaware of the nature of the provisions, which had names that were not even in the English encyclopedia.

Adding up to this problem was the fact that he could not speak English fluently yet (just a reminder that when Mr. Goudas arrived in Canada, he had to learn English from scratch). Finally, after a long and thorough examination, he was allowed to proceed with his experimental and innovative idea.

Although he lost half of the items due to spoiling and rotting, he was able to make quite a few people happy when they saw these wonderful vegetables.

Additionally, he was able to recover a portion of his money.

That experience gave him the opportunity to become more familiarized with the farmers in the Caribbean, teaching the people how to do the proper shipping, and get acquainted with the customs officers and officials of the Canadian government, which together created the Tariff and Code numbers for future Canadian Customs books.

It took a lot of nerve to invest the little money that he had, and gamble losing it through the spoilage from airline delays and other occurrences.

(Please remember that these items are extremely perishable within two to three day’s life expectancy).

Mr. Goudas did not give up on his idea, even though he experienced a few losses, but he instead made further experiments, not only with vegetables but also exotic fruits, such as, mango, papaya, guava, star fruit, jack fruit, gineps, star apple, breadfruit, green coconuts, and many more.

Due to the lower cost on air-freights importing larger shipments, he was able to import and share the shipment with other vendors like Alvis Caribbean Foods, Sanci Banana Company, and more.
Mr. Goudas Always Said: “You cannot remember the names of fruits or vegetables simply because you have read about them somewhere. You can only remember them when you have actually tried them.”

The above experience, combined with many more that followed, as well as future experiences in store, made Mr. Goudas the pioneer in the multicultural food industry in Canada.

In the 70’s Several Events Occurred

In the years to come, he purchased a packaging plant to package several products, including rice, beans, and others, which eventually found their rightful place on the shelves of many chain supermarkets and independent stores (page 145). Constant updates of machinery and equipment, along with his business connections spanning the globe, allowed him to import, manufacture and introduce brand new high quality products unknown to the Canadian market.

The Goudas Foods website now has a whole section about products, with articles and explanations, some of which can be very amusing. An example of this is the anecdote relating to the development of the Mr. Goudas Curry Powder varieties. On page 120, he explains that during the six month period that it took him to perfect the curry, his mouth was like a Chinese dragon spreading fire and his behind felt like a volcano waiting to explode.

“Curry Dishes”

Mr. Goudas always says, “I feel very sorry, if someone tries a curry dish and does not like it. However, I would never forgive someone who is not even willing to try it.”

Please keep in mind that every picture of products that you see in the book, involves weeks, sometimes months of extensive, exhausting, mind boggling research and development, especially because he wants only the best for his customers; however we will talk about that later. In the meantime, let’s continue with the story, and find out what the 813 Club is all about, what was its purpose, and how Mr. Goudas created products through feedback from patrons of the club.

The 813 Social Club

The acquisition of the Club was mostly to introduce the products to thousands of friendly visitors while they enjoyed music in a social atmosphere. The club provided valuable research on the eating habits and choices of the different nationalities that frequented the club.

He bought the nightclub “The Zambezi” in 1970, and changed the name to the 813 Club.
“I never did it for profit”, he insists. “I loved to go out and have a good time with my friends on the weekend. I also loved Latin and Caribbean music. So, I thought, why not buy a club where we can all meet and have a party?”

The party grew and grew until crowds of sometimes up to 500 would jam the place on weekends.

The club attracted a lot of people from Latin America and the West Indies, and sought to maintain a multicultural atmosphere by playing music from all over the world. Peter, who acquired the nickname Mr. Whoo (because club patrons thought he was Oriental), spun the records sometimes, and reportedly became the most popular disc jockey at the club.

Mr. Goudas hired two well qualified and responsible individuals as managers, to run the club along with him: Mr. Willie Williams, giant in structure with a big heart and well-liked by everyone, and Laselle Riley, nicknamed Kingstitch, who was the house disc jockey.

There was also Gloria, Peter’s “nanny” (the mirror image of Hattie McDaniel from the film Gone with the Wind, but almost twice her size), who prepared the food. The club was not only an entertainment place. He and Gloria, cooked various dishes and distributed them to the patrons, free of charge.

This helped him monitor their eating habits and preferences, so he could afterwards decide which dishes were good enough to be produced by Goudas Foods, or even imported from the countries of their origin. This was a very original approach for production decisions, and as far as we know, no other company had ever spent any money on free food, just for research purposes. But all this time and effort paid him well; most of Mr. Goudas’ dishes were approved and soon became real favourites among consumers.

Mr. Goudas’ music selection from the 813 Club is a priceless collection in itself and Goudasfoods.com features many of them. These are...
not just any records you can buy in a flea market that sell ‘three for a dollar’, they are Mr. Goudas’ private selections of music.

According to him, each and every song is carefully selected from hundreds of tunes, and placed in a format that pleased his audience for various occasions or events. This music was also played on his radio program, and they are all considered as precious collector items.

Peter once ran out of gas and was rescued by a man who was listening to one of the tapes of his radio programs! (page 29).

Mr. Goudas also recalls a time he had to pay $100 for a classic hit by Ben E. King titled “Seven Letters” or “The Six and Seven Books of Moses” by the Maytals, because he could not purchase these records anywhere! It would be a good idea to listen to this audio when you are surfing www.goudasfoods.com.

During the time around August 24, 1975, the three men who comprised the triumvirate of junior officers during the turbulent period in Greece in 1967 (Papadopoulos, Makarezos, and Pattakos) were sentenced to death in Athens. This sentence was later rescinded to a life term. According to many, Pattakos spent the rest of his life reading the Bible in jail.

This probably was the opportunity for Peter to go back to Greece, since democracy was reinstated. However, he chose not to leave, because he loved his work, his business relationships, and began to understand the function of the multicultural food market in Canada.

He did not want to lose the opportunity to apply this newly gained knowledge to his work, and the potential possibility of learning even more.

Instead, he wanted to continue to develop what he knew was a promising future, because he believed the food creation business was endless, and was directly tied or related to religion.

The following article should shed some light on what Caribana is all about.
Mr. Goudas’ Involvement and Contribution to Caribana

Mr. Goudas engaged himself headfirst into what is today’s largest festival and parade in North America, the Caribana Parade. Throughout the book, you will view more articles about his involvement and participation in making Caribana what it is today. It is worth remembering that he made special, small sample-packages of rice, which he threw during the parade, in order for spectators to try at home, what is considered by many to be “the worlds best of the best”.

A small trivia for those of you who do not know what Caribana means: The Caribana Parade was offered from Trinidad and Tobago as a gift to the people of Canada, in 1967, when Canada was celebrating its 100th birthday. So therefore it was a pleasant coincidence that Mr. Goudas arrived in this country when Canada became 100 years young and the sky was filling up with fireworks every night. No wonder he felt like each time there was a burst of fireworks, it was a celebration of his coming to Canada!

( ..this comment has been inserted to add some humour to this biography; please don’t take this seriously.)

However, it is safe to say that his arrival to Canada would soon turn out to be another valuable present to this country from Greece; he definitely showed them what the good food is all about!

Radio Program

The club continued to help with understanding consumers, and new products were under development. Caribana also helped with exposure, but now something else was needed to keep Peter busier than what he already was. Why not get into radio broadcasting and start mixing great melodies with great products, he thought? A 3-hour radio show

Another fine custom in the Caribana Parade.

Some customs are more elaborate than others.
will bring more awareness to the Canadian consumer.

Following the Caribana events, and the rise of the popularity and exposure of Mr. Goudas brand products, events led to the expansion and growth of what is now the Mr. Goudas organization. To support and expose Mr. Goudas brand products to the public, Mr. Goudas himself started a radio program on site in Brampton, Ontario.

The program was dedicated to different nationalities and its popularity was enormous. However, the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) did not agree with his ideas of multi-ethnic programming and decided to discontinue its function.

In 1975, he made a 3-year contract with CHIC radio, 790 on AM dial, to produce a 3-hour weekly radio show during prime time between 6 to 9 pm on Saturdays. This program was recorded at Mr. Goudas’ studio on Wednesday nights and normally went into Thursday morning, making sure that it was a power packed 3-hour program.

There was a number of people involved in this program as announcers, interviewers, and commentators including such notables as Colin Hodgson, Mr. Mahoney, Roy Stewart, Joe Reid, Wyn Callender, Big Willie, Jasse McDonald, Percy Thomas and others, as well as a studio audience.

The music was selected and arranged by Mr. Whoo of the 813 Club (the nickname used by Mr. Goudas, or Peter Pallas as he was also known), and was comprised of mainly Caribbean and Latin American music. There was also an extensive coverage of the news from all over the world.

A lot of energy was devoted to keeping people up to date on what was happening in their native countries. This program developed a huge following, and was the most popular program on the radio.

Mr. Goudas had an extensive selection of music which he had accumulated from the 813 Club music library. Being an avid music collector, he prided himself in having almost all of the records that were available, since he wanted to share this music with the entire country.

In a very short period of time, even Anglo Canadians were tuned into his program on a regular basis. Listeners of diverse backgrounds would call the radio station, or call directly to his office, or even send letters of congratulations along with their song requests.

One day, approximately 2 years
after the contract was signed, the radio station told him unexpectedly, that he had to play 50% Canadian content music. Mr. Goudas told them that this was not possible because it was an ethnic program and there was no Canadian-content ethnic music available.

He joked saying that the only way he could meet their demands was to probably play the Canadian National Anthem after each song.

The station said that they would pull his program off the air if he did not comply, even though he had paid the money for his programs in advance. Mr. Goudas informed them that he could not compromise the quality of his programming so there was no way he could have the 50% Canadian content and keep the spirit of his show. He argued his point to the station and also approached the government to allow him to continue with his present format.

He told them that he had programs for different nationalities and if he were doing a program for East Indians for example, they would expect him to play East Indian music. The same could be said for all the other different nationalities that were his audience.

He continued to argue his point and tried to convince them to change their position but the station did not budge and finally gave Mr. Goudas a deadline.

This was what occurred on the broadcast of the last program. The regular DJ was Collin Hudson (the Mover as the general public knew him) who was so upset about this, that he was unable to do the program that night.

After all, he had put a lot of time and energy into this program and attracted a huge audience, but that did not matter to the station so he could not bear to bring himself to do the farewell show. That was the reason why Jasse McDonald handled this particular show.

The program ran for 3 hours, The songs were introduced by Melodie Grayson, who normally did that job, and the person speaking about the job opportunities was Pat, from Barbados, who subsequently became his wife.

Mr. Goudas wanted to make sure that he got to complete this final show, so he stifled his feelings on the air because the station’s engineers were standing by, with their hands on the switch to cut him off if he said anything negative about the situation on the air.

The irony of this whole situation is that a few years later, the govern-
ment allowed ethnic programs on the air, with no Canadian content requirement.

You can imagine how heavy his heart was during this show.

He stood to lose a lot of money by refusing to change the nature of the program, and the number of nationalities that he was catering to, and walked away from the studio.

It was not the loss of money that bothered him, it was the thousands of loyal listeners to his show, who would no longer be able to hear the music that they enjoyed so much.

One of the last things he did was to announce the details of the free Christmas party for the kids that he organized every year, and he repeated this a number of times.

To illustrate the popularity of this program, one night he pulled over on the side of the road because his car was out of gas (this was normal for him, he does not pay much attention to his gas indicator). Someone came up and offered him a ride to the gas station. When he got in the car, Mr. Goudas was surprised to hear the fellow playing a tape of one of his programs, which he had done about a year earlier. He told him what the next song would be, and the guy wondered how he knew. Mr. Goudas then told him who he was, and that he produced the show, but the guy was still skeptical. However, when the song that Mr. Goudas told him did indeed come up next, he gave a big smile and said he was very happy to meet him. He mentioned that he had over 50 tapes of his programs and that he loves them and plays them over and over. He then took Mr. Goudas to the gas station, waited while he got a can of gas, and then took him back to his car, all the while blasting his tape of the program at full volume!

Upon closing his program, “The Saturday Night Musical Recipe”, the CRTC, the government and the radio station were inundated with a barrage of telephone calls and letters from angry listeners which resulted in the changing of the law to allow different nationalities to enjoy the music of their country without enforcing the fifty percent Canadian content.

Once again, it is safe to state that Mr. Goudas was (and still is) a pioneer in changing the law!

The late Prime Minister, Pierre Elliot Trudeau, joked with Mr. Goudas at a convention dinner, that we need all the nationalities to make this wonderful country and that he should think in terms of reopening his radio program.

Obviously, many thought that Mr. Goudas would stop any radio promotions due to this incident, but that was definitely not the case.

This situation was only like a hiccup to him; it was just a temporary setback, or a temporary interruption.

He eventually re-evaluated the situation and regrouped himself and plunged into other radio and television stations, for example, CJMR, CHIN, City TV, CKVR, CHIC and CHCH. It is important for one to
know that Mr. Goudas always read the text (script) before going on air and never bad mouthed any individual, competitive company, and/or product. This policy also applied to his announcers.

The Goudas Foods website has endless hours of compressed program links for any of you who appreciate wonderful music.

“Our Place”
The Largest Country and Western Restaurant in Canada

Although his plate was full with handling the many requests from the chain stores, other customers and product developments, he felt the need to get much busier, by purchasing the largest Country and Western restaurant in Canada.

Under normal circumstances he wouldn’t have looked twice into this type of business, however, partners of various restaurants held by businesses that owed Goudas Foods a large sum of money, offered their stake in Our Place Restaurant that was headed for bankruptcy, in order to relieve some of the debt.

Goudas Foods took hold of the restaurant, and brought it back to life. Still to this day, there has not yet been another restaurant to seat 1,500 people. This meant that the restaurant needed to have at least 100 parking spaces (at the time, to obtain a liquor licence it was necessary to have a parking lot equipped with one space for every 15 patrons).

The restaurant hosted and supported famous country and western singers from all over Canada and boasted celebrity singers from Nashville, including Lucille Star, George Hamilton the Fourth, Crystal Gayle and one of the best players of steel guitar, Mickey Andrews.

A special treat was always apparent with Sweet Daddy Siki, a personal friend of Mr. Goudas, and a former superstar wrestler who ultimately turned into a fantastic country and western singer.

Mr. Goudas appointed two of the best people in the business to run the restaurant: Mr. Tony Palermo - a wizard in the entertainment business, and Mr. Panagiotis Stamatakos - an expert in restaurant management. Also, he had six of the best bouncers supervised by martial arts superstar, Tony Fischetti.

All of them, along with Mr. Goudas, worked hard to organize and maintain the success of the restaurant. They had to make sure that the proper staff was available to arrange seating, food and liquor requirements, that security personnel, promotional staff, and marketing managers were available, but most importantly that every event and concert was safe for the public.

All this, and more, would occur on
a weekly basis. Although everyone worked as hard as they could, still there were unexpected situations; the following short story illustrates one of them.

Tony Palermo arranged for Teenage Head to appear for a concert at the restaurant. There were 1,500 tickets issued, which sold out a month in advance. The night before the concert, the lineup of people wrapped around 2 blocks and on the actual concert night, more than 5,000 people showed up. How do you stop such a crowd, who came from far away to see the band? When everyone reached the doors, they would not take no for an answer; they were all determined to enter the restaurant at any cost. Tickets were no longer issued due to the fire department regulations, so the door was left open and everyone entered the premises. The restaurant was so full that the crowd looked like sardines all nicely packed together.

The police at the 14th division congratulated Mr. Goudas because there was no trouble at all involving the concert. The reason behind this was that the bar was closed, due to the fact that no one could move to take an order. (In recalling this episode, Mr. Goudas smiled knowingly to himself: the crowd could not become rowdy because they did not consume any liquor and were unable to smoke pot due to the compactness of the space - no room to even roll a joint).

It possibly was the first time that the famous band played to a sober audience. In the end, everyone had a good time. Later on at 2:00 am, the band started smashing their guitars after every encore. Eventually, they ran out of guitars.

In the Late 70’s

On the evening of January 14, 1979, Mr. Goudas had an accident that almost cost him everything including his entire business. This story is also provided in text format and in Real Player, and it is posted at www.goudasfoods.com on the archives section under the title “The story of Mr. Goudas’ horrible accident”. The story explains the circumstances of how the accident happened, the outcome, and the ensuing result. Basically, this story takes up so much space even on the website, and it would be too large for this book, so we will summarize it as much as possible for you.

In this cold January evening, which happened to be a Sunday, Mr. Goudas left his office around 8:00pm and soon ended up in the parking lot of a small shopping mall to make a phone call at the payphone. While walking to the phone booth, he slipped on some ice on top of a drain sewer, and fell on his
left leg which crushed it just below the knee. Initially, when he crushed his leg, the portion below the knee started to jerk frantically due to the nerve reaction, and this motion had so much force that the bone eventually hit the ground several times and broke into more pieces. There was no one around to help him, and although it was very cold that night and he was so badly hurt, he still managed to reach his car keys that flew out from his hands when he fell. He then gathered enough strength to endure the pain and crawled back to his car. He drove the car to the hospital with only the skin holding together his ankle, foot and assortment of broken shin bones.

The initial reaction of the nurses was that x-rays were not necessary, due to the fact that only the skin was holding the broken leg pieces together; they thought that in this case amputation was unavoidable. They tried to contact the orthopedic surgeon on call, however he was attending a function. When the specialist arrived finally, he asked the question, who drove him to the hospital, and Peter replied “I did.” The doctor mentioned that people usually faint even when they break a finger.

He tried his best to put everything back together by feeling each individual bone piece and placing it to the proper location.

He did this over and over again for several hours until 5:00 am, where he was satisfied that everything was in its place, and then started the casting process.

After receiving the first injection of morphine, Peter remembered asking the doctor, “Would I be able to get to the office in the morning?” Dr. Grossville responded, “Don’t worry, you will be at your office at 8:00am”.

Again, we want to condense the story and let you know that the operation did not finish at that time.

A few weeks later, they had to re-open the leg to place metal plates and pins to secure the doctor’s first efforts of piecing the bones together.

Within that period of time, under the severe pains, along with drugs to counteract them, a rumor of the leg to be amputated travelled faster than a telex machine at the time.

Therefore, suppliers, supermarket retailers, loan officers, and government officials, had only one thing on their mind, and that was how to collect from Goudas Foods.

The bank initiated a recall of the loan, and the government sent a trustee to seize the business. We are going to stop telling you the story, not because we want to keep you in
suspense, we just want to change the subject for a little while.

Mr. Goudas tells us that the after-effects of this accident, were much more painful than crushing his leg. He explains that there are very few people who know the real meaning of ‘being active’, and he was definitely one of them. All of sudden his whole world had come to an end. But the clock started ticking all over again when he was visited by a government trustee whose purpose was to seize the plant for non-payment of taxes.

The trustee’s name was George Hall who listened to Mr. Goudas’ explanation of what had happened, and then made a phone call where he said the following:

“I’m not closing up this business here, you better send someone else to close this man down.”

We will talk about George Hall in later sections. But let’s now continue with the biography.

This dramatic event has become a subject of discussion on radio programs, in churches, at meetings, board rooms, accounting firms, books, and more. In effect, it has become a source of inspiration to others who are and have endured similar devastating periods in this game of life.

Any one who is experiencing such a difficult period is encouraged to read this article in www.goudas-foods.com.

The mere force of strength that Mr. Goudas exhibits throughout this ordeal will strengthen even the weakest of spirits. It is a source of strength and faith higher and more powerful than we are!!!

In that same year, Mr. Goudas got married to his girlfriend of over a decade, Patricia from Barbados, who shortly thereafter gave birth to Panos (short for Panagiotis, named after his grandfather).
1980’s

There were several difficult years that followed due to the bank loan recall as a result of his accident. Within those years, he sold both the “813 Club” and the restaurant.

Part of the hours that were spent on the two businesses above, where filled with chess, his old favorite hobby which led him to become the president of a Chess Club Association with a head office in High Park Ontario.

The rest of the hours focused on the future of Goudas Foods. In doing so, he was able to overcome the difficulties, and the bank administrator saw promising signs of success and growth. He achieved this by introducing, developing, importing and distributing more magnificent products from all over the world. These included products of various categories, for example tomato products, canned fruits and vegetables, fish products, baking ingredients, syrups and extracts, to name a few. He excelled in the rice category, of pure basmati rice from India and Pakistan, Thailand’s best Tai Tai scented rice, and the number one selling brand in Canada, the famous Mr. Goudas Calrose, considered to be the top quality variety that satisfies the pickiest far-east taste bud. This eventually led to more shelf space and hence increased popularity within all multicultural societies of Canada.
Mr. Goudas’ involvement with many communities through the Caribana Parade, sponsorship of different nationalities, radio programs in various Radio Stations, multicultural events, children’s events, senior citizen support houses, scholarship programs to honour academically outstanding students, food donations for many needy multicultural organizations as well as individuals in need, resulted in several articles published in popular newspapers and magazines that wrote about his life story.

All these events and achievements did not go unnoticed by the Canadian Government, and in October 26 of 1993, the Federal Business Development Bank awarded the ‘Entrepreneur of the Year Award’ to a man who had risen beyond having no food or housing when he first arrived in Canada, and risen again after an unfortunate accident which almost cost him his leg and his business.

The award presentation was held at the prestigious Westin Harbour Castle in Toronto, in the presence of over five hundred business people, as well as Federal political dignitaries, representatives, and consuls of various countries.

The tribute was presented by the National Council of Ethnic Canadian Business and Professional Associations.

A quote from the speech: “It took me 27 years to get from Front Street to here”, referring to Union Station when he was sleeping on the streets, to the Westin Harbor Castle, which is just two blocks away!

Among the speakers in this award ceremony were Sonja Bata - director of Bata Corporation; Xiaomin Meng - Trade Councilor of the Peoples Republic of China; Bishal Mani - Council of India; Gerril Kulsdom - Consul of The Netherlands; Sergio Aguillera - Consul General of Mexico, Frank Reiter - Vice President of the FBDB, Diamantopoulos George - National Bank of Greece, Peter Haidle - Consumer Affairs, Doreen Moore - Department of Health - Government of Canada, and many others.

The criteria for the New Canadian Entrepreneur Award were based on the recognition of that entrepreneur who:

- Created their own business,
- Demonstrated a degree of innovation,
- Made an impact in their industry,
- And gave something back to the community.
The speaker of the Committee, when referring to the winner, said among other things the following: “The story of Mr. Goudas is a classic. Arriving penniless from Greece in 1967, Canada’s Centennial Year; he first slept on park benches and in the parking lot under Nathan Philip Square.” He then went on about how he started his business; the difficult years.

He emphasized the creativity concerning the products, and he closed up the speech with the following:

Mr. Goudas contributes much to many ethnic communities, supports community events, school graduations and senior citizens and sponsors numerous ethnic radio and television programs. Please join me now in a salute to the Greater Toronto New Canadian entrepreneur for 1993 Mr. Peter Goudas!”

After Mr. Goudas received the award, he thanked several people, especially all his employees and suppliers. Before concluding with his speech, he said the following:

“Finally, Ladies and Gentlemen, I have one more person that I would like to thank. Back in 1979 I had a tremendous accident, which almost cost my business after all the years I had tried to reach the position I was. I slipped on ice and I crushed the bone of my leg. I wasn’t able to walk and I stayed three months in the hospital. Before the accident I was a very strong and muscular man, competing at the European body-builder Contest. After the accident I lost eighty pounds in a short period of time. Also, the bank - I don’t want to mention the name of the bank - had recalled my loan and I lost several customers.

One day I was sitting at the office and I realized that a man came over to seize my plant. I felt that was the end of the world. This gentleman sat down for a few minutes with me, I talked to him, he talked to me and finally he gave me

Mr. Goudas explained how when he was walking up to the podium, he thought he heard the Greek National Anthem.
encouragement to fight the situation and stay in business. A year or two later he retired from his business. He had to, because his father died at 59, his two brothers died at 59, his sister died at 59 and since he was 58 at that time he thought he had only one year left to live, so he retired. Almost fourteen years later this gentleman is with us. He is a great friend of mine. He helped me to be who I am today and I would like to call him to share this award with me. His name is George Hall.

George, please, come here. Let me share this with you.”

Mr. Goudas is greeting George Hall. (George Hall leaves his table and approaches the podium with the help of his walking-cane while the crowd is giving him a warm applause).

Mr. Goudas: I think that this is the continuation of a beautiful friendship, don’t you think so George?

George Hall: You bet.

Mr. Goudas: Should we go into politics next year?

George Hall: Why not, the field is open.

Mr. Goudas: Would you like to say something?

George Hall: I wouldn’t mind.

A few words from George Hall:

“Madam Speaker (looking at Sonia Bata), Honoured Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen:

If this was a court of law and I was asked to come as a character witness I would be very happy.

Now, (looking at Peter Goudas) I am not saying that you are not a character, but I know all of the good character features that you have and that everyone admires.

The speaker of the evening pointed out what the qualifications of the good entrepreneurs were and I think you fill those completely and I am very happy.

I was not expecting this (with tears in his eyes)... to be called upon to congratulate you, and those who chose you for their wisdom.

All the best Peter!”

(The crowd gives a standing ovation.)

The event reached national popularity and after receiving the award, his products skyrocketed in their share of market.

Mr. Goudas thought it would be a good idea to not only continue making superb products, but to add new products that would also be true to Mr. Gouda’s policy: quality and the safety of the consumer are the number one priority.

He recognized and appreciated the fact that his consumer base continued to increase, demonstrating confidence and preference for his brands.
Articles continued to be written about his life, business and product perfection. These touched on factory acquisitions and global partnerships for production with factories around the world (in countries like Thailand, Pakistan, India, Malaysia, Burma, China, Brazil, Costa Rica, Uruguay, Peru, Ivory Coast, Sri Lanka, Greece, Columbia, Bulgaria, Turkey, Argentina, Spain, Jamaica, Trinidad, Philippines, Madagascar, Guyana plus Canada).

Articles also noted his community contribution and involvement in educational bodies and developmental programs throughout the world.

All these in addition to positive recognition from outside governments, who constantly invited him to give speeches based on his knowledge in the food industry.

There are a number of additional documents and events not mentioned in this book. In order to reflect the whole life of this man, his contribution to the community, his work and devotion to the perfection of his products, as well as the monitoring of customer satisfaction and their comments, we would need multiple book volumes to accommodate them.

Today, Mr. Goudas and his organization’s ethics truly stand behind the slogan first spoken over 35 years ago:

**Goudas on the Label**

**Means**

**Good Food on the Table**

A Note From the Writers

We hope you have enjoyed reading the life story of Mr. Goudas and his organization so far.

Prior to publishing this biography, friends, affiliates and even writers who know him personally were touched, and felt the need to encourage the writing of this book.

His life story is an inspiration to all of us, as well as to all the immigrants in Canada who moved away from their home countries seeking a better life.

This story is one very big example of how a man’s will and determination can overcome unfortunate circumstances.

For example, he started out in construction and engineering, but today, he is one of the foremost authorities in the food industry not only in Canada but all over the world.

He arrived in Canada with a few dollars, no place to live and lack of knowledge of the English language.

He overcame the effects of a horrendous accident in which he almost lost his leg and the foreclosure of his business, and succeeded in achieving the Entrepreneur of the Year Award.

He created products that appeal to and are recognized by all nationalities.

He never really had time to travel much, yet he knows every part of the world, what is grown there, and the business people associated within the industry. Additionally, he engaged in transactions with these
people although in some instances he never met them face-to-face.

He created an image accepted and loved by all nationalities, who adopted Mr. Goudas as one of their own.

In spite of his lack of formal education of the English language, or training in public speaking for speeches, he is always capable of capturing the audience’s complete attention.

Many people thought that he should have retired a decade ago, yet he still works more than ever before and enjoys every minute of it!

Everyone in the general public refers to him as “Mr. Goudas”; yet, all his employees call him “Peter”.

He is an avid philanthropist, and there is an extensive collection of appreciation letters from various organizations, churches, senior citizen homes, various cultural associations, food banks, etc., that attest to this fact. And yet, he never attends any of the events to which he has made donations to show his face and say “Here I am!”.

Finally, after several requests, Mr. Goudas gave us, the writers, permission to publish a few of our favourite stories, which you will view later on in this book.

Life is made up of many experiences, including numerous surprises. These events make us really understand the value of life itself.

Our hats are off to Mr. Goudas for his tireless efforts, and we wish him continued good health and even more success in the future.

We, the Writers and Editors

Thank you so much for taking your valuable time to reach this point in the book. We feel very proud that we entertained you at least this far. Now is a very good time for a coffee break; but if you asked Mr. Goudas, he would probably tell you to have a rice break instead. If you are a smoker like him, then we suggest you light one up. If you are a good food eater, then fix yourself a good plate of any Mr. Goudas brand products. If you do not have any of his products then we feel very sorry for you, because you do not really know what you are missing. If you need to stretch your legs and jog around the block, that could be a very good idea as well.

Before you do any of the above, place a paperclip, or bookmark on this page because the rest of the pages tell fascinating stories about how some products came to life. There are also newspaper articles, comedic articles, magazines, educational subjects, consumer letters and reviews, and many other things that you may not have had the opportunity to read anywhere else.

We are also taking this opportunity to take a break as well. Somebody asks Mr. Goudas with curiosity, how long he has been smoking, and the answer comes immediately, without the slightest hesitation: “I took up smoking on the 11th of Nov, 1955”. He then adds that the reason he remembers the exact date is because it was two elevens. A few moments of silence
follow, as evidently all of us are making calculations on how many years our boss has been smoking... it has over 50 years! And to think that he doesn’t even have a doctor! Obviously, eating products of quality, like those he produces himself, has compensated for his perfect health.

As he says, “healthy eating is all you need! Forget about nutritional information and all the confusing tables; just choose home-style cooking and avoid junk food”!

In these pages you can see pictures of us.

Rafael is the graphic designer, in charge of the cover, the stamps at the end, and the pictures of the book.

Ted is the web developer and programmer of the www.goudasfoods.com website.

Niki is in charge of the financial administration for this book.

John does the graphic designing of the book format and layout.

Livia is involved with the editing and proof reading of the Greek and the English version of the book.

Sofia does the writing as well as translating of most articles in English, Greek, and Italian. She is also in charge of the website www.flyermall.com, which advertises hundreds of companies daily and is in the ownership of Mr. Goudas.

Bernadette, researched magazines, newspapers, and videotapes, following the life of Mr. Goudas closely, in order to write some articles in this book.

Maria is currently translating this book in Bulgarian and Russian.

Antonio is currently translating this book in Italian.

Sunanda is currently translating this book in Burmese.
Tasos translated certain articles from English to Greek, and worked on the final editing of the Greek book.

Lilly is currently translating the book in Chinese, Cantonese, and Mandarin.

Here are a few current pictures of the man we are all writing about.

Note from the authors:
Today, Peter Goudas, enjoy immense popularity in the market. But this was not an overnight accomplishment and life has not been “Peaches and Cream” for him. He has seen highs and lows, looked at financial ruin in its face, and persevered despite the tremendous odds against him.

Delicious Rice Pudding
Ready-to-Eat from Mr. Goudas

Dear friends, supporters and customers of my products, I would like to tell you a little story about rice pudding. As you probably know, the roots of rice pudding came from Turkey centuries ago, and the tradition continued from generation to generation, until it finally arrived in the hands of my mother, who happened to be from Smyrna, Asia Minor. Maybe some of you know what happened in 1921 in Asia Minor. Let us forget the misfortunes of those people; please do not hate the Turks because of that. Let us take that wonderful Turkish recipe and relate it to the recipe I am about to reveal. If you go on any major Internet search engine and look up the words ‘Rice Pudding’ you will
find more than 1.5 million documents and articles. Almost all of them tell you how to make it. There are recipes related to Caramel Rice Pudding, Chocolate, Dates, Fruit, Creamy, Silky, Ginger, Coconut Rice pudding, and we can go on and on and on; endless lists of recipes that take forever to be written down on paper.

During and after WWII, my mother made Rice Pudding because rice was a very inexpensive item with which to make this simple recipe. The only other ingredients needed besides a handful of rice, are a little fresh milk, a little sugar, and a lot of imagination, patience and love. The reason you need patience is because you have to stay on top of the pot in the final stages of cooking so that the milk does not stick to the pot’s bottom, and at the same time the rice has to be already cooked to perfection. The milk taste has to disappear by blending it in with the rice. I also remember that my mother never wanted any of us kids to distract her during the final stages of preparation, so that the pudding would not stick to the pot.

My mother always made Rice pudding as if she was creating the most extravagant work of art. In 1998, there was an issue in Belgium about Mad Cow Disease. The only company in the world that was making Rice Pudding, which was located in Belgium, was not able to ship it to Canada or to the United States because of that issue. Therefore, I started thinking in terms of making Rice Pudding myself even though I knew that I was about to lose a pile of money through the research and development of this new project. I would like to inform the general public that if someone wants to make a canned Rice Pudding, he does not just make a big bucket of pudding, scoop it into the can, put the lid on it and expect it to be rice pudding; No!! Of course not! The process is very different from this.

The raw ingredients have to be cooked while already packaged in the can. They also have to be individually consistent, that means, X amount of rice and X amount of milk filled with sugar. Then each can has to be placed in the retort (pasteurization process), the temperature has to be raised up to a specific degree for an exact amount of time, and then the chilling procedure commences. All this preciseness is necessary to avoid overcooking and sticking to the can. This is very similar to the cooking artwork my mother performed back in WWII. After the above procedures are completed, we then sterilize and rotate the product for a
certain amount of time. A project like this takes thousands of dollars in research and development, and once that is accomplished, you will need a factory with which to do it.

As you can understand, at the research stage you cannot make a batch of a few cans. Instead you have to make a batch of a few thousand cans. You keep it for a minimum of fourteen (14) days, to make sure that sterilization is perfect and to ensure its shelf life and consumer safety. You then open the can and try the product; now you may need a little bit more sugar, maybe some more rice, and maybe less milk? Maybe, maybe, maybe!!! The variations and adjustments are almost endless.

Consequently, we make up another batch and throw out the previous batch, then I try a different rice, yet this rice absorbs more water and becomes more solid so, we have to discard this batch and keep making more batches, one after the other until we consider it to be as perfect as it can be.

As all my friends know, I am fussy, particular, miserable, and a perfectionist, as well as some other descriptive words found in the dictionary, when it comes to food. Finally, when it seems that a particular batch is the right one, at that
moment, mass production can begin.

The first batch goes to food critics, my friends, restaurant owners, people whom I can trust to be honest in their opinion, and if the majority of them believe that it is the right and perfect one, then and only then do I place it on the many supermarket shelves.

Obviously, there are so many recipes and variations of Rice Pudding and I can not please the whole world, but I know deep within my heart that I did the best humanly possible and it is sufficient to say my Rice Pudding is one of the best in the world.

I am very happy to receive letters to verify that statement on the Goudas foods website.

In the near future, I will be making Mr. Goudas Peach Rice Pudding, Pineapple Rice Pudding, and Raisins Rice Pudding, placed in small individual sizes, easy open cans that would be served in hospitals, airlines, retirement homes, cafeterias, etc.

To all you parents, most importantly, do not forget to pack your children’s lunches with one can of love (Mr. Goudas Rice Pudding) with its high nutritional value, instead of potato chips, and other junk food.

My company would be very happy to receive a letter from you in the Compliments/Complaints section in the Goudas Foods website with your opinion about this or any other of my products.

I would like to mention that I am fully aware I may never see profit from this project in my lifetime to cover the enormous investment in research, development and machinery to make the best Rice Pudding the world has ever known.

Thank you for taking time to read this article.

Bon Appetite, and remember,

Goudas on the label MEANS good food on the table.
Mr. Goudas Red Pepper Sauce

There are many varieties in the world and thousands of brands. To many, pepper sauce means something hot, but that was not the case when Mr. Goudas developed this particular variety, which is made from a particular and selected species grown in countries like Jamaica, Dominica, and Costa Rica.

The uniformity in colour from one bottle to another, from batch to batch and from year to year is something that is inherent in the Goudas brand, and although there are thousands of brands available in the market, some of the experts in the industry, upon comparing different brands, always stated that Mr. Goudas is consistently among the top ten best brands in the world.

Along with our finest “pepperologist” Victor Rugama, Mr. Goudas has developed several new products, like onion puree, coriander, chatpati, mango-coconut, and many more. The reason that he perfected the onions is because all housewives would normally peel an onion for their cooking, and would begin to cry.

Mr. Goudas has now pioneered the cry-less method of cooking; one spoon of onion puree will now save you many tears.

Now that these wonderful products are out on the market, obviously Joe Blow, his relatives, Ambassador’s Choice, nameless brand, and others will follow and try to duplicate them. But nevertheless remember that:

When you buy Mr. Goudas Pepper Sauce, you know you have discovered the BEST.
Mr. Goudas Deals With Over 32 Varieties of Rice

Each one is meticulously selected. The following are examples of some of the varieties available under the Mr. Goudas label: parboiled, patna, calrose, brown, basmati, sticky, yellow, jasmine, scented, sweet, glutinous, short red, white long grain, white short grain, flat grain, wild, Arborio, and more.

Fortunately, there is a particular user for each variety since Canada is the most multicultural country in the world.

There are thousands of recipes, many of which are culturally based.

Occasionally, difficulties arise in the marketing of the rice based on these cultural differences. For instance, consumers with origins from Pakistan prefer basmati rice originating from Pakistan as opposed to basmati rice from India, and vice versa, despite the fact that the basmati rice grows only in the foothills of the Himalayas.

Obviously, as you are reading this particular article, you are probably asking yourself, how does Mr. Goudas and his organization deal with these situations. The answer is, he basically adapts his mind to respect the religion, the culture and the differences within each nationality and then he markets the product accordingly.

Generally, rice comes from all over the world including USA, India, Pakistan, Thailand and Vietnam. Selecting rice is a very demanding process, and if we were to document and analyze this in detail, it
would require a book about a thousand times thicker than the one you are now reading, to compile all the related facts.

Rice must be examined for the proper length for that particular variety, it must also have the proper girth, and be free from pestilence. Then there must be no dust, all foreign objects (dirt, stones, sticks, metals) must be removed, and the product must be nicely finished and sorted to remove discoloured and paddy grains.

Temperature and moisture control is also very important for rice. If these are not at the proper levels, you will get a clumping and moulded product, which is evident sometimes on supermarket shelves or in the pantries of houses that do not store rice properly.

Ideally, rice should be stored in cold and dry environments.

Mr. Goudas advises that one should not buy any more than can be used within a reasonable period of time.

(A short note of interest: some cultures believe that basmati rice tastes better as it ages, and evidence of infestation demonstrate the high quality and proper aging. You may read the article relating to this issue on the Goudas Foods website).

All this care and attention demonstrates why everybody sings the Goudas national anthem:

Goudas Rice is Very Nice, Goudas Rice is Very Nice.

It is very difficult to relate the above jingle into a song, just by reading it. But those who have the privilege of being familiar with Calypso music and Steel drums will understand how addictive this melody really is.
The Story of the Mr. Goudas Rice Song

One day in 1973, Mr. Goudas received a phone call at his Oxford Street factory from Jasse McDonald, a very close friend and a producer of Goudas’ Caribbean Show on CHIN radio. “Listen to the song in the background”, Jasse said in a jocular manner, “and if you like it, I want you to bring a suitcase full of money to this address at Davenport and Ossington Avenue, in Toronto”. Mr. Goudas glued his ear to the phone, and became entranced with the melody that he heard. When the lyrics proclaiming “Goudas Rice is Very Nice” came up, he knew that he had to have this song.

He turned up at the address that he was given, and as he descended into the basement, he heard the strains of this song coming from the house and saw a number of young kids, between the ages of 3 to 10, playing guitars and steel pans and singing the song.

He decided to take them to his club, the “813 Club”, to work on perfecting the music over a number of weeks, and also used the Corrado Acapouto Studio and Sound Canada to record and press the song.

The initial pressing of the song, released in 1974, was 20,000 copies. Mr. Goudas gave these records away to clubs, to the stores that carried his products, and to people at the Caribana parade. It immediately became a big hit with everyone who heard it. It was also given extensive airplay by Colin Handson at CHIC radio, Wynn Callender at CJMR, and Jessie McDonald at CHIN, but the CRTC (Canadian Radio and Television Commission) stepped in and asked that it be taken off the air. Apparently the word “good” in the part of the lyrics stating “good

The word Pelau* originates from Trinidad and Tobago. It is one of their national dishes which consists of rice, peas and meat, all cooked together in one pot.

I had to stop working, because I had to taste that wonderful Pelau. After all, the recipe originated from my country.

When we made pelau for picture purposes, the aroma and view was begging to be tasted. So that is exactly what we did.
for pelau” was not allowed, so the lyrics had to be changed to “best for pelau”.

A new pressing had to be made but this change did not affect the popularity of the song. In fact the song has become a collector’s item, and Mr. Goudas has only 2 copies of the original pressing in his possession.

The song Goudas Rice was performed by the Raymond Family, who went on to make a number of personal appearances at the 813 club, and became a large demand.

The lyrics of the song are:

Goudas Rice is very nice
Goudas Rice is very nice.

The best for pelau*
And Chinese fried rice

So take my advice
And buy Goudas Rice.

The song goes on to name a number of countries in the Caribbean. Feel free to sing along while you prepare your pelau.

Consequently, the Mr. Goudas Rice and Beans Orchestra came to life. As you enter the Goudas website, you will see this page load. Not only do the beans and rice sing, but seagulls fly, the airplane moves across the screen, and the rice ladies move their tasty bodies. Initially he thought it would be a very simple task to accomplish. However, this was not the case. The flash animator took time to match the lip movements of the animated characters, to the lyrics of this song. Also, you will notice that the rice ladies have their skirts move along with the wind. More and more detail can be seen all over the animation, starting from the shoes, to the fingers of the bean musicians. We mention this to provide an understanding that it is not an overnight task, but something that takes a lot of thought. Just like many of the Mr. Goudas products,
a lot of heart and detail goes into every piece of work he creates. The initial idea was to make people laugh, which he feels he has accomplished.

The complete website of (www.goudasfoods.com) has a very rich content and is quite large. In order to fully enjoy the site, the user should have Macromedia Flash, RealPlayer, along with High Speed Internet connection. As you enter the front page, it explains the purpose of its creation, and the people to whom it is addressed. It also expresses appreciation to the millions of consumers who love Mr. Goudas brand products so that they may see the joy and satisfaction we get in knowing that we have done and we are doing the very best. Of course, Mr. Goudas never underestimates the competition, which we know will be examining the website very carefully. We trust they will finally understand that our motive is, and has always been, to provide the customer with the very best, and maybe they can try to do the same. The website is so huge that Goudas Foods had to maintain its own server and create its own Internet operation to accommodate its requirements, due to the fact that an enormous amount of film footage is compressed so that it may be viewed by real player. This is a solid statement to our desire to share feelings, experiences, accomplishments, and highs and lows with our customers, general public, supporters, friends and even the competition (whose respect we feel we have earned).

Mr. Goudas
9 Symphony Bean Mix
Eat, and Music Will Follow

Product Conception and Development:
First can of 9 Symphony Bean Mix rolled off the production line on April 7, 1998.

Label Composition:
This label has been the subject of many discussions from people who understand labels. A lot of study went into its creation and composition. Inspired by the work of the famous composer Ludwig Van Beethoven, who had such skill in composing musical masterpieces, Mr. Goudas thought to duplicate such acoustic works of art through the 9 Symphony Bean Mix (where it is best enjoyed discreetly, or depending on the environment, shared among the public).
Mr. Goudas feels, that he had created such a magnificent product that if Beethoven was alive, he would have definitely appreciated the crystal clear quality of this new work of art.

Mr. Goudas’ 9 Symphony Bean Mix is displayed showing respective instruments, such as the bass and guitar, which are always a pleasure to listen to.

Depending on the time of day you decide to eat 9 Symphony Bean Mix, you may even accomplish creating sounds, close enough to rival the high notes once emanating from the famous soprano, Maria Callas.

Production:

Since the label was so magnificent and unique, Goudas foods thought of putting nothing but the best quality beans in the can that could contribute a melodic accolade to his enormous bean composition efforts.

Something people don’t realize about such a product, is that 9 Symphony Bean Mix do not cook for the same length of time, or for that matter, at the same temperature setting. Each bean variety must be pre-soaked and cooked separately following Mr. Goudas’ cooking time requirements.

After gathering and mixing each perfectly cooked bean together, (which is where Mr. Goudas believes the beans are starting to choose which instrument they will play once you have eaten them), they are off to the sterilization process, where each bean is cleansed. In the sterilization process, all the beans are rehearsing and making sure that their instruments are in tip-top shape, to potentially produce harmonious melodies, that please even the pickiest of ears.

Here are some comments from customers who have dared to try 9 Symphony Bean Mix:

Douglas J. McIntosh
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

I have tried the Mr. Goudas 9 Symphony Bean Mix, and failed to hear the symphonic acoustics. My son, however, being less inhibited, discovered the 9 octaves! He composed his observations into a sonnet to be dedicated to those born without the benefit of gas. He was exhausted, but nevertheless, he titled it as follows:

Four Strong Winds

Mr Goudas Beans
So wise, so frugal!
Buy Goudas Beans;
“They’ll turn your ass into a bugle...”

As we are all music lovers in one way or another, this consumer has obviously reached musical enlightenment, which only the Monks of Tibet can truly admire and appreciate. We humans are only able to differentiate 7 musical sounds, but it appears that his son was able to break through
the barrier with the help of the 9 Symphony Bean Mix.

On the other hand, another 9 Symphony Bean Mix consumer sent a letter to Mr. Goudas explaining his adventure on a plane. This gentleman enjoyed a can of 9 Bean Mix Symphony before departing, knowing very well that sometimes the airline food served is unbearable, and in some cases outright disgusting.

He passed the additional terror inspections and baggage check, and finally boarded the aircraft, where he sat comfortably on the cotton-nylon woven chair.

At one point, he felt the need to release a barrage of musical notes. He felt it was an absolute masterpiece for all to enjoy. This held true for most until the second stage of such a release kicked into the air supply. One passenger notified him politely, and said, ...”It is very dangerous to carry weapons of mass destruction on the plane, how is it that you passed baggage check?”

Note from Mr. Goudas:
“We hope we have been able to make you laugh a little bit”.

Obviously, not all the products have been accepted instantly in the marketplace and the next article will reflect the disaster that occurred to a particular product, that according to Mr. Goudas, was the most magnificent product the world has ever known.

The green jumbo lima beans was a wonderful product! Mr. Goudas thought it would be a good idea to make a batch of approximately 5000 cases (despite the high cost of selecting the finest quality green lima) in Peru, which is the best country for this product, and manually inserting them into cans combined with other details of the canning process. When he brought them to Canada, he had to wait for 6 months or more until the grocery stores head offices listed them.

He also had to demonstrate the product to his sales force and instruct them to open cans and ask the store managers to try them.

Another problem was to allocate shelf space at the supermarkets.

Finally, this product gradually appeared in all super market shelves at a retail price of $1.99, which is just enough to cover production costs and the store’s small margin. Because of the consumer’s unfamiliarity with the product, the green lima beans stayed on the shelves for more than a year. Then the specials began: buy one, take one free. However, even that was not enough to make the consumer buy.

Four years later Mr. Goudas ended up with a few left over cases in his warehouse, which he then gave to all his employees. They all
came back with magnificent recipes! For instance, one of them opened a can and mixed the beans with chopped onions, vinegar and olive oil; another recipe replaced the vinegar with lemon; while another sprinkled it with fresh oregano. Even unexpected ideas came up: one employee put the green lima beans in the blender to make a paste, then added onions and vinegar. No matter how they did it, they all agreed that this was a very good product. When Mr. Goudas had the last can for lunch, dressed up with extra virgin olive oil, onions, lemon and oregano, he said before he started eating: “This better be good because it cost me well over fifty thousand dollars”! And after he finished his lunch, he then said: “It was worth all the effort!”.

The company did not make this product again, but that does not mean he may not attempt to re-introduce it.

Ironically, over the years, Mr. Goudas has continued to receive letters from customers telling him how good the product was.

**Information on Dry Beans & Peas**

Goudas Foods does not just buy beans, beans are actually selected. This is a very long and arduous process, it is not just packing beans in a bag and shipping them. First, the area has to be identified. Each bean or pea has a location where it grows best. That is why we source Lima beans from Peru, our Jumbo Chick Peas from Mexico, Lentils from Winnipeg, Pigeon Peas from Peru, Black Eye Peas from California, Red Lentils from Turkey, Dals from India, Mung Beans from Australia, etc.

Once we identify the product and the growing area, we look for the best growers. While there are certain standard processes all growers follow, there are those who go above and beyond, because they take extreme pride in producing the best beans in their area. These are the growers we go with. Having selected the location and growers, we then conduct our own inspection of the product. The bean must have the right size. We do not select immature or old beans. We look for those that have exactly the right length and diameter, and all the same consistent
size. There should be no broken skin since the appearance of the product is very important, whether you package it or put it in a can. Goudas Foods Quality Control personnel check the skin in detail to make sure that it is intact. Under no circumstances does Goudas Foods accept any product that is cracked, split or broken.

Colour: All beans have a characteristic colour that allows people to identify them properly. We look for the proper colour, which identifies a healthy bean, and we do not accept any blemishes on the skin colouration.

Finish: The bean must be finished with a proper polish to remove dust and particles. Normally, Goudas Foods has the beans double polished to enhance their appearance and make sure that their full beauty shows through.

Transportation: Beans can be very tender, and they need to be handled properly. If they are treated in a rough manner, or transported without being adequately protected, they will arrive in a poor state at their destination. To keep the bean intact, Goudas Foods requires that the beans be transported in air cushioned trucks, with adequate side protection, to keep the load from shifting and also to reduce friction in transit that creates skin defects.

Pest Control: It is astounding how quickly one little egg can generate thousands of bugs and flies. This is why we ensure that our beans are properly fumigated with environmentally friendly products, and monitored at the warehouse and store levels. We also make sure that the product is properly stored and aerated to maintain its quality.

As you can appreciate, handling beans is a very intensive, complex and delicate business, and everything must be properly managed and monitored. Some companies have no concept of the process involving this business. They think you just put some beans in a can and cook them, without consideration of all these factors, and assume the customer will not know the difference. Goudas Foods goes to these lengths because this company strives at all times to make sure that only the best available product is offered to the customers.

The company has a reputation in the industry as one of the best bean packers and canners in the world, and now you know why.
Mr. Goudas beans not only look good; they taste good too!

Before we end this subject, we would like to mention the following. Although we take so many precautions as said above to make the best possible beans, we want the general public to understand that no matter how hard we work to make perfect products, a food preparer should still inspect the beans for extraneous material every single time. The reason for this is because sometimes the sorting process cannot tell the difference if a stone has the same size and colour as the chickpea, or if a chip of wood looks and has the same characteristics of the common lentil. The colour-sorting machine cannot identify these differences. Therefore, precaution always must be taken when preparing your food. It is advisable that you wash, clean, sort, inspect before using any dry beans or pea products. Remember, that you only do this for a small portion at a time, plus it is a good health practice as well. We know we do the best in our processing facilities, however we do not wish to pretend that we are perfect. If another company can guarantee you product free from extraneous material, we would be interested to find out how.

We would like to tell you in the next two articles some fascinating stories. The first one is a fascinating story about how Peter and his sister entered into the new millenium, and the next one is a story about canned soups. Let’s start with the fireworks.

Millennium ‘Fireworks’!
(Funny Story)

January 01, 2000

On New Year’s Eve, the last hours of 1999, Peter and his sister Marina got together to celebrate the entry of the new Millennium. Mr. Goudas planned to enter the new Millennium in the office, because he wanted to ensure that the Millennium bug did not affect his operations.

We were all well warned in advance of the Millennium bug, and the possibility of shutting down computer systems, and state of the art computerized production machinery. Some time ago, he told his sister, he was planning celebrations at the office, although, many respectable organizations and embassies invited him to their celebrations.

Peter had requested his sister to make a traditional Greek plate by the name “fasolada”. When his sister showed up with the fasolada (white kidney beans soup) that she had already made, along with other
foods that accompany fasolada, such as herring, feta cheese, calamata olives, Greek bread, and green onions, he started celebrating while slowly bringing these foods together.

Emptying quickly one dish after another, the two of them are sitting in front of the TV, watching millennium celebrations throughout the world, and talking to each other. Every hour, another part of the world enters the millennium, and the TV shows how people are dancing happily to loud music, hugging and kissing, and yelling out “Happy New Year”, while dazzling and colorful fireworks in the sky added more loudness to the celebration.

A couple of hours after midnight, Peter discovers to his surprise that the pan with the fasolada was almost empty.

They had really enjoyed those beans, and this enjoyment started to gradually bring even more surprises that made Peter and Marina giggle at first, and then burst into laughs.

You see, despite the loud sounding fireworks in the sky around the world, Peter and Marina may have enjoyed more surprising sounds, where the effects of the fasolada, provided the loudest sounds of them all!

We hope you had fun reading the above story!

Now let’s turn to the other article about soups, which we think you will also enjoy.

Mr. Goudas Soups

Close to the end of the last century, he thought it was the right time to develop a new line of soups. He knew at that time that most of the soups that were in existence on the market, contained among their ingredients dehydrated vegetables as well as an ingredient called MSG (monosodium glutamate). Although these are permitted ingredients, considered as legitimate since they enhance the flavour, nevertheless he decided to eliminate them from his soups.

The outcome along with the lack of meat, made the products a state of the art development among vegetarian soups. Needless to say, everyone in the factory ended up with tears in their eyes from peeling onions. However, the general public appreciated the quality, and sales are constantly increasing. Several articles have been published and the funniest one is the one below.

The Jamaican Xpress - 2002

When I first found out that Mr. Goudas was Greek, I thought “what does a Greek know about Ackee, Callaloo, Breadfruit, and other Jamaican foods? Why does the white man love to capitalize on the black man like that all the time, and why do we let them”? But since then, I have come to discover that Mr. Goudas, as the smart businessman that he is, does not cater only to the West Indian taste buds, but he spreads tables with foods from
around the world. No matter what culture you are from, chances are, Mr. Goudas the Greek can make you feel right at home here in Canada, at least at meal times.

Traditionally Jamaicans do not eat food from tins, except corn, beef, and sardines. They like their food yard grown, fresh picked, just cooked and served piping hot, both by heat and pepper. There were many speculations when Goudas started to shelf his products in West Indian stores as to who was going to buy them. Many even wondered how he ever convinced the Jamaican owners to stock them, because certainly they, more than Mr. Goudas, should know that “we naw go buy no food in a tin”.

But, lo and behold Goudas has survived, and has continued to add more and more items to his food line. Until now, even soup in a tin is a popular buy. Remember Saturdays back home? Jamaican families mainly ate by a weekly schedule, and Saturdays were reserved for soups. Tripe, beef, chicken foot, and goat head, were just a few of the many varieties. They were cooked to perfection with all kinds of ground provisions, vegetables, natural seasonings and spices, and of course white flour or cornmeal dumplings. How was Goudas, no matter how ingenious he was, going to capture these authentic flavours in a tin? It takes special culinary skills to make soup taste good.

When Goudas started his line of soups he said, “I am conscious of my customers peculiar demands in their soups, and I will keep it in the forefront of my mind, when I prepare mine”. And he did! But Goudas could not have possessed such knowledge just off the top of his head. He was and still is wise enough to get first-hand information directly from the people who eat these foods daily, and from the different cultures. Peter unashamedly confirms this fact. Traditional recipes from the individual countries are used in order to capture that homemade taste. Sometimes it can take more than a year to perfect a soup for Goudas’ market method. No soup goes on the shelves until it gets unanimous approval from those who are hired to certify how the specific soup should taste.

Goudas knows that in order for his soups to continue to sell, they must taste like real soup and not like a tin can. Goudas’ soups do taste better than many other companies, which have been canning soups long before him. That is because the Goudas method is unique. Goudas does not boil a whole mass of soup in a super cauldron. Rather, each can is filled with the right proportion of each ingredient, seasoning and liquid. The can is then sealed
and put through a thermal process, which means that the can is cooked right along with the ultra fresh first grade ingredients. This ensures sterilization and accounts for the signature fresh homemade taste of each can of soup.

Mr. Goudas uses the freshest ingredients of the highest quality. Real onions and not onion powder are prepared for the soups. Beans must not only look good, but because of the method of preparation, they are tested to make sure that they cook well. Mr. Goudas does not spare any expense to bring you the best in quality and taste. Many people, especially mothers who have to hold down a job outside of the home, do give God thanks for the Goudas line of products, because with Goudas they are still able to feed their families healthy, good tasting foods. I must admit though that Goudas has not yet included cow tripe or chicken feet soup in his menu. However, to enhance your own homemade version with a boost of quick flavour, simply add a can from Mr. Goudas’ delicious soup line.

Your choices are: Cabbage, Leek and Rice for the discerning European, Minestrone for the demanding Italian, Lentils for the discriminating Indian, Spinach and Rice, Potatoes and Green Beans, and of course traditional Vegetable Soup for everyone international. Goudas chooses his ingredients from the best and hardiest stock. They have to be ultra fresh always.

If pea soup is what you fancy, but you just do not have the time to cook the peas, you do not have to be disappointed. Goudas will help you out there as well. He is an expert in choosing beans and peas. Your choices are: Chick Pea, Pea, White Kidney, Great Northern Bean Soup, and wonder of wonders - Soya Beans, with or without tomato sauce. No other company has even came close to offering such rare varieties of soups in a tin. Goudas does not use MSG in any of his meals. He keeps the taste natural.

Mr. Goudas also keeps the salt at a minimum, in order to meet the needs of those on a specific diet, such as diabetics or rastafarians. So, for an unbeatable authentic soup experience, look for the flag of your country on the side of the Goudas can. Go ahead and experiment with Mr. Goudas, you will surprise yourself, your family members, guests and customers if you are preparing
foods commercially. They will be asking for more.

We the writers asked Mr. Goudas about the pictures in the beginning of the Jamaican Xpress article referring to Ackees and Callaloo. We have never seen something like this before and we wanted to know all about it. Also, the article claims that Mr. Goudas knows nothing about the products, and yet he has the best Ackee and Callaloo selections available on the market.

Mr. Goudas also told us that he brought the first canned Ackee into Canada, as a distributor of a company called Eve in 1971. Over the years, he has engaged canners in Jamaica to produce the products for him. Early this century, he has planted 23,000 trees, and setup the appropriate processing equipment in the Ivory Coast. This is a partnership agreement with Sultan (shown with Koukla in Mr. Goudas' office), for the purpose of canning Ackees as well as Callaloo. We would like to let you know that Ackee is the national food of Jamaica and is served better with Codfish or Bakala.

In this picture, you can see that it takes a lot of manual labour to handle and process Ackees. Everything is done manually due to the fact that the Ackee petals must open naturally. Then, the three seeds must be removed very carefully, as well as the net behind the seed, which also must be removed. In addition to all this preciseness, you must then place the Ackees properly into the can in such a way so that one Ackee fruit does not pressure the other. Then, the retort and sterilization process can begin. Mr. Goudas feels that in the next ten years, Ackee consumption will increase drastically.

We asked him what he thought about the article written in the Jamaican Xpress, and he told us he not only liked it but he loved it.

He also stated the following: “Articles like the one above have been written about the Goudas soups for many nationalities and in many different languages, and it is no surprise to me that the majority of them have a positive write up. It did not come as a surprise because I knew right away that if I was going to make good soup, I would have to use the proper ingredients. By avoiding MSG, I knew that I had a winner. Making those soups vegetarian, added more value to the product due to the fact that one quarter of the world’s population is vegetarian. Many people think how can someone be healthy if he does not include a piece of steak, chicken, pork, etc., in their diet? But I can tell you that vegetarians can live a very healthy
life, in fact, in some cases, maybe a healthier life, since they are not exposed to various diseases sometimes found in meat”. He says “how many times have you read in newspapers, magazines, or heard on the radio and television about mad cow, mad chicken, mad pig disease, etc.? It is like the whole world has gone mad. Now...when did you last hear about the mad cucumber, crazy cauliflower or insane cabbage”?

And then he told us that he had received the most incredible letter, which under normal circumstances any other company would have destroyed or burned, but Mr. Goudas kept it, thinking it would be a good idea to share its contents and its reply with all of you.

The following explains it all.

**Mr. Goudas Cabbage Soup**  
(Old Bitch Recipe, Funny Story)  
December 18, 2003

One morning at 4 am, Mr. Goudas arrives at his office, which is the norm after so many years, and starts his day with his 67 year young personal assistant (Maria), who has already made his morning coffee. His day normally starts with 1002 problems, however, his motto is “let's forget the 1000 problems for the moment, and concentrate on the 2”. The morning time slowly passes, and at about 10:00 am, the mail arrives, where one person receives a letter from Mr. Jim Gunn about Mr. Goudas Cabbage Soup, and reads Mr. Gunn’s letter in a very soft voice to all the office employees. They were all thinking whether it is wise to relay the letter to Mr. Goudas in fear that he may suffer an acute heart attack after reading the contents of the letter. The letter reads as follows:

Jim Gunn - Windsor, Ont, Canada
“I buy quite a few of your products, and I’m part of the old breed of Canadians that worked so hard to make a place for “new Canadians”, such as yourself to prosper and to forget about all of the bloodshed and bullshit that your “old country” offered. But as one Canadian to another - Brother, your cabbage soup tastes like shit.”

I remember visiting my sister who rented from some old bitch from Europe on Harbord Ave (just off Bathurst) and your soup reminds me of that stench...(I taste your cabbage soup and imagine I’m drinking that old battle-axe’s bathwater or the laundry water left over from washing that old lady’s massive bras).

Now you could go into any deli on Spadina Avenue and have a tasty cabbage soup but your cabbage soup is the absolute pits.

Try it -I’m sure you’ll agree”.

Mr. Goudas loves to read all let-
ters relating to products because he greatly values customers opinions. This particular letter broke some employees hearts knowing full well the amount of effort and sleepless nights that went into perfecting this product, as he does with the hundreds of other products.

Finally, the employees decided to give Maria the honour of walking slowly into Mr. Goudas’ office, where she could not control her hands from shaking just by carrying such comments on paper. She left the paper on the desk for Mr. Goudas to read, where she saw Mr. Goudas read the letter for the first time. He then picked up Koukla (the French poodle) and placed her on his arms. While petting Koukla, Mr. Goudas was reading the letter over and over again, to capture its true meaning. Although, all the office employees were at their desks supposed working, they still were looking into the office of Mr. Goudas through the corner of their eyes. They were more in tune with what reaction Mr. Goudas would have to the letter once he read it.

After a long silence, finally Mr. Goudas started talking to himself and fell into that mode, where as the plaque on the outside of his office reads, “If you see me doing nothing, please do not disturb; this is when I am busiest”.

The office started hearing Mr. Goudas talking, as if Mr. Gunn was in his office. The employees captured the speech and helped with the response to Mr. Jim Gunn, which follows:

Answer: Dear Mr Jim Gunn
We appreciate your letter, we also thank you so much that you purchase so many of our products and love most of them. We would like to respond to your letter as follows. Over the 35 years of Mr. Goudas’ existence we finally realized in our company that you couldn’t produce a product loved by everyone.

There will always be someone that disagrees with a particular taste. We can assure you that before we put the product into the market, we spent every possible effort as far as the recipe, ingredients and other things involved in creating the product.

If we followed the Spadina Recipe, with a list of ingredients including pork fat, and bacon strips in order to satisfy your taste, it would not be vegetarian.

However the list of ingredients in our cabbage soup states clearly the goodness of the product within the can. We can assure you that our cabbage soup was based on the recipe used by the OLD BITCH, as you call her. Although you may not be happy, and we respect that, I would like to point out to you, that we do have complimentary letters from wonder-
ful customers like you, telling us how delicious it actually is.
In fact, after Mr. Goudas read your letter, he is considering to re-label this wonderful soup and call it “The Old Bitch Recipe”.
Please view in the following sections, letters from: Dona Emery Nov 25 2003, Helen Reilly Feb 5 2003, and John Mandel Dec 5 2002. Once again we truly appreciate your comments.
This comment and answer is posted on GoudasFoods.com in the comments section, and it makes thousands of viewers laugh at the candidness of both participants (Mr. Goudas and Mr. Gunn).
Mr. Gunn’s letter is framed in Mr. Goudas’ office, as an objective reminder that:

No matter how hard Mr. Goudas tries; he will never be able to please everyone when it comes to taste.

Mr. Goudas believes that Mr. Gunn, who is a supporter of Goudas Foods, as he states in the beginning of his letter, delivered his feelings and opinion towards this product in the most pleasing manner.

Donna Emery - London ON, Canada
Hi, I would just like to tell you that we bought, for the first time, Goudas Soups. The cabbage one was delicious. Any chance in the future you could come up with a Wedding soup? Thank you. Donna Emery.

Helen Reilly - Perth ON, Canada
Dear Mr. Goudas, I love your food. Today I am having your Cabbage Soup for lunch. It is more like Cabbage stew though because there is so much food in it. Yummy! Yours truly, Helen Reilly.

John Mandel Brantford Ontario

Thank you for making so many good soups. Our whole family just loves them all year round!! Your soups are the best on the market. No others come close!! Also, your Mr. Goudas fruits and beans score #1. THANK YOU MR. GOUDAS for all your hard work in providing us with high quality food products.

Mr. Goudas Whole Ripe Tomatoes!
April 30, 1980

Mr. Goudas has now made available in the market a great product: Whole Ripe Tomatoes!
The following shows how perfectly packaged they are; once you open the can, the tomatoes are ready to use for your cooking.
Mr. Goudas has tried to find a packer of tomatoes that would pack under strict specifications, which would hold the best quality of tomatoes. The specifications would include evaporating the water as much as possible from the can and filling it with tomato juice instead. The reason this is so the tomato better
holds its taste.

Some factories that pack tomatoes do not care about what the tomatoes are filled with. They normally use water, and are not really cooperative with Mr. Goudas’ idea, stating that the price would be raised significantly. Mr. Goudas wants the best quality product, and will stop at no cost to provide it.

With the help of Ms. Violet Glazier in Blenheim Ontario, one of the nicest areas that grows tomatoes in South West Ontario, Mr. Goudas was able to provide the best grown and tasting tomato in Canada, which appeared for the first time in Mr. Goudas Tomato cans.

Since Mr. Goudas was not in the tomato business, many consumers did not recognize his ability to formulate a high quality product.

Once the consumer tried the canned goodness of Mr. Goudas Tomatoes, they remain devoted to the taste and quality that only such a well-developed product can provide. In the years that followed, the tomato market changed dramatically in Mr. Goudas’ favour, with staggering results.

This is largely due to repeat customer purchases and market acceptance of such a high quality product.

He enhanced his line in the tomato category by introducing crushed tomato, tomato sauce, tomato ketchup, pasta sauce, and one of the most magnificent tomato products: diced tomatoes with herbs and spices, which would make any spaghetti recipe taste like a gourmet dish.

Lately, he created even more magnificent products with the help of Irene, Annie, Vincent and Henry Finaldi of Nation Wide Canning, like Tomato Puree and Marinara Sauce, which is considered state of the art in red products, as they are called in Canada.

Until someone really tries these products, they will never understand what we are talking about.

We, the writers, had our doubts about the sauce, however, after trying some that Mr. Goudas prepared, hands down, bar-none, we believe that there is no sauce out there like it! Maybe it’s the way he cooked it, we don’t know, but even the clams tasted magnificent when dipped in the sauce.

Mr. Goudas stole the last clam, dipping the whole thing in sauce, and we leave you with this picture, that tells the rest of the story.
Animal Lover

Mr. Goudas is an avid lover of all types of animals. His love extends even towards creatures that are feared, or that people have a phobia for, like snakes.

He also has birds that visit the front lawn of his company’s building, to enjoy a variety of more than 300 lbs of grains daily. On their daily visits,

Mr. Goudas has seen an enormous variety of birds, including blue birds, and canaries. They are acquainted with the traffic the visitors create where it no longer distracts them. We recall that the only thing that bothered them was Tiger the cat, whom we tried to prevent from getting outside. In fact, Tiger viewed so many birds, that he tried to plan an attack only to be foiled by the glass window in Mr. Goudas’ office. Tiger sometimes suffered minor concussions, but nevertheless, a few minutes later, he would repeat the same thing.

In Canada, Peter got his first dog, in the spring of 1968. A wonderful German Shepherd named Doukie who was his companion for nineteen years but later died at an old age. Presently, he has two dogs and a cat with him each day. Koukla, Irma, and Tiger.

Let’s start with Irma’s story first, and find out how Irma entered his life, which was just a couple of weeks after his mother had passed away in Canada.

This is a very touching and beautiful story about a truly obedient and loving animal.

Mr. Goudas’ New Companion
March 15, 1992

One evening Mr. Goudas was parked near Trenton, Ontario, for a little while, leaving his car windows open. When he returned to his car and started driving, he eventually realized he had a guest sitting comfortably on the back seat. It was too late to return to Trenton as he was almost home. A few days later he returned with his guest to the same area and asked neighbours and local shopkeepers if they knew her; it seemed like no one knew anything. Additionally, he let her roam free for a few hours in case she found someone familiar. By the end of the day, he had exhausted all the possibilities of finding her owner. He then realized the dog was homeless, and thought of adopting her. He
named her Irma, in memory of his childhood dog in Greece. The full breed of Irma is unknown, she seemed to be mixed with some kind of an Irish setter, and she was very polite and well mannered. She welcomed all visitors and up until her accident, she had always been in good health. Irma loved to jump into Mr. Gouda’s car straight through the window every time he left it open.

In September of 2003, Irma had a serious car accident. A careless driver hit her with his car, while she was on the side of the road. Even though she survived the accident, and underwent an obvious improvement in the following 2 years, she never recovered from the damage on her hips, so she was never able to jump in her boss’s car again.

On February 10 of 2006, Irma left us, after a continuous battle with death, which her aged body could no longer withstand. She finally surrendered, after fighting for over 2 years. Her strength and determination, has been an inspiration to all of us. The whole staff in the factory gathered to say their farewell to lovely Irma, and on the same day, we wrote a special article on her memory, in the Mr. Goudas website.

Irma will be missed from all of us, but mostly from her loving boss, and her best friends Koukla and Tiger.

We will always remember her kind presence, her calm and friendly nature, and most of all, her amazing sense of smell. Irma had a fantastic sense of smell; she could smell food a mile away and would follow her nose directly to the source. She would always pretend like she was so sad and hungry, giving the impression that Mr. Goudas is starving her to death.

No-one could resist the sad look in her eyes, so we would always feed her thinking she was starving, until a few minutes later we would find her laying on the floor, looking stuffed, where she would remain for the next few hours, unable to move and trying to digest.

She was truly adorable and will be greatly missed.

Irma, was a very loyal companion and together with her “best friend” Koukla, and Tiger the cat, inspired Mr. Goudas to write a story about them.
But before we give you the story, we would like to introduce you to how he acquired his little “bodyguard”.

(The following was asked of Mr. Goudas by one of his secretaries and is written ad lib.)

For some time now I have wanted to ask Mr. Goudas how he acquired his little bodyguard, Koukla, the French Poodle, who is always at his side. She sits on his lap when he is driving; she lies on the sofa in his office while he is working. And best of all, once she sits up and begins to bark loudly, it means that someone is entering the establishment. And yes, she lets you know in her own way when she needs to go “potty”. A special note must be made here. Mr. Goudas never, and I mean never goes away. However, a few months ago, for the first time in Koukla’s life, he went away for a few days to give a speech in Costa Rica at the Cacia organization. Koukla did not eat or bark. She was very sad and lonely, and sat constantly looking out, and always in one position waiting for her master to appear.

Finally, one Sunday afternoon (yes Sunday), one of his quieter days, I asked him and the following was his response:

Eight or nine years ago Mr. Goudas went to a friend’s house for dinner, when another neighbour arrived and engaged in the discussion that he had a dog named Lucky, approximately two years old, who had been a mother twice and whom the owner no longer wanted, because he had four puppies exactly like her and because, in his opinion, she was too old for him.

Mr. Goudas told him that he was interested in the dog since he already had another one, Irma. Yet, he needed some time to make up his mind because he had to mentally prepare himself before he took the responsibility of the possession of another animal.

The neighbour then brought the dog over for Mr. Goudas to see and when he saw her, he immediately thought that he would indeed like to have her. He kept a mental picture of this dog in his mind for a whole week, and then he finally made a decision and told the fellow that he would be over on the weekend to pick her up.

The dog was so much on his mind that once, during an important business discussion on the telephone (long distance to Thailand arran-
ing the shipment of 50 containers of pineapple) he was so preoccupied thinking about “Lucky” that he had to interrupt the discussion and asked the gentleman on the other line to repeat what he had said.

In the meantime he prepared a place for her to stay, purchased additional food, bowls for her food and water, comb, shampoo, leash, collar, etc., eagerly awaiting the day that he would take possession of her. He even told Irma that she had a new friend coming and that she was to be good to her.

Mr. Goudas finally arrived at the place where he had to pick up “Lucky”. The neighbour was there with the dog in his arms and promptly proceeded to tell Mr. Goudas that he had changed his mind and was keeping her, no longer willing to give her away.

Mr. Goudas then asked him if he had the Internet, and if so, he should use it to find out if there were any individuals in prison who had murdered the owner of an animal, which was promised to them, but the owner had changed his mind about it.

Because, if there were no such individuals, he (Mr. Goudas) would be the first to commit this crime and before the owner could respond, Mr. Goudas grabbed “Lucky” and left. The owner stood with his mouth open in disbelief finally uttering, “You dog snatcher!” as Mr. Goudas was leaving. (Mr. Goudas the dog-napper!!! You heard it here first on www.goudasfoods.com.). Mr. Goudas turned to him and said, “I have two words to say to you sir, and those words are not happy birthday. So, get lost, you *****!”

He took “Lucky” to the car who all the while was telling Mr. Goudas her whole story, the good and the bad times she had had all in her barking format. He brought her home and introduced her to Irma, “Lucky” it seems also continued to relay her story to Irma.

Mr. Goudas then changed her name to “Koukla” which in Greek means beautiful. She immediately responded to the name as if she knew what it meant.

The time went by and she adapted well to the home and office environments and even became friends with the cat, Tiger. The barking story-telling habits never went away.

Even to this day she still barks her stories to everyone who visits Mr. Goudas. She is never any further than two feet away from her master, at any time of the day or night.

Over the years she has appeared in the Toronto Star, and on the CBC twice: on the program called Venture which related how Mr. Goudas lost a quarter of a million dollars due to the corned beef issue; and Culture Shock, a program with Lana Starchuk, who called Mr. Goudas the “Emperor of Ethnic Foods”.

And, Mr. Goudas himself was inspired by her life story and on
August 20, 2003, at 3:00 a.m. documented this wonderful story, which has been translated into many different languages, such as English, Greek, Italian, French, Chinese, Spanish, Sri Lankan, and Korean.

It is also available in two audio formats: English, narrated by Jesse MacDonald, one of the finest, gifted voices in the world today and a personal friend of Mr. Goudas; and in Greek, narrated by Diamadopoulos, Basilis one of the best radio personalities for the Greek Canadian radio, and owner of the CHIR Broadcasting Company. (For any one interested in listening to what perfect Greek sounds like, this would be the “perfect” opportunity.) Additionally, over the years Mr. Diamantopoulos developed over 500 Greek recipes, in which Mr. Goudas’ products are used for main ingredients.

The Koukla story is the subject of animal lovers, humane society members, and people who plan to adopt a dog and want to know more about the animal. It is a wonderful Christmas gift for children, and Mr. Goudas has generously donated various versions in C.D. format as Christmas presents to children. Her story is also available on the Internet at www.goudasfoods.com, and on one of the finest websites in the world, www.flyermall.com and on the Google search engine under Koukla Goudas.

Koukla’s Story

By Spyros Peter Goudas

Ladies and gentlemen, kids!

To understand the story I’m about to tell you, you have to visualize in your imagination that KOUKLA is a nice French Poodle, all white, with very beautiful sharp eyes.

IRMA on the other hand is the most gentle dog in the whole world; she always has shy, sad eyes, looking you right in the eye. She is black with white paws from the ankle down and the portion of her tail at the end is white.

TIGER is a magnificent cat; he always comes to everybody, always pushing himself up to say, “Hello, I’m here!”

Hello, my name is KOUKLA

For those of you that don’t know what Koukla means, it is the Greek word for ‘beautiful’.
Eh, these Greek people always call the girls ‘Koukla’! Needless to say, I really deserve this name, because I am a real doll! However, my birth name was Lucky, given to me from my first owner. I am approximately 8 years old now, and I’m still in great shape.

My fur is better than ever before; it’s like silk. I became a mother twice, all before the age of two.

My previous owner gave me away after my second labour, because I was too old for him. I get along with my present owner, although he is miserable, fussy, rough, and yells at me every once in a while, but deep down I think he loves me. In fact, I can say he loves animals very much. No wonder why his co-workers call him “The Dog-Man”! I like to stay close to him, almost 24 hours a day; he keeps me all day long in the office, in the chair next to his, he gives me a bath 2-3 times a week, combs my hair, fixes my eyebrows, takes care of my nails and decorates my neck.

Because I have very curly hair, he has to take care of it when combing it. He also puts some liquid underneath my eyes; this is because I sometimes cry when he yells at me after I bark at somebody. But I really like to bark at people, especially people with a uniform, men with shorts, and whoever is showing their legs to me!

Sometimes he yells at me because I bark too much; I like to bark all day long, non-stop!

My owner is like an old gramophone with the needle stuck in the same spot; he keeps saying the same thing to me over and over again: “Stop Koukla, Stop Koukla!” But I still bark at people, I bark at people that I know, and people that I don’t know; this is my way of saying “hello” and telling them “I’m here, look how beautiful I am!”

My barking has become very famous since I was on TV, in the Venture program of CBC (March of 2001), where you can see me walking beside my owner and barking at the camera. I was also in one of the biggest newspapers of Canada, the Toronto Star (Feb 5th, 2001), article be Ashate Infantry with a picture of me in my owner’s arms, covering more than half of the page. You can easily say that I am a very popular dog and see how photogenic I am!

I remember once, I was walking along with my owner on the street, where he saw a large monster of a dog and human companion coming toward us. My owner quickly scooped me up and held me tight in his arms. My owner could sense my teeth clenching harder and harder, and started worrying whether I was going to bite him to release me. When the large dog’s master approached, he softly said to my master, “Do not worry kind sir, my dog is very calm and is not violent.”
My owner slowly looked back with a small crack of a smile and said, “I was not worried about my dog, I was more worried about your dog if I let Koukla go.” I guess my owner knows me too well, where if I were let go, I would waste little time tearing that Goliath to pieces. I may look like a flea on a camel’s back to some, but my biting power sometimes grows to epic proportions.

My owner works more than 16 hours per day in the office and I am always with him, sitting in the chair next to him or on his lap. After work, he always keeps me with him, even if he goes to bed. Most of the times I sleep with one eye open to make sure that he will not leave me alone in this life! If I am very tired, I sleep on his legs, so if he wakes up or tries to move, I also wake up so that he can’t leave me!

I remember one time my owner went to the doctor to complain about feeling something heavy on his chest while he was sleeping. Well, at least that’s what he told the doctor. Since that day, I don’t sleep on his chest anymore, but he will never know that I was the one who caused this trouble, because I was sleeping on his chest. He sleeps very deep and for very few hours.

I deserve to sleep deep and comfortably too, because I work so hard all day long! The thing is though, that I don’t get any vacation, or benefits for my work. This is really a dog’s life!

A couple of years ago I got very depressed when I heard from someone talking to my boss, that my ex-husband, (Chippy), got his head crushed by black wheels underneath a big and heavy car. I always used to tell him to never play with a ball in the middle of the street, but he never listened to me! Since that day, I am officially a widow and I don’t plan to marry again...I never had another boyfriend, but I have a very good friend; her name is IRMA and she is a black Irish setter, or some kind of a funny name people sometimes give to dogs. IRMA was with my boss for years before I came in the picture. She is quiet, and doesn’t bark at people, welcomes visitors showing very good manners, and keeps herself clean, but has the only fault of snoring loudly when sleeping. Her fur is black and it looks very silky after a bath.

We have two things in common: we both love our owner very much, and we both go to the washroom at the same time, first IRMA then me.

My owner also has a cat by the name of TIGER, who has a beautiful soft and delicate golden fur coat. Apparently, because of his color and his appearance, he probably is the great-grand-grand-grand son of the cat that Audrey Hepburn owned in the famous movie “Breakfast at Tiffany’s”. Tiger spends most of his time on the top of computers and printers, because they are warm and cozy. He also, sometimes, tries to catch birds outside the office, in which he usually succeeds. Both TIGER and I, sleep...
together with all of our legs stretching up in the same sofa, however IRMA sleeps on an area rug in front of the sofa.

Our owner takes us with him in the car whenever he drives somewhere. Tiger never wants to travel, so he stays behind and waits for us. Although we are supposed to sit in the back of the car, I always sneak slowly, and almost invisibly to the front, and sit on my owner’s lap. I make sure to choose the right time to do that, when he is distracted with traffic, and can’t deal with me. To avoid any further conversation with me he says: “Come on KOUKLA, sit down over here and be quiet!”

This reminds me of the time, when I was on my owners lap sitting comfortably, when the police stopped us for a spot check. I didn’t realize what was happening, but when my boss opened the window, and the police officer spoke, suddenly, I gave the loudest BARK, which took the policeman by surprise and he is probably still running from that day, without his hat and with his pants wet and smelly.

Our owner takes us everywhere, even to his important meetings. If he can’t take us to the meeting, he leaves us in the car for a little while. IRMA sits very comfortably in the car waiting with patience and understanding, but I get very frustrated because people come up close to the car window, and look at me as if they have never seen a such a beautiful dog before. To show my frustration to my owner, I chew on the dashboard of the car, leaving my beautiful set of teeth marks.

The big difference between myself and IRMA is that she eats anything, and never stops eating. She even eats grass from the garden! She just doesn’t know when to stop eating!

I remember one time our owner took us to a Greek picnic, where they did funny things like roasting lambs; IRMA was going from table to table and she gave people a sad look like she hadn’t eaten for days. So, everybody gave her food, feeding the “poor hungry dog, that no-one takes care of”. At the end of the day, my boss had to carry her to the car because she couldn’t even walk from eating too much! What a day that was!!

Once a month our owner takes us to the beauty salon for combing, trimming, bathing, nail cutting and all that. I don’t know how much paper, (meaning paper money, specifically that I call French Francs), my owner gives the stylist, but
I know that we deserve it! These are good days because, everybody tells us how beautiful we look after we come back to the office, but they don’t really know how rough of a day we had at the beauty salon! People can’t understand how hard it is for a dog to sit down there and have someone trying to cut your nails short, and how painful sometimes it is if they make a mistake.

One day my owner took me to a big fancy place called a restaurant where people sat beside tables and ate from various plates, eating almost like there is no tomorrow. He took me inside without anybody noticing my presence, by hiding me in his coat, and then I had to sit quietly on his lap underneath the tablecloth.

I had to be quiet because my owner warned me that any noise would disturb the other patrons. So, I sat there, not making a sound, watching some boys in white clothes wearing a ‘Papillion’ (which is French for bow-tie) around their neck. These people are called ‘garcon’ (French for waiter). Now how do I know these words? Well, it’s very simple; I am a French Poodle after all, and French is my native language.

At the end of that night, I was getting very bored and I started to slowly growl under the table. At some point, one of the garcons was approaching the table with a couple of trays of coffee in both his hands. He was getting close to my owner and I thought he was going to attack my owner, so I forgot that I should sit quietly and invisible under that tablecloth, and suddenly barked very loudly at him and scared him. Then, everybody had a nice shower with that brown liquid he was carrying. I was only doing my job, which is to protect my owner! I cannot be blamed!

Because my owner is a boss of a food factory, I thought after he adopted me, I would never worry about food.

But I was wrong; my owner always tries his new products before they are released to the super markets, and sometimes he asks me to try them along with him. In the lifetime that I have spent with him, he has given me terrible stuff to try such as spinach & rice, leeks and rice, lentils soup, cabbage soup, even raw chickpeas (because he tried to see if the product was good for canning)!

Especially lately, with his new canned rice, ready to eat, with all...
these flavours my owner has been very excited. But I don’t know about this flavoured rice... the chicken and beef was not too bad when I tried it, but some other flavours are not exactly to my taste, like the vegetable with all the celery and all carrots... What does he think, that I am a rabbit or something? I don’t really understand why human beings always buy his products from the super market shelves. It looks so weird to me because they really like them! I don’t understand humans and their taste! Personally, I have never seen a dog buy any Mr. Goudas products. Nevertheless, IRMA eats all of his products, even his raw rice. IRMA considers our owner’s products to be the best in the whole world. Yours truly, Lucky KOUKLA Goudas

The following is a direct quote from Jasse MacDonald, narrator of this story:

Ladies and gentlemen, kids! Mr. Goudas has always had dogs and cats in his life; a true humanitarian! As mentioned before, Mr. Goudas wrote this article at 3 a.m. It is obviously not a business article, but to me it’s one of the nicest articles I’ve ever read.

It characterizes beauty, warmth, love, kindness, compassion, humour, and many other qualities that are inherent in Mr. Goudas.

Mr. Goudas could be a writer one day if he chooses to go in that direction. Who knows what will happen at another 3a.m.!

Arriving at the factory, I found Mr. Goudas going back and forth outside the main entrance, with an obvious state of eagerness. As soon as he saw me, he once again began talking rapidly about an article regarding Koukla, etc., etc.

So we began to write, until the morning found us still writing and making corrections, filling pages and narrating exciting excerpts from Koukla’s story, who sat with us sleepless all night, and gave us her contribution through barking, or rubbing against her owners legs now and then.

Sofia’s Note:

Dear readers, I would like to say a few words, regarding the writing of this article, and what conditions it was completed under...

One night, around 3am (just like previously mentioned), Mr. Goudas was struck by a feverish inspiration to write Koukla’s story. A few minutes later, my phone rang, and while half asleep, I heard my boss’s voice, who unable to hold his excitement, was talking about some idea mentioning Koukla’s name, and kept saying repeatedly “Come right away, before the busy morning comes and I lose my inspiration”. The next thing I remember is driving to his office and realizing that I was still wearing my pajamas under my sweater.
When his secretary arrived in the early morning hours, Mr. Goudas told her briskly to cancel all his appointments, making no exceptions, because he did not want any interruptions from anyone. Imagine this, considering that his appointments go one after the other for the whole day, every day, and many businessmen need to book the meeting date quite some time in advance!

Long story short, the writing and completion of this article lasted for 3 days and 3 nights, a marathon that became more and more exciting every time we were engaged in a new adventure of Koukla, while the writing would become faster and faster, trying to document all the ideas of the moment.

We would literally live on coffee and sandwiches. This gave me the chance to realize that it is really difficult for someone to express all the exciting adventures of such a vibrant and smart dog, like she does, in a human language, since us humans are not capable of understanding the point of view of an animal’s life. I did, however, get to experience the ‘dog life’, those three days and nights since I truly worked like a dog (according to the expression)!

It looks like Mr. Goudas already knew the meaning of this saying, since he didn’t even seem tired, nor did it look like it was the first time he worked this hard and non-stop for days. I believe this experience was beneficial for me, since I was able to deliver, together with Mr. Goudas, a successful biography for Koukla. Today, almost two years later, Koukla’s article remains a loved one among animal-lovers that visit the www.goudasfoods.com website, as well as other friends of Mr. Goudas. Almost daily we receive congratulatory letters from various fans of Koukla, and each time our hearts are touched.

It looks like there are a lot of people that share my boss’s, as well as my love, for animals (I myself have an adorable cat named Charlie), but that also understand the value of inspired work, like the above article.

Mr. Goudas Celebrating Thirty Years in Canada

One Sunday afternoon in May 1997, Mr. Goudas received a telephone call from his personal assistant Niki Stamatakos, inviting him to tour a supermarket to view how the Goudas Foods product line was being displayed on the shelves. Mr. Goudas thought it was a little unusual, because his staff knows that he never visits supermarkets. Well, it was a beautiful, sunny afternoon and he accepted and was picked up by her at the office. (Where else would he be on any given day, including Sunday, rain or shine!) They finally arrived at the appointed destination, Food Basics at Jane and Wilson Avenues in North York.
Mr. Goudas observed that the parking lot was very full, which is good for business, and commented to his assistant “This is a pretty busy place for a Sunday afternoon”.

Upon exiting the car he saw some familiar faces, then when he entered the store, it was full of people including his office employees, salesman, suppliers, business associates, old friends and loyal customers of the Goudas line of products.

The most surprising of all was that his aunt came from Greece especially for this occasion. What a moment for Peter to see his Aunt Alexandra, who is 87 years young! She brought tears to his eyes and he received one of the biggest hugs of his life. There was a huge banner stating “Celebrating Mr. Goudas 30 Years Anniversary”. He spent many hours in the store shaking hands, receiving congratulations and best wishes for another thirty years (and more) from everyone, some of whom had come from all over the world specifically for this occasion.

Four television stations, and four radio stations interviewed him.

He also spent a lot of time speaking with his customers, including one seven year old girl, who told him she has been eating his prod-
ucts all her life! This brought a warm smile to his face.

It was a very special moment in his life, to be surrounded and congratulated by all these people. What a surprise, what a joy! He felt that his time here in Canada was not wasted.

At one point, while going around and shaking hands with people, he finally came upon the last person, George Hall, who was observing the whole event. Upon shaking Peter’s hand he said to him “someone up there is looking after you”.

In an interview to one of the television stations, he made the following comment: “A lot of things happen behind my back, although I think that I know everything about my company. To organize something of this magnitude without my knowl-

Peter thanks everyone. In the picture is Aunt Alexandra, George Hall, and son Panos.

Employees of the company took the initiative to also present a trophy to Mr. Goudas for his input in designing the best labels for all the company products. He received this award based on design, eye catching appeal, imagination, and for overall appearance.

Peter is admiring the award, received from the employees, and tells Panos, while smiling, “This award must have cost them a fortune. Wait and see tomorrow that they may all ask for a raise. However it looks magnificent, and I think you should hang it up in my office.”

Peter is whispering something to his son Panos, who is always listening very carefully.
edge is a tremendous accomplishment for Niki”.

After the celebration, Niki had secretly organized a banquet hall in honour of the occasion. Many people unknown to Peter were invited, and some were chosen to speak about his accomplishments. Only two of the speeches are mentioned here, which went as follows:

The First Speaker is Mr. Willie Williams, also known as Big Willy, who towers at almost 7 feet high, and weighs over 300 pounds.
This is what Willie had to say:

“Everybody is saying what they know about Peter in this era. Peter and I go back 27 years. I met Peter in 1970 at the Kensington Market. Peter went from the best to being the greatest in 27 years that I have known him. But Peter was not only doing his stuff (being a business-

man), Peter was helping people too. I can tell you because I used to be his Santa Claus every Christmas at the “813 Club”, and what we used to give away to people at the club, was more than what they could buy for themselves with their wages.

Peter is a good man, he has a good heart and doesn’t think only for himself, but he shares with anyone who needs help. Every Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Peter would give away tons of rice, peas, beans and drinks (soft drinks like Snappy Pop), to people who don’t have.
People think that because he is a businessman he puts all the money in his pocket. That’s not true. Peter used to sponsor all the Caribana masks, the floats, the trucks, and everything came from his own pocket. He never complains, and never asks for anything in return. I am one of the recipients. Peter used to look after me – he still does. He is the best I have ever known. I’m not saying that because he’s sitting here, I am big enough and I can take him (laughter erupted from the audience).

Mr. Reid said Goudas on the label means good food on your table and that used to be the theme or the logo back in the 70’s. We have records made from these logos about the Goudas foods. So whenever you are buying Goudas Foods products, you know you are feeding your children and family good food”. So don’t be afraid to buy a bulk of Mr. Goudas food whenever you go shopping, because it can last and it is
the best. So Peter, I wish you all the best in the future. You are the greatest and we’ll always stand beside you, so enjoy this night because it’s yours, mine too, and everybody’s that is here. So thank you all very much for showing up”.

The Next to Speak Was Andonis Papayannopoulos, Peter’s Nephew, who speaks as follows:

“For those of you who don’t know me, he’s my uncle. I’m fortunate enough I don’t know him through business experience because I’ve seen his face from 9-5 (describes a typical work day) and I don’t want to be anywhere around it (he expressed jokingly as the audience chuckled). I know him as the family man, I know him as the man who comes over every Tuesday and cooks for us and complains – complains about my earrings, my hair (he sports a ponytail) and that at my age I should be somewhere where he is.

When I see the obstacles he’s overcome, and I’ve not seen them personally but I’ve seen them through you (gestures to the audience) who honour my uncle and where he is today, it makes him worthy to give me any advice he wants and I hope that one day I live up to what he tells me. Due to his broad success, lately my mother is trying to change her maiden name back to Goudas, we love the attention. Is he your uncle? Yes, he’s my uncle. I thought he was Chinese – no he’s Greek; I thought he was Italian – no he’s Greek (laughter from the audience).

I just hope that one day I fulfill what he wants me to fulfill. Whether being in his company or something to see me as. But hearing you speak everything about my uncle and how much he’s helped everybody, I was not around to see it but especially today, I see how much he means to a lot of people and I thank you for that it puts him one rank higher in my heart – I admire him more day by day. And I just want to let him know even though sometimes he thinks his advice is falling on deaf ears, I admire him and I respect him and I hope I listen to him”.

All in all, Peter was surprised and very happy that so many people attended his 30th Anniversary, which included people that he had not seen for many years.

The same year, an article was written about his efforts and contribution to what is now known as the largest parade in North America, the article reads as follows:

This is a picture of the 30 year celebration. Peter congratulated Niki, Panos, and Gus who, where involved in making the event a huge success.
CARIBANA

This article has been designed to take you away from the frustrations and aggravations of day-to-day living routine. It will transform you into a world of abandonment and fun; to a festival that takes place once a year in Toronto.

Mr. Goudas was around at the beginning of this festival and was involved in the activities shortly after it all started. He is familiar with the pain, the effort, the joy and the drive ingrained in the hearts (and maybe souls) of the people involved and the satisfaction they experience when everything comes together and is presented and displayed for your ultimate pleasure.

Many articles have been written about Mr. Goudas and his involvement in Caribana. We would like to have you read one particular article published in the Indo Caribbean World Newspaper approximately 10 years ago.

The article reflects the early beginnings of Spyros Peter Goudas in the 60s and 70s who was determined at that time to familiarize himself and to fully understand the ethics and customs of different cultures in his pursuit to capture the food market in Canada. The whole Caribana idea reflects the unique culture of the twin-islands of Trinidad and Tobago, which, although very small in size, made a huge and gracious gift to Canada on the auspicious occasion of its 100th birthday.

And since we are on the topic of gifts, on March 29th, 2002, Spyros Peter Goudas was presented from the Trinidad and Tobago Government an award “In appreciation of (his) outstanding contribution and dedication to the development of the Arts, Culture and Education of the Republic in Canada.” (The occasion was a double celebration: it also happened to be his 60th birthday!)

Indo Caribbean Newspaper
Flashback Caribana 1975-1976
July 30, 1997
Exclusive interview with Multicultural Food producer, Peter Goudas

My name is Guy Chopping and I was born in India. I was told that a band named the Jewels of the Indies were to be performing at Caribana.

I had never heard the name Caribana before, nor had any person I asked from my part of the world.
I happened to be in the office of Mr. Goudas (Spyros Peter Goudas) and asked him the question: “What is this parade they call Caribana?”

During the next twenty minutes I was offered a trip back in time, and on the way to his film library he told me that this was not just a parade but the most magnificent display of multicultural talent and effort in North America, second only to the carnival of Trinidad.

This festival only happens in Toronto once a year. The film told me how Caribana started in Trinidad, an island of 1.5 million people, and because of the multicultural growth in Canada was brought to Toronto as a gift from the people of the Caribbean to Canada in its centennial year, 1967. I was also surprised to hear from Mr. Goudas that this was the year of his immigration to Canada, where he had no money, friends, or any knowledge of the English language, and was forced to sleep in the streets. I guess Canada didn’t only receive a gift from the Caribbean that year, but also one from Greece!

During the filming I heard a number of names mentioned such as the Mighty Sparrow, Lord Kitchener, Lord Melody, Calypso Rose, Byron Lee and the Dragonaires, Toots and the Maytals, Bob Marley, Jimmy Cliff, The Tradewinds, King Fighter, The Merrymen, Earnest Costello, Rosco & The Rebellions, Free Soil, Aubrey Mann, Carl Setorand, King Ricardo (The Limbo King) and of course, JEWELS OF THE INDIES.

Mr. Goudas recognized these names as some of the top people in the business because he was the authority on music from the Caribbean at the 813 club. Sometimes DJs came from all over to listen to the show when he was on, to see the excitement and enjoyment of the crowds in the club, and they were always on the floor, dancing. He remembers one incident at the club that still gives him a chuckle to this day.

One night, Willie, the manager of the 813 club, asked Rosco, the leader of Rosco and the Rebellion, the top Caribbean band in Canada at that time, to play at the club. Rosco told him the charge was $1,000 for the night. Willie told them he thought that was too much but Rosco held firm. Willie then said “I’ll make you a deal”. Your band will go first and you play anything you like, for as
long as you like, and after you, the house DJ Mr. Whoo will go on (this was Mr. Goudas’ nickname during his DJ performances because his eyes appeared similar to the Chinese shape). When he is finished with his set, I will ask the crowd whom they wanted to play again. If they said Rosco, then you will go on and I’ll pay you what you asked for. However, if they chose Mr. Whoo, then you do not get anything. Rosco agreed, and shook hands on the deal with Willie.

That night, Rosco took his band on stage and played some of the best music you ever heard from a band, and they were very energetic and entertaining in their performance. They lived up to their reputation of the best Caribbean band in Canada and kept the crowd jumping. Mr. Whoo then came on and played his music, talked to the crowd, and also had them dancing like there was no tomorrow. At the end of the session, Big Willie came upon the stage, and asked the crowd whom they wanted to play the rest of the night. (Actually, he picked a very strategic moment for Willie to make this announcement. He had just finished playing “Mule Train” and was in the middle of the Sixth and Seventh Book of Moses when he stopped the music and asked Willie to make the announcement. If you know this song, you will know that once you start dancing it, there is no way you would go back to the table before it is finished. He knew that the crowd would want him to play the rest of the song). The crowd started chanting “Whoo, Whoo, Whoo” and clearly showed their preference for Mr. Whoo. (Maybe Arsenio Hall was there that night, because his audiences started to make the same noise in his TV show). Poor Rosco was disappointed and declared that maybe he should go commit suicide since he lost out to a DJ, especially to a white boy playing Caribbean music! Thankfully, he did not follow through with that, and Willie, whose heart is as big as his massive frame, still paid Rosco, and they are all still friends after all these years.

At almost the same time, a gentleman by the name of Kenn Shah approached Mr. Goudas to take part in the Caribana parade by sponsoring certain bands. He convinced him that this would be a wonderful idea for Goudas Foods. Mr. Goudas
agreed, since they played the jingle along the parade route from Varsity Stadium to the waterfront.

He thought that this would be an innovative breakthrough in advertising Goudas Foods. He also wished to be part of the most colourful celebration in Toronto, as Caribana approached almost nine years in existence. He was also involved in financing costumes and supplying many different varieties of food at the camp. This was a very involved process.

To design a costume, involved taking a number of measurements and materials, checking if the costume is too high or too low (too high could be dangerous since it might come into contact with the electrical street wires), trying to coordinate it with the theme of the band and the King and Queen costumes, and selecting the best and most appropriate music for the band. This process was done over a period of almost 6 months, and since it ran way into the night, all the people had to be fed and entertained along the way.

It was a lot of fun, and by the time we were through, everyone was well acquainted with the offering of products that Mr. Goudas had because they had tasted them all and gave valuable comments and feedback to make sure that the products were what they were accustomed to, and had top quality.

Mr. Goudas found this to be a fun experience and very rewarding because the knowledge that he got about their tastes and culture was priceless. This also allowed him to meet many people including Esther O’Neil who had a Caribbean program on Multicultural Television; Pat McNeilly who was a reporter with the Contrast, the most famous Caribbean newspaper in Canada at that time, Jesse MacDonald, personality of CHIN Radio, and also Mr. Winston Ali the President of Caribana, among others.

On the night before the parade, Mr. Goudas went to the stadium to see how things were progressing and whatever help he could give. This was around 1 to 2 o’clock in the morning, and there was about 1000 different Caribana group members, from musicians to costume designers, working hard to make sure that everything would be ready for the big day.

Mr. Goudas noticed that he was the only white person there, and
although the members of his group knew him, most of the others thought he was some tourist who was lost in Toronto, or some Greek runner who was racing in the Boston Marathon, but got lost and ended up in the Varsity stadium instead.

Soon however, they got to know who he was, and then one big fellow came up to him and said, “I understand you are the famous Mr. Goudas who has this rice that I keep hearing about. Well, I have some heavy steel pans to manage, and I can’t do it unless I get some Goudas rice for early breakfast”.

The idea occurred to him to send some people to his 813 club and have them prepare lots of rice pelau for everybody, and delivered to Varsity stadium with lots of Snappy pop. This was a big breakfast celebration and the people were very appreciative. They called him things like “cool”, “brother”, “Rasta man” and similar names. They all had a full belly to start the day, and the look on their faces was worth the same as gold to him. No amount of money could buy the kind of advertising that Goudas Foods got that day, or the personal appreciation of everyone towards Mr. Goudas. He was a very happy man.

The Caribana parade was absolutely breathtaking, and the weather was just perfect. Goudas Foods was a big part of the parade and many people took home small packets of rice as souvenirs. They also left while singing “Goudas rice is very nice, it is good for pelau or Chinese fried rice so take my advice and buy Goudas rice”.

Mr. Goudas used a Super 8 camera to film the whole parade. He also took the film to the 813 club where he had his own broadcast and editing facilities. He spent hours and hours, night after night, on this editing, trying to compress hours of tape into a 2 hour film. It was quite a task to synchronize the sounds with the pictures, making sure that the steel band sounds matched the steel band in the film, and the individual instruments and music were in perfect harmony with the pictures. He then had Jasse MacDonald, who has one of the most powerful voices in the world to do a voice over.

The quality of the Super 8 film was superb, considering that this was not a production done by a professional studio or TV station. Mr. Goudas wanted to capture the environment
leading up to the parade, so people can appreciate the tremendous effort that goes into producing these magnificent costumes and bands that are part of the parade, from a close up perspective, not from some remote tower along the parade route. When he thought he had managed to capture the essence of the parade, he called all the people who participated in some of the various bands to the club to see it. They were unanimous in their agreement that it was the best two hour film they had seen portraying the Caribana parade.

Mr. Goudas understood this, and he wanted to show the world what was involved in this celebration. As he watched the 1975 film he thought of how the 1976 parade would be even better, and dreamed of it being the biggest event Toronto had ever seen.

He hired Kenn Shah as his project manager. He and Willie Williams (Big Willy), along with Mr. Goudas, as well as 200 additional helpers, worked together to make the most colourful and magnificent costumes possible. They worked every evening for almost half a year along with the costumes designers, and finally their dream was achieved.

Small packets of rice numbering 50,000 had been prepared as special souvenirs of the day. Needless to say none of them including the bandleaders and dancers had slept for weeks.

They however had unlimited energy and drive to please the spectators coming from New York, Detroit, Montreal, Trinidad and many other parts of the Caribbean, as well as the Canadians and other nationalities who were living in Toronto (which as everyone knows, is the most diversified, multicultural city in the world).

At 2 a.m. the day of the parade, they moved all of their trucks, instruments, costumes, souvenirs and people into position for this great event. Mr. Goudas was trying to marry the cultures and the food. In the past 12 months he had been introduced to rice and peas (pelau), cho cho, bodie, dasheen bush, eggplant, lady’s fingers, karilla and many more.

This gave him the opportunity to understand who eats what, which came at a time when he was just entering the multicultural food market and had been trying to sell the idea of this type of food to the supermarket chains. They eventually adopted the idea of having a multicultural or international section displaying Goudas Foods products. They were all are in Varsity Stadium at 2 a.m. rehearsing, testing instruments and sound systems, making small practice dance moves and all laughing and smiling in preparation for the big event.
Some people even came to see him with the idea that this should be called “GOUDAS DAY”. Now, everyone knew who Mr. Goudas was and that he wasn’t just a lost runner but the organizer of the whole event!

At 6 am, the first drops of rain lightly spotted the parade route. Everyone thought that this was a cloud, which would pass, but the rain continued as a light shower. The parade started to move at 10 a.m. and most people had already strategically positioned themselves along University Avenue to get the best possible view of this spectacular display of costumes, colour, music and dancing. As the parade was almost half along the route the sky opened giving torrents of water to invade the festivities. The spectators ran for shelter from the relentless downpour. Some ran back to their hotels and cars, some to the dry subway tunnels. Some of the dancers and helpers of Mr. Goudas group finally had to run for cover. The musicians tried every possible way to protect and cover their instruments. The beautiful costumes, which had taken 6 months to prepare, melted into coloured puddles at the dancers’ feet.

As he sat on the grass near the monument viewing the wrath of nature, he thought of the expenditure of time, effort and money and he said “I had experienced many rainstorms in my life, but never had really paid much attention, as these storms have only wet my hair and clothes. This storm wet my eyes and broke my heart”.

Mr. Goudas paused, took a deep breath and finished by saying that the Caribana parade is a wonderful thing that happens to Toronto every year and is one of the most beautiful gifts that the Caribbean has given to Canada. It is safe to say that Mr. Goudas is one of the pioneers of the Caribana celebration!

Note: If you wish to see the 1975 Caribana film, visit our website

By the time we collected all the pictures, and posted this article, Mr. Goudas informed us that Mr. Kenn Shah had passed away.

As mentioned previously Mr. Shah’s efforts in the preliminary stages up to his death, of the Caribana will not be forgotten.

“Obviously Caribana will continue without Mr. Shah, but it will probably never be the same”, Mr. Goudas quotes in one of his speeches.

Hundreds of articles, and many media write-ups were published about the company and Peter Goudas himself. Obviously, we can not post all of them here. Even the ones posted, are summarized. In the following pages, you can view some articles written by different distinguished authors, whose choice of words and innovating writing, became subject for discussion amongst many people in and out of the food industry.
“The success story of Goudas Foods is the stuff which cliches are made. ‘Started from scratch’, ‘Rags to riches’, ‘Pauper to prince’, ‘Classic tale of an immigrant made good’ etc. Today, this award-winning company is famous for its many products in an alpha to omega culinary repertoire.

And for its community work too. Goudas Foods is well known by the government, and many communities, for its efforts in helping out.

Who is the main man behind this enterprise? He isn’t from Trinidad and Tobago, neither is he from Guyana, Jamaica, Hong Kong, Barbados, or India. Spyros Peter Goudas is originally from Greece.

He came to Toronto in May 1967, with roughly $100 in his pocket, no knowledge of English, and the prospect of a bed under the penetrating lights of Nathan Phillips Square....” and the article continues so on and so forth, until it mentions the following story about one of his employees:

One of Gouda’s Admirers
Outram Ramroop

71 year-old Outram Ramroop, originally from Guyana, is an energetic and now-retired security officer who met Goudas at the Weston Road plant in 1988. Having arrived from Guyana the year before, he had approached Goudas Foods one morning during a walk, tentatively seeking employment. He was promptly hired to do odd jobs around the plant, and has remained there since.

Ramroop is brief and to the point. “Can’t complain,” he says of Goudas Foods and his boss, with an appreciative look worth a thousand words to any interviewer. Goudas, who is 52 years old, and the father of a son Panos, says Ramroop is “loyal, reliable and responsible.”

The discussion comes around to Ramroop’s love for Indo-Guyanese cuisine. Again he is too brief, saying without hesitation that the quality of Gouda’s brown rice is “first class.”

He is the father of eight children. “Four girls and four boys”. He has 19 grandchildren “One six weeks old.” And as an afterthought, six great-grandchildren.

His employer looks on quietly as the old man, sitting at ease and confidently in the sparsely furnished, practical office, begins heaping praises on the quality of the foods and on the goodness of the man behind the desk.

But words are not needed to show the victory Goudas Foods has achieved in Canada. Ramroop’s appreciative look when he calls the foods he loves “first class”, their prices, as well as their accessibility and availability, is tremendous evidence that Goudas Foods has clearly won its place as a key player in Canada’s drive to multiculturalism.
Slowly, and almost imperceptibly, the distance between the men, both seasoned veterans, once separated through cultures and nations, begins drawing closer in a bond of camaraderie and warmth. It becomes a tremendous symbol of things Canadian. It is a bond which has been forged through a successful enterprise that has contributed to the changed Canadian landscape. This bond is today the indelible mark of “tastes delectable”.

The tremendous meaning of the above paragraph and the words it uses, was and still is, the topic of discussions amongst publicists, churches, universities, and other organizations.

CBC News World
Culture Shock
Produced by Gregory Charles:

This program was aired on national television. Culture Shock is the only bilingual television magazine dedicated to cultural diversity. Lana Starchuk who quoted the following made the interview and the documentary:
“I am Lana Starchuk, and I met the king of ethnic foods, the legendary Mr. Goudas, who serves up cultural diversity in a can!”

After a long interview, she closed the program by saying:
“What’s comfort food for some, might be wild and exotic for others. In Canada, perhaps it won’t be long before the two meet.”

She concluded by saying goodbye in many different languages, including Adios, Au Revoir, Ciao, etc.

Canadian Food Inspection Agency
Andy MacPherson

As we all know, none of the active generals ever go on national television stations like CNN, FOX News, BBC, ABC, NBC, etc. to make a statement about current events. This job always seems to end up on the retired generals lap. In the food business, the equivalent generals we speak of are located at the CFIA (Canadian Food Inspection Agency). In the letter below, it was evident of one of the generals of the CFIA, who wrote a letter to Mr. Goudas about the Goudas Foods organization. The exact words follow:
“My Name is Andy MacPherson. I was an inspector for more than 30 years in the Processed Fruit and Vegetable division of Agriculture Canada, and then the Canadian Food Inspection Agency. Over the years I have inspected Mr. Peter Goudas’ premises many times. At no time in my dealings with his company as government inspector did we have any major problems with the quality of his products”.

According to Mr. Goudas, the above statement is like receiving the Olympic gold medal in the food business. It takes a lot of effort, hard
work and continuous monitoring of food processes, controls, quality personnel, final production evaluation, and the list goes on forever. Therefore, the letter above clearly states in a few words: Mr. Goudas puts a lot of effort to maximize the safety of the consumer.

Mr. Goudas considers quality and the safety of the consumer as his number one priority.

Some Letters of Appreciation

As we mentioned earlier in the book, we have selected a few of many letters of appreciation that we would like to share with you. Before we do, we would like you to read the following that he has posted on the GoudasFoods.com website.

Over the years, Mr. Goudas has given various donations to different organizations in absolute and justified need. However, during the same years, Mr. Goudas has also received requests from people who unjustifiably have asked for various kinds of donations and support.

For example, a group of people asked Mr. Goudas to pay for their tickets to tour the Toronto Islands. In another case, a golf tournament group threatened to no longer buy Goudas Foods products, unless a donation had been made to the tournament.

Such unjustified and unnecessary requests have brought a mixture of undesired feelings to our organization and are perceived as insulting for the nature of our generosity. Mr. Goudas has a very good knowledge of which organizations really need his help, and he has been supporting them to the best of his ability.

In fact, one of the criteria for winning the Entrepreneur of the Year Award was the large number of donations made to needy organizations. It should never be forgotten that Mr. Goudas himself has once, early in his career, gone through very tough times of sleeping in park benches and starving for food. He knows exactly how to recognize those who really need help, and he has never denied his support to them.

Mr. Willie Williams has also talked about Mr. Goudas achievements and community support at www.goudasfoods.com.

For those who have had the privilege to see the film where Mr. Willie Williams is speaking, they may probably have a full understanding that; the letters below are minor compared to the amount of support that Mr. Goudas has had over the past years in community events, sponsorship of radio and television programs, senior citizens community housing sites (for various ethnic nationalities), charitable organizations, cultural organizations, individuals in need, etc., etc.

If we had to list them all it would probably take forever to read.

Here are some of the many hundreds of appreciation letters posted in the front foyer (lobby) of his office.

TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO REPUBLIC DAY AWARD
March 29th, 2002
Awarded to: Spyros Peter Goudas

“In appreciation of your outstanding contribution and dedication to the development of the Arts, Culture and Education of the Republic of Trinidad and Tobago in Canada”.

Mr. Kenn F. Shah  
Chairman Republic Day Celebrations

Mr. Cyril Blanchfield  
Council General for Trinidad and Tobago

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R. J. Smith Senior Citizens’ Club

“Dear Peter: I am happy for you in your successes over the years... ‘From Rags to Riches’. You are to be so very highly commended. I hope “The New Canadian Entrepreneur of the Year Award ’93” continues to generate new business for you. Peter, the people in our complex have greatly appreciated your donation”.

Yours truly, Fred Poyhonen, V.P.

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Q-ssis Christmas Family Dinner

“Dear Mr. Goudas,
We take this opportunity to thank you for your participation in our annual Christmas Dinner. You will be happy to know that with your contribution we served 5,114 persons and made a lot of families and children happy during this season. We therefore are pleased to congratulate you and enclose herewith the ‘Christmas Family Dinner Award’ which is given to honour you and your company for your assistance”.

Yours very truly, Harry E. Kioussis, President

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“On behalf of the Panagia Philoptochos Society, we would like to thank you for your kind and generous donations over the years”. Yours sincerely, Father Peter Avgeropoulos and Mrs Helen Spyridis

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“I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for your generous donation of goods to our Hellenic Home tenants. In supporting the Hellenic Home, you are assisting us to better serve our aging population with a state of the art new building that will greatly enhance and aid in the delivery of quality care and service to our residents.”

Danny Theodorou, CEO

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Touchstone Youth Centre

“Dear Mr. Goudas, Thank you for the generous donation of fine food products. When the two vanloads arrived, filled with all those wonderful products, we were thrilled. Your contribution to this year’s Christmas Drive was easily the most significant one. Thanks to the valued support”. Sincerely, Sabine Wood, Executive Director

Metropolis Philoptochos Board

“Dear Mr. Goudas. On behalf of
the members of the board, I would like to take this opportunity to sincerely thank you for your generous contribution to our Philoptochos. It is your support that enables Philoptochos to keep its doors open and provide the appropriate support to those that are in need”.

Sincerely, Pauline Missios President, Metropolis Philoptochos Board of Canada

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“In acknowledgement of the spirit of generosity exhibited in the Hurricane Gilbert Jamaican Relief drive; the Government of Ontario is pleased to recognize the commitment of Goudas Foods”.

Gerry Phillips
Minister of Citizenship

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Certificate of Appreciation March 5, 2004
“This certificate is awarded to Mr. Peter Goudas of Goudas Food Products Co. Ltd. in recognition of your valuable contribution to: The Hellenic Home for The Aged Inc.”

Mr. Dan Theodorou, CEO Mrs. Bessy Manchavrakos President Ladies Auxiliary

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Hellenic Home for the Aged Inc. March 17, 1997
“Dear Mr. Goudas,
The Ladies Auxiliary of the Hellenic Home for the Aged Inc., wish to extend their appreciation for your generous contribution. We thank you for your continuing support of this worthy cause”.

Sincerely yours,
Maria Capetanakis, President

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Beverly Mascoll Community Foundation

“Dear Peter:
On behalf of our entire Founding Group, we would like to sincerely thank you for your donation to The Beverly Mascoll Community Foundation. It is because of people like you that we successfully fundraised to achieve our goals”. Sincerely,
Beverly Mascoll, Founder

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Donald Willard Moore Scholarship Fund

“Dear Mrs. Goudas:
Thank you again for your support to the Donald Willard Moore Scholarship Fund, which provides a scholarship each year to a black or Caribbean students entering the second year of a business course at George Brown College”. Yours truly
Gordon Bynoe, Chairperson

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THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF BARBADIAN ASSOCIATIONS IN CANADA INC.

“Dear Mrs. Goudas:
The members of The Associations wish to thank you for your donation. Your contribution was very much appreciated. The proceeds from our fundraising will be going towards research for Sickle Cell disease and to the Sickle Cell Diagnostic
Classroom at the Hospital for Sick Children”. Yours respectfully, Gloria West, Chairperson

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The Pan-Epirotic Federation of Canada would like to express its great appreciation for your contribution in the success of the Award Ceremony. We thank you again and hope in your future support and input”. Sincerely, Ioanna Rizou, President

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Guyanese Heritage & Cultural Association

“Dear Mr. Goudas:
On behalf of the Association, we wish to thank you for your contribution of food products to our organization, it was greatly appreciated”. Yours truly, Shirley George Secretary

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In one area of the website, he also makes the following request:
If any of you out there have heard first hand or from third parties about Mr. Goudas’ kindness and generosity, and you would like to support him in this mission; please forward your donation to: Goudas Foods, Concord, Ontario, Canada L4K 2J8.

Ironically, we asked Mr. Goudas if he has ever received kindness, generosity or support from the above request, and the answer was, unfortunately, “no”. So then we asked him why would he go through the trouble of accomplishing all these kind deeds.

Mr. Goudas said, “I don’t think there is any point to discuss this further, because you will never understand what it is to sleep on the streets, and starve for food. Thank God I have my health, to help people who are not as fortunate as I am”.

He also mentioned to us two stories regarding the above letters. Firstly, he told us about the picture shown in the Trinidad and Tobago Republic Day Award. On March 29, 2002, Mr. Kenn Shah presented Mr. Goudas with this award for his 60th birthday. If you read the article about Caribana 1975-76 in the Indo-Caribbean Newspaper, you will come to know that Mr. Kenn Shah, along with Mr. Goudas was largely responsible for the success of Caribana in Canada.

Mr. Goudas advised us that this specific picture shows Mr. Shah, five weeks prior to his death on May 4, 2002.

Secondly, he told us the following story.
“In the spring of 1972 I had a grocery store in Kensington Market. One afternoon, I had a visit from a very beautiful lady named Beverly Mascoll; she was the owner of the Mascoll Beauty Supply Ltd. (cosmetic supplies business).
As it was expected, I, as the owner of a food company, had no interest
in cosmetic businesses. However, despite the fact that there was apparently nothing to discuss, lady Mascoll insisted that she picks up all food products that were un-sellable due to slightly damaged packages or ripped labels.

I agreed although I was very curious to hear the reason why would a cosmetics lady need those products.

This is when I learned that lady Mascoll was also the founder of an organization that helped poor people. I soon realized that this lady was even more beautiful at heart than she was in appearance.

This wonderful relationship lasted a few decades, until early into the century Beverly passed away (May 16, 2001), leaving behind memories to thousands of people that she had helped over the years.

Those of us who knew Beverly Mascoll found her to be an outstanding human being and a wonderful person. Beverly Mascoll, received many awards and honours, including the Order of Canada.”

We asked Mr. Goudas if he had more letters to share with us, and he replied: “Yes, but please, my donations are a private matter, let’s move on to other subjects”.

The following article was a feature in one of the most famous publications in Canada, THE NATIONAL POST. Saturday Night Magazine, November 2004, Issue.

The Tin Man
The Mysterious Mr. Goudas stands by his brand.
By Sarah Teitel

IT’S SAID OF CELEBRITIES that they possess an epic quality – a grandiosity that’s manifested in them even before they become famous. Requisites for fame, it seems, are the gumption and imagination it takes to act as though you have it even when you don’t. If that’s the case, it shouldn’t be long before Mr. Goudas supplants The Green Giant as the country’s most recognizable character on a can.

Peter Goudas, the brain behind a leading Canadian food brand, was born just outside Athens in 1942. The products began making inroads at local supermarkets, thanks largely to Goudas, who tirelessly monitored the pulse of his consumer base. If a neighbourhood’s demographic changed, Goudas responded with a prompt overhaul of the merchandise he was distributing there. When Toronto’s Jane-Finch corridor, once predominantly Jamaican, experienced an influx of Sri Lankans and Somalis, Goudas stock adapted in accordance - chapatti Flour and couscous joined black-eyed peas and Ackees in brine on his shelves. When Chinese and Indian immigrants began settling in Woodbridge, which originally had been an Italian stronghold, Goudas was there with lychees in syrup, Patna rice and Madras curry paste. Goudas aplomb at gauging Toronto’s evolv-
ing population wasn’t just an entrepreneurial endeavour, it was also a hobby. Goudas himself maintains he is an expert discerner of ethnicity, saying he can “tell within 10 yards whether a man is from Ghana or Guyana”. Over the past three decades, Goudas has continued to diversify his inventory, entering into production partnerships with factories in about a dozen countries on five continents. This effectively cemented the Mr. Goudas ethos: a stalwart dedication to – as stated on the company’s sprawling, eclectic website – “making the world an ‘international cooking pot’”.

The next article appeared on September 17, 2003 in THE TORONTO SUN

Snacking - Canadian Style
Trivia Kings Test Our Food Knowledge
by Rita DeMontis

With the kids back in school, how do you fare in food trivia? Canada is a classic smorgasbord of delightful food stories, tips and treasures. Or so say Mark Kearney and Randy Ray, authors of ‘I Know That Name! The People Behind Canada’s Best-Known Brand Names’ (Dundurn).

It’s a great read, full of unusual facts and tasty tidbits, and it’s as pure Canadian as, well, our butter tarts. “Canadians spend long hours in the kitchen whipping up favourite dishes,” note the two, “as they’ve steamed, stirred and sautéed their way into the hearts and stomachs of their loved ones, they’ve encountereded names such as Catelli, Goudas, Redpath, Schneider, and Loblaw.”-but did you know there were real people behind them with fascinating tales to tell?

Everyone from the pickle baron Walter Bick to the cheese whiz of J.L. Kraft has a great story to nosh on. Remember that next time you open the cupboard, buy groceries, or reach into the refrigerator. Here’s a cerebral buffet to feast on, with your next meal.

The article continues with the summary of the life story from the following great people: Jenny Bick, with the synonymous products under the Bicks label, Carlos Catelli, with the products under the Catelli brand, Vickie Kerr, with the Miss Vickies potato chips, Tim Hortons, the famous hockey player whose name is being carried by donuts shops, J.L. Kraft, with his famous cheese products, Redpath, with sugar products, Schneider with the meat and bacon products, Loblaw, the name carried by national groceries, and Goudas, the name behind multicultural products under Mr. Goudas brand.

In the article above, Mrs. Rita DeMontis explains to the general public that there is somebody, a real person, behind the names mentioned above, along with their life story. In the case of Mr. Goudas, she wrote the following:

“Lovers of ethnic foods can toast
Peter Goudas, the brains behind dozens of different canned and bagged goods that bear the Mr. Goudas name. Born in Greece in 1942, Goudas came to Toronto in 1967 with $100 in his pocket and no job prospects. At the time “there was nobody packaging ethnic food. I knew there was a demand for it. So I said why not?” Why not, indeed. Goudas built an empire of chickpeas, spices, beans, and a wide array of Chinese, Indian, and Caribbean specialties”.

This article was very educational and informative because it allowed many consumers the opportunity to identify the person behind the label.

The following article was featured in Canada’s national newspaper,

_Catering to Canada’s Growing Ethnic Diversity_

The Globe and Mail. 23 March 1993 by Graig McInnes

HOUSEHOLD NAME Entrepreneur Peter Goudas arrived in Toronto as a penniless immigrant. Mr. Goudas was 25 that May, just off the boat from Greece by way of Halifax and Montreal.

By the time he got to Toronto, his money was gone. He had no friends here, no family and only a few phrases of English, yet he counted on landing on his feet and he did. “When you are young, you think always in a positive way, yeah?” he reflects in a voice that still carries a strong reminder of his native Greece.

Mr. Goudas’ story is the classic tale of an immigrant made good. He came with nothing, he worked hard and he prospered.

But his story is more than a cliché. For this is an immigrant who saw the changing face of Canada as an opportunity instead of a threat.

Mr. Goudas sells food. He came to a land of meat and potatoes and saw a market for ackee and rice, for black-eyed peas, for cassava and pepper sauce. Not only do new immigrants continue to bring new tastes to this country, but also white-bread Canadians are eager to incorporate exotic foods to their diet. Canadians traveling abroad bring home a taste for more exotic foods. “Canadians are more educated about ethnic taste than any nationality in the world” Mr. Goudas says.

He also says that some foods aimed at the ethnic market, such as yellow peas, are grown in Canada. However, the Canadian climate is too harsh for many of the items. An experimental crop of black-eyed peas failed “when winter came two weeks early.”

“You want what your mother made,” Mr. Goudas says between bites of spanakopita (spinach pie), calamari (squid), octopus and meatballs in a Greek restaurant just north of Metro Toronto near his office.

To serve the evolving ethnic mar-
ket, Mr. Goudas has had to learn the secrets of mothers around the world.

Mr. Goudas red pepper sauce for example, was manufactured in Jamaica at that time. The labels are printed in the United States.

The bottles come from Costa Rica, the peppers are grown in Jamaica and the sauce is bottled there. The bottles are packed in cartons from the United States and go by ship to Elizabeth, N.J., and from there by truck to Canada, where more than a million bottles a year are sold.

While production is a matter of logistics, knowing what to produce is more of an art.

The ethnic landscape is still evolving. Mr. Goudas says. Each culture represents an individual market, with distinctive tastes and ingredients that have to be analyzed and reproduced. According to a study of the Canadian specialty-food industry by Peat Marwick Stevenson & Kellog, 90 percent of new products introduced to the market fail within the first year.

Mr. Goudas says that (other than Lima Beans) it never happens to him because he makes sure there is a market for them before they are produced.

“We live in a multicultural society whether we like it or not,”
Mr. Goudas says: “I like it.”

This article was featured in THE GLOBE AND MAIL, seven months prior to when Mr. Goudas won the entrepreneur of the year award in 1993.

We asked Mr. Goudas what he thought about this article and he mentioned that according to Mr. McInnes, he landed on his feet, but according to him, he landed on his behind.

Everything else about the article is good, especially the sentence that states “knowing what to produce is more of an art”. Mr. McInnes knows well about the meaning of this sentence, but Mr. Goudas wonders, how many people really do know!

“Phooie to the Editor”
Contrast Newspaper
by Pat McNeilly

My God, it’s the second day of January already and I have not done my column yet. At first I thought that the editor was going to kill me, but he didn’t seem at all surprised. On the other hand, and much to my astonishment, he said that he was surprised at my writing so regularly in the last year. Can you imagine that? The man’s got absolutely no confidence in me at all. My first reaction was ‘to blank’ him this issue, but I’ve found out that he was going to insert: Pat McNeilly-will-not-be-feature-in-this-issue, he had a taste at Christmas. Can you see what that would have done to my image? I’ve got to write this column if it is the last thing I do.

But the reason I’m late is cause I didn’t know what to talk about this time. My main subject in all fairness
should reflect on ‘suffer the Little Children.’

For those of you who are with me for the first time I feel I should let you know how angry I was because I had not been aware of any parties for our little ones, until press-time, that is.

But there was. On Christmas Eve I got a call from a mother who told me of very interesting kids party at the UNIA Hall in College Street. Some two hundred children attended. Great! But get a load of this. A local businessman went further to advertise the party, organized it and run it all by himself at his 813 Club. And he made a whole lot of kids happy. It made me happy too. But I didn’t make him happy, in fact he was mad that I did not attend the party. I told him that I was into the sauce on Christmas day and that was the truth. But Peter Goudas carried on with the children on Boxing Day.

I spoke to 14-year-old Rosemary Clark of Scarborough who attended the party at the ‘813 Club.’ And she told me she had a fabulous time there.

She said there were (sweet-drink) pop and ice cream and patties and apples and sugar cane and bananas and potatoes chips and the Caribbean number one dancer Lord Righy, did the limbo and Willie Williams who is the assistant manager at the ‘813’ came dressed as Santa Claus and even Gloria the cook sang.

So the children were looked after. In this article, Mr. McNeilly referred to Mr. Goudas as a local businessman, unaware of who Mr. Goudas was at the time. But the following is the text from film footage of Past and Present, released in 1991 interview with Kenn Shah.

The interview started with Lascelle Kingstitch talking about the “813 Club”. “Mr. Who was the guy called Peter (Peter Spyros Goudas). Peter he was the music freak and he would be tired when everybody else was dancing because he was sweating, but I tell you no one gets off the floor (dance floor) when he was playing the music”.

Kenn Shah: I couldn’t believe he was the same man in the factory and in the office as the same man in the club; you never know this guy (Peter Goudas) had a weight upon his shoulder.

Lascelle Kingstitch: plus we (813 Club) have parties too to encourage the kids to come out and they not only share with other kids but also with their families.

Kenn Shah: kids go to parties and they receive toys all the time - everybody gives a kid toys - here was Peter giving kids something different...

Niki Stamatakos: Like what?

Kenn Shah: Drinks, pop, things to take home that they can share with their families when they sit down on Christmas day - they could share something they have received from Peter (Peter Goudas). For instance, a tin of peas, a can of corned beef or something that we are going to
share like, sweet drinks, snappy pop, we are going to drink and share with family and friends where we get this. So he didn’t give a Christmas party only for children he gave a Christmas party for the family - that they all benefited from it. (You could hear the drumming of Kenn Shah’s fingers on the table as he emphasizes the following) every single parent left there with a bag as big as his or her child’s.

Niki : It was really something different.

Kenn Shah: Certainly, certainly different, and these were all the people that used to come to the club - they also came with their children, I must have carried almost at about 15 to 20 kids. The kids themselves were so fascinated by the idea that they went there (813 Club), they had lots to eat and drink, they had cake and ice cream and they played games - we had games organized for them and they played to their hearts content and then we had Big Willy dressed up as Santa Claus. I remember I gave Big Willy the Santa Claus outfit. We had to slit the back because he couldn’t get in. (laughter) so he couldn’t spin (turn) around because the entire back of the Santa Claus outfit was open and it was so much fun. We had children of all nationalities there (813 Club) and they found great pleasure in just receiving a different type of gift. I guess that is something that would probably remain in their minds for a long while - something really different. I could have seen the light in Peter’s face; Peter had become a child again. He was enjoying himself like those children - to see people happy. And there is always this little childishness in Peter. Like for instance, the night when I walked in here I saw the tension, the tiredness on his face and he said, “Tell me a joke” and before I could tell him a joke, he told me a joke.

The next article’s subject is intended to open some eyes about organic (or so called) products. It is a very complicated issue, and has been posted for anyone to learn and make their own opinion about this food type.

What Defines the Food as Organic? John Koveos - Nutritionist

Organic foods are defined as a method of growing vegetables, grains or any other food, including raising livestock, without the use of herbicides, pesticides, other chemicals and/or hormones. This term “organic” may mean something else to you.

There are many factors required to grow food; the most essential is water. Water is full of natural ingredients that will replenish our soils and help the growing process. It’s Mother Nature at work. We know now that rain has natural ingredients; this water will fall on our food. Is the organic growing process now tainted? There is great debate about
this issue. For example, neighbouring natural farms will create run-off to the so-called “organic” farms and disturb their claim, therefore defeating the purpose of naming it “organic”. In addition, winds carrying spray substances from neighbouring farms equally disturb the so-called “organic” land.

The government implemented strong regulations to ensure modern methods of farming are producing absolutely safe foods for our diet. All ingredients that go into crops must meet government health standards. Just like our bodies, we need medical attention once in a while to avoid disease. The earth is like the human body, it also requires proper attention in forms of fertilization, etc., to prevent diseases in crops. This is a global issue and modern ingredients that are used to farm, will help our food to remain healthy.

Today we have large food processing organizations that know better than making claims about “Organic” food, and do not label them as “Organic”. The word organic may mean one thing to one person and something else to another. This creates confusion to the consumer who does not have knowledge about the term “Organic”. We do have, on the other hand, other large food organizations, who are taking advantage of consumer unawareness, and label more and more products with the word “Organic”. This creates massive profits for the manufacturer or producer coming from consumers who are willing to pay for health, but are not guaranteed of what they receive in return.

Healthy people say: “eat what your heart desires (home cooking preferable), do your daily exercise, and hope for the best of health”. But when it comes to organic foods, consumers pay for something with no guarantee whatsoever. According to the Organic Trade Association, “Organic agriculture practices cannot ensure that products are completely free of residues”. Please see www.ota.com. Basically, if you want to call something organic, and you know what goes into your land, grow it yourself in your backyard. If you do not use the appropriate spray, see if you can grow any crop at all for that matter. The fruit will be rotten, and birds and insects will eat the crop away. In other words, if someone tells you that they are growing food without the use of any substance, let them tell you how they accomplished this magic.

On a different note, Biotechnology is essential to human life. New scientific methods of sustaining our food chain will allow fruits, vegetables, meat, and dairy products, for example, to grow in larger quantities in order to meet our vastly growing population demand. Biotechnology will provide a means of keeping up with the human consumption rate of food. Without this technology our food will become scarce, or cost so much we would not be able to afford it.

Irradiation is another form of modern technology that is being used to destroy viruses and bacteria
that naturally develop in food. This method of eliminating foreign invaders in our foods also prevents them from entering our bodies.

The term “Organic” holds different standards from country to country. Canada unveiled its National Standard for Organic Agriculture in 1999, but, because the standard is currently voluntary, international acceptance of Canadian organic products cannot be ensured (Source Organic Trade Association).

As of today, the organic standard is not a codified federal regulation. The Canadian Organic Committee wants a system to make Canadian organic products meet international standards. Will this happen? Time will tell...Based on the above, consumers need to use their own judgment when it comes to food purchasing. Make wise decisions where you spend your hard earned money and avoid making other trendy pockets thick, as they are the only ones laughing all the way to the bank. Buy normal and natural food that has been available to billions of people for centuries. John Koveos

After this article was placed in the book, a good question arose amongst us writers to find out Peter’s opinion on the organic matter. So we asked him, and this is what he had to say. “I would like to say that, although people think that I am an authority in the food business, I do not want to influence anyone with my answer, but I can tell you up to now; I do not have any ‘organic’ (or so called) products under the Goudas label”.

Bouli Douli (funny story)
Ottawa, ON, Canada
Nov. 16, 2004

Dear Mr. Goudas,

“I have tried all your products from A to Z, and have such a good time with all of them. I have also tried your spring water, which is magnificent, and according to your website it appears to be holy water. However, I purchased a carton of 12 and have found the caps too difficult to open. My son who is much stronger than me, also failed. I went to my neighbours to rescue me from this situation, the results are the same.

It seems to me that I have to hire a sumo wrestler, or I have to go to strength training classes just so I can enjoy great water, which apparently it is. Tell me sir, is there something that I am doing wrong? Is there any trick to this game? Do I have to go to Canadian Tire to buy some vice-grips or pliers?

I am down to my knees and begging you, get me some solution to this problem. Was there ever a sign beside the case of water that had a special deal, ‘Buy a case of water and get a pair of pliers to enjoy it’? Did I miss that?

Remember, I am a loyal customer of your products for many years and have never once complained to you about anything. You may even take this message as a semi-complaint, or maybe just something that you have overlooked”.

Yours truly, Bouli Douli
Answer:

Dear Mr. Bouli Douli:

“I have seen several comedies in my life but none of them have made me laugh as much as your letter has. (My secretary is still laughing, even while I am dictating this to her).

Your letter was read over the intercom system throughout the Plant so that all our workers could hear about your experience. We are also posting your letter on our website so that our viewers and customers may have the same opportunity to read and enjoy, particularly those who have experienced the exact same problem as you. We know how frustrating it is to have a bottle of water and not be able to open it when you are thirsty.

You see, sir, sometime ago at the beginning of the production line, the caps on these bottles were tightened a ‘little’ bit more than was necessary. Therefore, approximately 500 cases of our water went unnoticed and consequently, some of them have already been distributed. As soon as we became aware of the problem we were able to capture most of them before distribution.

Our workers are presently using them on a daily basis and I must admit they have been very creative in opening these bottles. Some of them place the caps between the door and the doorpost and twist the bottle; others open them with their teeth (thank goodness we have a dental plan!!).

I personally felt that I was losing strength in my arms when I had to ask my 67 years young secretary to open a bottle for me. For the first time she considered retiring when she herself could not open the bottle. Well, I am now stuck with her (happily so).

Deep inside I feel sorry for all the older people who have encountered difficulty in opening this water.

Once again, thank you for your letter and we sympathize with all our valued customers who have encountered difficulty with these bottles. We regret any inconvenience this may have caused”.

Sincerely, Peter Goudas and the Staff at Goudas Foods

We hope you enjoyed this funny letter and its answer. Obviously, we do not try to hide any mistakes that we might have made, we just always try to do our best. We posted this letter because our philosophy is to make you laugh a little.

The following article is one that we think you will enjoy as well.
It is Tuesday early afternoon; today things are moving slowly in the office, as Mr. Goudas is absent. For the first time in years he is not coming to work because of a serious cold, which is forcing him to stay in bed. Apparently the air conditioning in the plane got another victim. This is a very rare occasion, because even though he has been sick before, he was always present in the office. It seems it was about time that he took a sick day for himself.

The phone rings and Mr. Goudas greets me on the line with a heavy voice. I barely get an answer to my concerned question about how he is feeling, as he quickly mumbles a few words about being on medication and gaining his strength to get back here tomorrow. He seems more concerned about working on something he’s had in mind since his return from Costa Rica, two days ago. No surprises here! Mr. Goudas can’t stop working even when he is sick in bed!

‘Are you in front of the computer Sofia?’ He asks eagerly. ‘Of course Mr. Goudas, where else would I be on a working day?’ I answer jokingly. ‘Well, you could be playing the piano I suppose; I know you can’t spend much time away from it.’ I smile and think to myself how my boss must always imagine me playing the piano if I’m not working. It is my second profession after all; maybe I have mentioned more than once how it relaxes me to play some music after a long day...

‘Mr. Goudas, what will it be, another business-related letter?’ I ask while at the same time preparing to take notes. ‘No Sofia. Today I want to tell you all about the wonderful time I had in Costa Rica, how I loved the country, how I met so many amazing people, and how important this trip came out to be not only for Goudas Foods but also for me personally. It was a great experience, and I want to put it down on paper right away!’

And this is how the writing of this article began, narrated in a slow and soft voice by Mr. Goudas, and often interrupted by coughing and sneezing. I have never heard a person speak with such excitement...
about a business trip as my boss was speaking today, but I can definitely justify all of it after hearing all about his visit to Central America.

“A month ago, Mr. Itzamn Huelat from Procomer called asking for an appointment with me. Procomer is a representative company of Costa Rica in Canada. We met for dinner at the Pantheon Restaurant and I also had the opportunity to meet the angel that was accompanying him, his wife. Mr. Huelat officially invited me to participate in the Chamber of Commerce and give a speech for the CACIA organization, which represents farmers, canners, and other related businesses in Costa Rica.

I don’t usually travel abroad for business purposes. Among my reasons are also my three dear pets, Koukla, Irma, and Tiger, which are very attached to me and I avoid leaving them alone.

‘Yes Mr. Goudas, I know exactly what you mean! Koukla especially was very depressed all week’, I say as I remember the poor dog sitting on Mr. Goudas’ empty chair for hours, looking out the window, and weeping from time to time. ‘Yes, this is what happens...’ he says with a distant voice, obviously thinking about where he left off his narration.

“As I was saying, I have had several other invitations, for example from Fidel Castro in Cuba, or the King of Thailand, since I am the larger importer of foods and fruits to Canada, and the King’s daughter has great input in the agricultural issues of the country. However, I had never accepted any of these invitations, until Mr. Huelat came around; he and his wife managed to persuade me to make this trip, and arrangements were made for me to leave Toronto on Tuesday, June 1st. When I arrived in Costa Rica, I was greeted by attaché’s from Procomer, CACIA, and other government organizations. Travelling with me was Niki Stamatakos, my ‘right hand’ in business. Also, Mr. Sultan Ajani, a personal friend, was waiting for me at the airport. Mr. Ajani was there particularly to assist me with the language and business issues that I would face. One of the people greeting me at the airport and showing me around, as well as the man that arranged all my meetings, was Ramon Luis Montero. Another person I met arriving in Costa Rica was Irving Soto, the Sectorial Promotional Manager of Procomer. We were led to one
of the nicest hotels in the country, named Herradura, where we would be meeting factory owners from all over the country, who had already arranged appointments with us and were bringing samples of their products to our meeting.

Wednesday started very early in the morning, as we began our meetings, each arranged for half an hour duration, and going straight until late at night. When we were done, we finally arrived at the Monastery for dinner. Naturally I was expecting to see monks around us as we get in the Monastery, but it turns out that this was just a name of an old monastery, and the only ‘monk’ that we actually saw was a doll placed by a piano and dressed like a monk. The Monastery was a beautiful place, the meals were delicious, but above all, the view of San José was magnificent!

On Thursday, we attended more meetings with owners and general managers of many Costa Rican companies. We also visited several production plants, including one of the largest cookie and biscuit manufacturers in the world, Riviana Pozuelo, as well as one of the largest sugar companies in the world, Laica.

We also had a tour inside the Tunatun Tuna Canning Factory.

The meetings and tours lasted for several hours, and we finally arrived at the Conference Hall building in the afternoon. The first thing we saw while entering the building were various exhibitions of products from several companies, such as chocolate manufacturers, canned fish processors, and other food related companies. As I was one of the three guest speakers, I entered the Conference room and walked straight to the podium.

Looking around I realized that the hall was well attended; there must have been approximately two or three hundred people attending the event.

Although I had prepared a speech, at the last minute I decided not to read it, but instead talk ‘ad libitum because I do better speeches that way, as I monitor the reaction of my audience.

My speech lasted approximately 30 minutes. Towards the end, I expressed my appreciation for the invitation and the opportunity I was given to see this beautiful country and meet such wonderful people; the audience had a very excited reaction to my compliments.

I also gave credit to several people, including the President of Costa Rica, the honourable Abel Pacheco, who was present.

After my speech, as I was leaving the hall, I realized that at least a hundred people were waiting for me outside, wanting to thank me for being there and to congratulate me for my speech. One of them actually commented on my speech by saying that he felt “as you were in my shoes”.

Despite my busy schedule, I ended up arranging more meetings with
some of them, as they were persistent to have some of my time. One of the people insisting to meet me was the general manager of Dole Company. Contrary to what some people believe, Dole is not only a company that produces canned pineapple, but in Costa Rica they cultivate fruits and vegetables, make fruit salads in packages and export them to the United States for various airlines, hotels, and other organizations. The general manager of Dole, Alvaro Valverde Robert, is an exceptional businessman.

A cocktail party followed the CACIA meeting, where I had the opportunity to meet more interesting business people.

Most of my Friday was dedicated to visiting one of the finest manufacturers of pepper sauces in the world, Kamuk, under the direction of one of the best businessmen I know, Antonio Esquivel. We arrived there early in the afternoon, passed the security gates (which to my surprise were present in every factory I visited), toured the factory, and finally entered the processing and packaging area of the plant. I was amazed with the sanitary procedures they take at this point: Before entering this area, the workers shower, wear boots and uniforms similar to astronauts, and only when perfectly clean and sanitized, they finally get to work. This is how the best pepper sauce, under the Mr. Goudas brand, is produced.

After the tour, we had a meeting in the laboratory of the plant with one of the finest ‘pepperologists’ in the world, Victor Rugama. This title, ‘pepperologist’, was given to him by the company because of his complicated and highly specialized position; he is the person that knows the exact composition, proper color, taste, and texture that the pepper sauce must have to be the best.

For dinner we visited a native restaurant, where I asked to eat exactly what people at the tables around us were having. The table was filled with various dishes, including rice, black beans, fish slices,
shredded carrots, and a delicious dip made of black bean paste, parsley, garlic, and oil. For dessert we had a slice of cake made from Tres Leches (Three Milks). As the date was June 4th, my son’s birthday, I got up during dinner and raised a toast to my beloved son, Panos, who turned 25 years old. I wanted to let everyone know that despite that I was away from my company for five whole days, I knew that it was in good hands!

At dinner I also met the king of rice in Costa Rica, Mr. Mario Rimolo. I considered it an honor to be having dinner and discussing with a man that had so much in common with me.

Saturday began at 5 a.m. with more meetings. One of my appointments was with the manufacturers of nectars and soft drinks, with whom I will now be collaborating again in the production of the Guanabana and the Passion Fruit products.

Another meeting was with the general manager of Dole, with whom we have a lot in common, in cultivation of ginger for example.

Dole originally produced fruits and vegetables, but we agreed that now the company will be producing onions and ginger for Goudas Foods, and with the guidance of our ‘pepperologist’, Mr. Rugama, we will be making the best ginger sauce and onion sauce ever! I assured Dole’s general manager that there is definitely a large market of Oriental customers in Canada.

When we completed all the meetings, it was finally time for us to have some fun! Two natives, Juan Rafael, our tour guide, and Javier, the driver, were going to take us to the active volcano Arenal.

On the way to the volcano we made several stops to see the coffee beans, the tapioca fields, papaya trees, and the breadfruit cultivations. One of our stops was in an area called Sarzero, where we visited the San Rafael - Archangel Church. The church was surrounded by a beautiful garden, one of the most amazing I’ve seen in my life. This garden was created in 1960 by Evangelista Blanca, who after all this period of time finally received, just last week, the Honor Certificate of Culture.

Our next stop was in the area called San Carlo, where we saw the Iguana on the trees; the natives commonly call these animals “small dinosaurs”, they do not eat people, each male has two reproduction organs and four wives, and this is how they keep multiplying. At this point, our tour guide talked to us about the Bull Fighting traditions of Costa Rica; I was surprised and actually shocked to hear that the Costa Rican tradition has the bull
killing the bull-fighter, while in Spain the bull-fighter kills the bull in the end.

We also saw the ‘street dogs’, those wild dogs that everyone was warning me to never get near to. Of course, warnings could never keep me away from the animals that I love, so I went near them after all, stroke them, and played with them, leaving everyone else speechless. No one could believe how such wild dogs were being so nice to me, but I thought to myself that they must have picked up the smell of my Koukla and Irma, and realized that I was a friend of animals.

At various points on our way we kept seeing small vendors selling natives’ favourites like pita with honey, and water apples.

As we were feeling already hungry, we decided to make a stop at a native restaurant, where we were served fried plantains and yucca.

I also learned how to make Costa Rican coffee. At this point, I gave my two wind-coats to our tour guide and the driver, and they put them on right away with pride. Since the Mr. Goudas logo is printed in the back, they said that “now Mr. Goudas is officially here”.

Finally, at 4 p.m. we arrived at the volcano viewing area, where we were given bracelets to wear on our wrists; I was told that these bracelets serve for identification purposes, in case the volcano explodes.

I was actually told more than that, a terrifying story, about how 100 people died years ago when the volcano exploded while they were visiting the area.

We were also given a towel, and after we changed into our swimming suits, we dived into the thermal spring waters that are naturally created on the foot of the volcano.

The setting was breathtaking; water falling like falls and getting hotter the closer it was to the volcano, while the nature around and the thick steam created from the hot water gave us all the feeling of being in a dreamy land. I thought to myself that maybe it wouldn’t be a good idea to get in the water, given my serious accident of breaking my leg years ago.

To my amusement though, as I was coming out of the water, everything else was aching but my leg was feeling better than ever!

We sat down for dinner, always looking out of the window, hoping to see the lava coming out of the volcan-
no. It was our bad luck though that the weather was so heavily cloudy that we couldn’t see anything at all. Early morning on Sunday we got on the plane, heading back to Toronto. Mr. Antonio Esquivel was very kind to accompany us to the airport, even though it was 5 a.m.

As the plane is departing, I am saying my farewell to this beautiful country of Costa Rica, its friendly people, and all those experiences I had in such a few days, that left me with the best impressions and memories, but at the same time made my visit very productive.

“This country is one of the world’s best secrets”, I said to myself. Looking out of the window, I thought back to that point in my speech, where I surprised everybody with the courage and boldness of my words. As I told them, “you are nobody, just a single dot in the map, if you are not known outside of Costa Rica. No matter how great your production process is here, and how high the quality of your products, you need to make your product line recognizable to the rest of the world. I am here to do this for you starting with Canada”.

The plane flies higher and higher in the sky, and I look down to the Earth, where Costa Rica is now becoming smaller and smaller in my eyes. With a melancholic smile, I look at that small place down there, as Central America is taking its shape in front of my eyes, and see how it now has become a small dot in the map of the world “as I told them in my speech.

Earlier in this book, it was mentioned that Mr. Goudas doesn’t really travel. But now let’s see what happened this time, one of the rare times that he decided to leave the office. We believe you will find it amazingly interesting to look at the effects that his short trip to Costa Rica had to the entire organization.

The following article summarizes not only Mr. Goudas’ experiences in Costa Rica, but also one of his employee’s impressions, as he himself wrote them down, about the trip to this recently discovered world. Let’s see what John had to say:

Costa Rica: The New Opportunity!
(By John Pardakis)

Mr. Goudas was invited to Costa Rica, through the Cacia Organization, to give a speech to business and factory owners. Well yes, he gave the speech and came back. But, now we have to go through some tough times with the reality in the logistics, labour
regulations, packaging processes, distribution, promotion, sales, you name it! And why? Because he made one single trip, with the initial purpose to just give an innocent speech, and he came back with a list of a dozen distribution companies, producing more than 50 products, which all wanted to be introduced to Canada, and they all wanted to start this international collaboration right away!

No one ever thought of us poor employees who unsuspectedly greeted Mr. Goudas back, thinking that our everyday routine could not be disturbed by one small innocent trip.

We actually thought that we were going to send him out of the office for once, to get some fresh air, and change the scenery, have a little bath in the mineral waters of the volcano area, and come back to his everyday activities. Boy were we wrong!

One thing is for sure: From now on, no one will ever try to convince him to take a trip again!

Anyway... I admit that this visit to Costa Rica was not only full of opportunities, but also surprises. After speaking with Mr. Goudas about it, I was amazed to hear all the stories.

One of the funniest things that happened is that he mentioned on his speech that he saw a coconut tree for the first time in his life. Yet he is the largest importer of coconut milk, coconut powder, and coconut water in Canada!

In tropical countries, everyone has a coconut tree in their backyard, easily accessible to them. Nobody thought of manufacturing and exporting to countries who love the products but who don’t have a tree in their backyard. As the end result, now Costa Rica factories are producing and exporting on a big scale, or at least they try to.

Another thing I found very funny was this picture of Mr. Goudas with two Costa Rican policemen.

I believe most of you know that to be able to join the police force in Canada, you have to be quite tall. But apparently, the standards are different in Costa Rica.

As Mr. Goudas himself proudly says, “for the first time in my life, I realized I was taller than some police officers! And to think that I am only 5 feet 7 tall! What a great feeling!” I still laugh when I remember his sparkling eyes and that wide smile, while proudly saying these words. Well, even the ‘not so tall’ people deserve a break, don’t you think?

Speaking of police, I remember how Mr. Goudas shared another funny incident with the audience, while he was giving his speech. He spoke about how he was warned to not only take care of his belongings,
but most importantly his life, while visiting Costa Rica. Apparently, some people like to exaggerate with their fears about foreign countries.

However, Mr. Goudas noted with a smile, that not only he never felt in danger in this country, but he actually loved to meet the Costa Ricans, and enjoy their friendliness. In his words, he said “despite all the warnings, I came here to see wonderful people and a wonderful country!”

Since his speech was very well accepted, all the magazines published an article about his life story. Even the most popular Costa Rican magazine, the ‘Alimentaria’, dedicated some pages to an article about Mr. Goudas’ highly appreciated visit to the country, and his widely enjoyed and valued speech.

In fact, in several landmarks and tourist areas, there are signs with words like “Mr. Goudas was here” or “Mr. Goudas dined here”, as well as posters with his picture.

During his stay in Costa Rica, Mr. Goudas also visited many different restaurants for their local specialty foods.

The restaurants always served two items on a little plate. One of them was a black bean paste, and the other was a green mix of some kind. His curiosity of this green paste grew with every meal, and he soon wanted to find out exactly what it was.

Not only did Mr. Goudas find out what that green paste was, but he even managed to find out what was the proper English name for it.

He talked to some of the finest chefs in Costa Rica and was able to make a recipe on how to prepare it. The taste of this green paste was different from restaurant to restaurant.

After consulting some chefs in Costa Rica, he finally realized that this green paste is nothing but parsley and minced garlic, mixed with vinegar. Mr. Goudas thought it would be a good idea to take this tasty appetizer and turn it into a magnificent product by adding vegetable oil and cane vinegar instead of processed vinegar. He also thought that the product should be in uniform pieces for each ingredient.

This magnificent product finally arrived in Canada under the Mr. Goudas brand, and we all had the opportunity to taste the wonders of Costa Rican chefs. It is naturally expected that many will try to imitate this paste, as it is obviously going to become very popular in the food market. Goudas Foods does expect
a group of imitators to come out, trying with their versions labelled Manager’s Choice, Supervisor’s Pick, my Mom’s Old Recipe, and who knows what else!

This product is not only to be enjoyed by 4 million Costa Ricans; it is meant to be enjoyed by the whole world! No wonder Mr. Goudas has been chosen as the Costa Rican Food Ambassador to the rest of the world. For anyone who likes parsley, and is immune to garlic, I recommend that you try the Mr. Goudas CHIMICHURRI; it’s the best the world has to offer.

Although, the name sounds Japanese, the taste has originated from Central America. You will love it too!

When I asked for someone to bring me a jar so that I can see what this crazy named product is all about, I soon found myself holding the jar in one hand and a pita bread on the other. I quickly figured out how to connect these two and in which direction. Believe me, the jar was emptied before you could say ‘chimichurri’! Mr. Goudas was trying to take a picture of me eating the Chimichurri, spread nicely on pita bread with olive oil, and I tried to stop him, but my craving for Chimichurri was too much to make any major moves. If you ask me how it tastes, I think my picture says it all!

Employee Testimonies
Hi, my name is Beverly
Jan 13, 2005

A few days ago, in the morning when I was about to start my work, Mr. Goudas called for me in his office and gave me a binder with quite a few pages of writing. These were the pages from the rough copy of his new book about his biography. He asked me if I had a chance to look at it in the next few days, read it, and make any corrections, if necessary. Since he knows that I graduated from High School back home, he thought that it would be a good idea to view these papers and give my input of what I think is right or wrong, before he publishes the book.

Well, here I am a few days later with my response to his request.
I got very excited reading the draft of this book, and these are my comments:

- When he came to Canada from Greece, he arrived with a few dollars.
- I was surprised to see the picture of him standing beside the car with snow on the ground and I did not know he was sleeping on the streets. That made me feel sad for him, but maybe that’s where he got the ‘hobby’ from, and now he doesn’t
sleep at all!
-It was quite funny that when he found work, he did not find one, but three jobs.
-Regarding his radio program - I congratulated him for not backing down to the Canadian Government. 
-His activities at the 813 Club where he distributed free samples of his new products to people and monitored their opinions. That was an extremely smart idea. 
-I love the lyrics to the theme song for his rice products “Goudas rice is very nice”.
-I have heard people in the factory singing it but I did not know the story behind it. Now I know, and I like it. 
-I sympathized with his breakdown when his girlfriend of six years and his first fiancée left him because although he is good looking and all that, he is a work-a-holic and if I were in their shoes, I would probably do the same thing.
-The Anta story is very sad and very touching. I admired his thoughtfulness in sending her remains back to Greece dressed in the wedding gown. Something I believe even people from my own county would do with someone they loved. 
-I liked the inclusion of his marriage to Pat and the birth of Panos. I also happen to have a picture of myself at one of the Company’s Christmas parties. I always like to sit next to Pat at functions of this kind. This picture is a collector item for me. 
-The Caribana story and the free rice giveaway were thoughtful of him in my opinion and I still have one of the packages from Caribana even before I met him. 
-I remember Sweet Daddy Siki, since he was my favourite wrestler; however, I did not know he was a country and western singer. 
-I loved the rice pudding story, and although I am in a different production area, I am going to try one. 
-I was very happy to read about the cabbage soup article that was so funny. But since I work in an area of the plant, and I know how fussy Mr. Goudas is about cleanliness and quality control, this makes more sense to me. 
-I am familiar with the parboil and long grain white rice and now I know about the other varieties of rice, some of which I will try in the near future. I did not know that our company sells all these varieties. 
-I had a good laugh about the 9 bean symphony, I did not know that my boss is maestro and composer. 
-The Koukla and Irma stories were very amusing since I know them both myself but I never knew the whole stories behind them, and that they had a C.D. 
-I have become familiar with Panos within the last 10 years. He is attentive, a good listener, and listens to his father. When I see Panos, I see Peter in him. 
-I found the picture of Mr. Goudas with the police officers in Costa Rica to be quite amusing since he was taller than both of them. 
-In my opinion, he is the tallest of them all, everywhere! Today, we were busy because we had to fill up containers of different
products to send to Sri Lanka for the victims of the Tsunami.

A delegation was here from the media and Mr. Goudas made the following statement:
“The Tsunami came, made its devastating statement, took many lives, and is now gone. Today, a few weeks later, it seems like a dream, but it is something that the people left behind will remember forever.

We, at Goudas Foods sympathize with the victims and would like to encourage those left behind to continue with their lives.
Our company is making a donation according to our capabilities from all my staff and myself.”

“Yah Monnn” Jamaican Patois
(funny story)
(recorded by Bernadette)

The following article may seem grammatically incorrect, because it was written in the Jamaican patois language. Although it is full of errors to the normal English-speaking individual, this sounds very good and natural when spoken by a Jamaican, and since Mr. Goudas partly understands this patois, it is left in the original form.

“Yah Monnnn, I know Goudas from way back, before me come a foreign. Goudas and I are brethren. The I and him was tight ina high school back a yard!”

One of my favorite things working for Goudas Foods is listening to some of the usually funny stories Mr. Goudas humours us with at the time we are busiest. He says, “Stop for a minute and listen to this!”

The following is one of them, (yes, another one, please remember he has a few years on us, so there are many, many anecdotes).

Mr. Goudas was telling us that almost twenty years ago he had this friend who happened to be the owner of a grocery store, Gus Tropical Foods at Eglinton and Oakwood Avenues. Ironically, Gus is also from Greece. It was a regular thing for Peter to visit the store on Monday mornings, have coffee, socialize, discuss their homeland,
review the sales of his products during the previous week, and to anticipate what the current week’s order should be depending upon the customers’ requests and preferences. On this particular morning his friend decided to show Peter that he could make a Goudas Foods customer purchase another product with a little enticement.

Peter promptly situated himself behind the cash registers, sitting on a milk carton, and quietly sipping his first Greek coffee of the day. Finally, up comes this gentleman, and from the first glimpse of him, one could tell he was of Jamaican descent.

He selected a few items and placed his purchases (which included Mr. Goudas rice) on the counter. Gus began his approach: “Why don’t you buy (X) brand of rice, we have it on special this week?”

Customer: “Cheeeps!!”
(That sound is very popular to the Caribbean, it is the sound that results from “Kissing one’s teeth”, and it is a negative, or rude response to a question or comment.
Many kids have been punished for doing this, within earshot of a parent or adult. (But it is very funny when a Jamaican does it.)

Gus, the store owner, repeated the statement. And after a long silence and deep breath, the gentlemen looked at him and said, all in one breath:

“Man, wha you going on with? Man, why are you continually asking?
What you know about Goudas?
What do you know about Goudas?
Yah Mon, I know Goudas from way back before me come a foreign, Goudas and the I, are brethren, Yes Man, I know Goudas from before coming to Canada. Him and I are friends.
The I, and him was tight ina high school back a yard!
Myself and him were very close friends back in high school.

Bombo,
(Bad word)
This is me, paying respect to ma brethren!
I am paying respect to my friend.

Jah kno.. Total up meh purchase, mon no other rice ah fer me.
You know, just total up my purchases, man, there is no other rice for me.

Selassi I, Rastafaari! Cha Monnn.
Hail to Selassi (King of Ethiopia), I am Rastafarian! Ok man.
Cha, You Rat. Rasscloth.
Ok, you rat, (bad word)

The monn ah want me to sell out meh brethren! Chaa, Cheeeps!
Bombacloth.”
You want me to betray by friend!
(sounds of lips smaking followed by a bad word).
Needless to say, Peter could not contain himself and almost fell off the milk crate, nearly choking while sipping his coffee. This gentleman was so determined and forceful, even Peter began to wonder if he went to high school in Jamaica and forgot about it and could not even dare to reveal his identity at that moment. Gus, on the other hand, after the customer left, turned to Peter and said, “What on earth he was talking about?”

If you did not laugh after reading this article, we do not blame you. However, you may ask a Jamaican friend to read and explain it to you. Maybe then you will see the humor in its glory.

Just a reminder that this article is not in any way a criticism of this culture, but it is a real situation that did happen. Please see it for its own inherent humor.

People from the Caribbean, and particularly from Jamaica have been long-standing, loyal customers and friends of Mr. Goudas. They love him, and they drink to his health and happiness.

By the time the million copies of this biography are distributed and read, Mr. Goudas believes that everyone will be professional in pronouncing the “Cheeeps” sound by consulting their Jamaican friends. From now on we do not call the sound “Cheeeps”, we call it the Goudas sound.

**Multicultural Country**

Some cultures are fussier than others when they sit down for dinner. “The Greeks, the Italians and the Japanese don’t try anything else,” Goudas said, looking exasperated.

“Food is such a fickle thing. But in Canada, everybody eats everybody else’s food. This is the most multicultural country in the world”.

**Little Special Italian Delicacy; Quite Tasty!**

Many people think that because Mr. Goudas is in the food business, he is constantly eating all day and all night; but that is not the case. In fact, there are times when he is starving for food, although there are all kinds of foods around him, because most of the time he is too busy to eat. However, he is lucky to have such caring people around him, and such good friends, that always take care of him.

For instance, once a week for many years now, Mr. Frank Mattucci, Sales Manager, for one of the companies he deals with, comes in to meet with Mr. Goudas to chat a bit and to place an order. Mr. Goudas anticipates this meeting because each time Mr. Mattucci arrives, he brings with him a loaf of Italian bread, hot from the oven, round and crispy. Mr. Goudas promptly proceeds to cut this loaf into slices. He
then pours a bit of Extra Virgin Olive Oil over each slice and then sprinkles each with a few flakes of Oregano and Balsamic Vinegar.

He really enjoys this special little delicacy, which is quite tasty. It may be enhanced with sliced tomatoes. (Bread and oil was actually a very common thing to eat after the war in Greece).

Mr. Goudas always says that this is quite a professional approach in salesmanship practiced by Mr. Mattucci who always arrives in the office with a warm and loud “Buon giorno”.

just like a dream.
The Trip to Kalamaki - 2005

This article has been designed to appeal to any immigrants. The content below is dedicated specifically to people who were born and raised in their homeland, underwent education and even army training (if their country had one), before their immigration. Regardless of what reasons and circumstances were behind the immigration, some of these immigrants were not able to go back home in years.

When they finally do go back home, for one reason or another, like a marriage, baptism, sickness, or the passing of a friend or relative, they realize that what they used to call “home” is now a totally different world. What these persons remember from their homeland does not change. Memories remain in our minds, engraved and timeless. Things back home, however, undergo changes every single day; changes we are not aware of, or familiar with.

With a sudden trip back home after many years have gone, these immigrants face a new world, one they do not recognize and one that does not match the memories they have retained. To some, this could be a pleasant experience, to find out that their country is progressing. To others, this becomes an unsettling experience due to the disorientation and initial shock they feel. It is almost like all the memories they have had and their whole idea of what “home” looks like, has been erased in a blink of an eye. Just like the teacher wipes out all the content written on the blackboard, these memories seem to vanish similarly.

The story below refers to Mr. Goudas’ trip to his hometown, Kalamaki, Greece. However, the content can relate to any immigrant’s trip back home, if the name “Kalamaki” is replaced with that of their own hometown.

This particular story was incorporated in the English version of Mr. Goudas’ Biography titled “The Immigrant”. However, when the book was translated in Greek, Mr. Goudas incorporated at least 100 names of his personal friends and neighbours, that he remembered
from his childhood. When the book finally made its round back home, many people found their names in the book and this created a major excitement. Everyone wanted to have a copy, and so he sent a book for everyone.

So let’s read this personal story of Mr. Goudas. This is a bittersweet story filled with emotional moments along with some happy occurrences. You may find yourself touched while reading, because if something like this ever happened to you, every sentence of this story will come to life. You may smile or have tears in your eyes, but nonetheless, you will become part of the story. just like a dream.

It was Monday, 20 June 2005; Suddenly the office became still, employees were whispering among themselves, should they or should they not tell him what happened, when is the right time to convey such news...
Finally, the group entered his office and informed him that his brother, Nikos, had just passed away. Peter Spyros Goudas had to drop everything and make arrangements to immediately fly to Kalamaki, Athens, Greece, to be an integral part of the preparations for his beloved brother’s burial. It had been many years since he last visited his homeland.
The occasion enabled him to meet many people, old friends, schoolmates, family members and new additions to the family. The circumstances were not ideal. He was attending his brother’s funeral and there were contradictory feeling occurring; there were moments of intense sadness, contrasted with flickering moments of happiness upon meeting familiar faces.

Most of them were related to Nikos, who was quite popular and well-liked, and who for years had been a permanent fixture in Kalamaki. The occasion seemed to be a reunion, with one person missing... With all the preparations and arrangements, Peter did not realize that Nikos was gone forever. The sadness in his heart after the burial was unimaginable. Spyros recalls that his sister-in-law
gave him the key to the house that night because he had mentioned that since he could not sleep, he would like to take a walk around the town of Kalamaki. However, nothing was the same any more. The small familiar homes and roads no longer existed; they were replaced with high rise apartment buildings. Consequently, Spyros Peter Goudas felt an even deeper sense of loss in addition to the loss of his brother.

He remembered that he once played an important role in the construction of buildings in Athens, more than half a century ago. Now this small town off Kalamaki overlooking the Saronikos, a little “Peyton Place”, had become a part of Athens.

He took a taxicab to the next town of Old Faliro. It was now 1:00 a.m. In former years the “Town Square” was always full of people eating ice cream, or sitting in the cafeteria in the square, socializing. But today, there was no one. He then asked the taxi driver to take him to the next town of Glifada. The results were the same there also.

He stopped at a kiosk to have an ice cream and out of curiosity asked the vendor where everyone was. He was told that since the airport had been relocated to another town, the businesses in the area lost the “tourist attraction factor”, and the loss of business forced hotels and similarly related businesses to become senior citizen’s homes and private residences.

Spyros took the opportunity (since the taxi driver was very willing) to go back to Kalamaki. He asked the driver to stop at his old school. Upon arrival there, he was surprised to see that the school was the only building that never change over the years. He exited the taxi and went up to the metal bars facing the schoolyard.

He held onto two of these bars and suddenly, in his imagination, he heard children’s voices coming up from everywhere, he visualized children playing and the names he had forgotten for years came to his mind.

It was as if he had gone back in time. He was surprised at himself that he could still remember so many names of his old classmates. (the names refered in the intro was placed in this section of the story) Suddenly, Miss Aphasia, Mrs Sofia and Mr. Hagioannou rang the school bell and all the children ran into the schoolhouse. That was a very happy memory. Even Nikos was there in his school uniform. Spyros’ eyes were filled with tears.

He stood there for sometime until the driver came to him and enquired as to whether he was okay.

He returned to the taxi and he asked the driver to chauffeur him around until the late morning.

In fact the driver was very happy to accept the offer of chauffeuring him around for the next few days.

During the next days Spyros
decided to visit the coffee shops and enquired as to whether there were any old timers present. Someone responded “yes” but upon further discussion, Spyros found out that this individual became a Kalamaki resident in 1990, not long enough to be considered an old timer. Another individual was from 1970, and therefore did not qualify either. Spyros went to another coffee shop and shouted if there were any residents of Kalamaki from the 1940’s and 1950’s.

To his surprise someone suggested: “Don’t look here, go to the cemetery, and shout there, you will probably get a better response!”

Spyros, however, did not give up! At another coffee shop, he was finally able to find some people from the same time period. He sat down with them and began to remember the old days with great nostalgia. They subsequently ended up calling their friends and before he knew it, it was 3:30 a.m.

He certainly enjoyed this moment, speaking and spending time with some people he went to school with, or had known from the air force. Among them were: Spyros Delilambros, Kostas Lintis, Raimondos Papamanolis, Alekos Pisiridis, and Takis Kalitzeris.

Alekos Pisiridis, and Takis Kalitzeris.

His friend Raimondos Papamanolis knows Kalamaki very well and he actually wrote a book about the old Kalamaki and how things used to be.

He gave copy of the book to Spyros as a present and upon scanning the pages, Spyros was humbled.

He congratulated him for the research and documentation within the pages of his book including old pictures which portray Kalamaki up to three centuries ago.

When the time had come to leave Kalamaki and eventually Greece, Spyros upon entering the aircraft and settling in, broke down emotionally and collapsed into tears...

The realization that Nikos was gone forever finally sunk in.

One of the flight attendants noticed his demise and offered him the opportunity to move to the back of the aircraft and confide to them.

He was comforted and supported by the whole crew.

Upon his return to the office in Canada, he revealed to us that in his mind everything happened so suddenly and so quickly, he felt as if the whole thing was just like a dream.
If Confucius Were Alive Today

Now it would be a very good time to mention something about the oriental market. According to Lee and Ching Communications, there are more than 1.2 million Chinese in Toronto, Canada. Many non-oriental people look at oriental people, and automatically assume that they are Chinese, and that all of them eat the same thing and have the same habits. However, this is totally wrong because the individual could be Japanese, Korean, Philippine, Thai, Malaysian, Vietnamese, Burmese, etc.

Mr. Goudas has studied the eating habits of the Far East and Asian cultures and has accommodated them with products that best suit their tastes. When considering the Chinese food market in particular, there are two types of Chinese people: 1) those who arrived to Canada before 1998, most of whom are from Hong Kong, and are already Canadianized, and 2) the majority who arrived to Canada after 1998, who are from mainland China.

Both prefer to speak their native language at home, and inform themselves through the Chinese media, television, radio, and newspapers in both the Mandarin and Cantonese languages. They are very quiet, polite, and kind people, quite the opposite of the violent people as portrayed by Hollywood, for example in the Kung Fu movies. Some vendors and store owners, who do not have an in-depth knowledge of this culture, perceive all Chinese consumers as those who purchase the cheapest possible products with no regard to quality. Mr. Goudas has studied this subject extensively and has found this statement to be incorrect. Chinese consumers are very picky, most quality conscious, and are extremely loyal to the brand of their choice.

Mr. Goudas believes that if Confucius was alive today, he would probably come to Mr. Goudas for advice about the food industry, and would also probably say to his followers that in today’s market conditions if “Mr. Goudas says so, it is so!”

Because of this focused knowledge base, Mr. Goudas’ products catering to the oriental market, or any other culture, are of the best quality. When it comes to food, there are two types of Chinese food offered in Canada today: 1) Chinese
food to satisfy the Canadian tastes which is usually available at what is called Chinese style restaurants (Franchises, named after fruits like an orange, or vegetables like a watermelon, anyway, you know what I mean) and 2) the real Chinese food which is served at authentic style Chinese restaurants, and that which is made in their homes.

Mr. Goudas is an extensive importer of food from mainland China such as: water chestnuts, bean sprouts, mushrooms, lychees, rambutan, pineapple, soy sauté, mandarin segments, noodles, longan, etc. These foods are eaten on a regular basis by Chinese from the Far East, and lately, are extensively used in the Canadian cuisine.

We would like to give you a very simple recipe that can be used by anyone who likes cooking and eating tasty dishes. The following serves two or three people.

Ingredients:
- 1 cup White Long Grain Rice
- 4 tbsp Vegetable Oil
- 2 onions - peeled and diced - 1 green pepper, thinly sliced
- 2 carrots, thinly sliced
- 1 can of Mr. Goudas Chinese Vegetables
- 1 pkg. of precooked shrimp without tails

Wash the rice, put it into a pot, and boil it until it is soft to taste. Drain the water from the rice, and let it sit until you finish preparing the rest of the recipe. In a large frying pan or wok, heat vegetable oil; add carrots, green peppers. Stir for approximately 3 minutes then add the onions and heat for 2 more minutes. Add the can of Mr. Goudas Chinese vegetables (which contains bamboo shoots, water chestnuts, baby corn and bean sprouts), and stir occasionally for 3 - 4 minutes. Add shrimp, chicken or beef (your preference) and sauté for an additional 5 minutes. Do not overcook the shrimps. Place over the prepared rice.

Add soy sauce, which gives colour taste and salt. Just a reminder that soya sauce already contains salt, so use wisely.

Mr. Goudas hopes that you will enjoy this simple but delicious recipe. After all it
took him three years to perfect the Chinese Vegetables in a can, and it is MAGNIFICENT. The vegetables actually appear as if they have been recently picked from your backyard garden.

Mr. Goudas has been so influenced by the Chinese culture, that he thought to dress up his packaging Chinese style, by portraying himself to look Chinese on his noodles package.

One of the writers saw this product many times, but never figured out that the picture was of Mr. Goudas on the package until someone told him!

Mr. Goudas Curry Powder Story of How it was Created

To better illustrate the development and heartache taken by Mr. Goudas to introduce Curry Powder into the Multi-Cultural North American market, one must understand how the name derived, which explains the many variations of formulas used in different parts of the country, which then spread all over the world.

Actually, the word curry is derived from the south Indian word curriel, which was used in the local language (Tamil) for a fish stew that had tamarind and curry leaves (which is where these leaves also get their name even in local languages).

This was then picked up and transformed into the present curry by the British. The word curry, in its English sense, has no direct translation into any of India’s fifteen languages, and Indians do not use the term even when speaking English.

Mr. Goudas started developing his own particular brand of Curry Powder in 1973 because he had so many requests about this product. Initially he thought it would be a good idea to go to an Indian wholesaler who recommended a variety, which he brought into the store. The wholesaler obviously did the best advertising to try to sell to his customers. Up to this point, the customers had endless trust in Mr. Goudas, however, the results of the curry selection by the end of one week was negative.

Several customers brought in their curry chicken and/or curry goat dishes to show him how awful (according to them) these dishes turned out. At that point he started thinking about a solution to the problem and as to why his customers were complaining. The reason is that the curry supplied by the Indian wholesaler was specially designed to satisfy the taste of his East Indian clientele, which is Madras Curry Powder (one of the oldest
East-Indian accepted brands in the world). Therefore, the non-East Indian customers were not favourable to this taste, due to the mix of the ingredients used, thus rendering a negative response.

Mr. Goudas began his research of the problem. Just a small reminder that this was the pre-Internet period, which meant he did not have the resources to “click here” to find out more information about ingredients, and how to obtain them. Therefore, he had to start from scratch. Basically the list of ingredients to be able to make a curry is the following: cayenne, ginger, coriander seeds, turmeric, mustard seeds, fenugreek seeds, cinnamon, fennel, cumin, thyme, cardamom, bay leaves, cloves.

Then, he started experimenting with various proportions of these ingredients to satisfy several ethnic nationalities. He was not focusing at that time on the East Indian market, due to the fact that this ethnic group mixed ingredients according to their own tastes, and when he asked an East Indian about the curry, the response was always “my curry is better than yours”. Therefore, he eliminated certain ingredients from the list because it only appealed to the East Indians (for example cloves, cardamom, and bay leaves).

So now he had a smaller list of ingredients to work with, but he had to use this shortened list to develop a curry powder to satisfy his other customers. Although this seemed like an easy task, he found it was much more complicated than any engineering task he had encountered so far. At least in engineering the plane would fly one way or another, but if he failed in this curry-making task, the product would never fly, which in itself was a danger to his reputation.

To win the 6/49 Lottery today, the correct combination is unique but attainable, to make a curry powder under these conditions to please everyone is nearly impossible. This is due to the fact that 1) Jamaicans used more thyme in their curry powder 2) Trinidadians and Guyanese used more cumin and chili 3) Chinese use more tamarind.

For the next six months, Mr. Goudas was having curry for breakfast, curry for lunch, curry for dinner, and dreams of goats jumping with a Curry Powder package tied around their necks instead of bells. He was becoming a curry monster and in the middle of the nights he would have a curry snack. Needless to say most of the time his mouth felt like a Chinese dragon spreading fire, and his a$$ was like a volcano ready to erupt.

Finally, his curry pained period paid off and he developed six varieties, that were customer tested again and again, allowing Mr. Goudas to develop this product to perfection.

Now that Mr. Goudas had developed the best blends of curry powders, he discovered that he had another enormous task ahead of him, in the marketing of the curry
In his first meeting with the general buyer of the largest grocery chain at the time, he was informed that the store required only one curry powder and that they already had this one curry powder on the supermarket shelves, which according to him, was bought by all of his curry loving customers. When Mr. Goudas inquired who were the regular customers, he found out that they were Italian, German, Polish, French, Swedish and from other European countries.

Mr. Goudas then responded that these were only recreational curry users who most likely used curry powder once or twice a year and therefore purchased a small jar of curry. And even then, they were the ones who complained the next day to their friends and fellow workers about heartburn, indigestion, diarrhea and other symptoms, and blamed it on the curry. Also, he told the buyer that if you plan to sell curry powder to the Italians, then you are sleeping on the wrong side of the bed. Mr. Goudas told the buyer that half the world’s population are curry lovers and unless you provide the curry that they like and want, you can consider yourself out of the curry business. So the buyer then understood Mr. Goudas mentality and allowed him to promote several varieties according to the ethnic makeup of the population in the vicinity of the store.

It is important for one to understand that packaging curry powder in the plastic bag is not as easy as it appears to be. The following illustrates the complexity of packaging curry in a plastic bag: natural oils from the ingredient list will penetrate and disturb printing and text, therefore bags will tend to stick to each other.

If you take one bag from the shelf, then most likely the next package remaining on the shelf will have half of the printing removed. Therefore, the packaging was made in such a way to place the printing in a protected area between two layers of plastic, polyethylene and polypropylene, food grade material.

There are many companies in Canada that are capable of producing such a material today, but Mr. Goudas has spent a long time with experts in the industry to achieve these excellent results. This is why when you see the Mr. Goudas bags on the supermarket shelves, they have a nice appeal and presentation.

Another important thing is you do not change the formulation for experimental basis after launching a product into the market. This is a
policy of Mr. Goudas and is a prohibited practice in his organization, because the result will be a disaster. Therefore, the same formulation that has been launched years ago, remains the same and will do so because of customer letters such as the one that follows:

October 25, 2004
Bruce Kemsley, Ontario
“I hope you can help me please. I am a huge fan of a lot of your products and have been buying them for years. I recently cannot find a particular curry powder called Mr. Goudas Trin-ee-dad 85g package. The product number on your website is #35. Can I order it directly through the website, or can you point me in the right direction as to where to locate it? I love this curry powder and there is nothing else like it out there!! Thanks in advance for all your help”!

Obviously there are customers like Bruce Kemsley that purchase Mr. Goudas products over the years. This loyalty was not because Mr. Goudas formulated the best curry powder in the world; it is because Mr. Goudas made the appropriate realization of which customer taste is best suited for each different blend of Mr. Goudas products. According to Mr. Kemsley above, the Tri-ee-dad curry is the best in the world, but in order for others to realize the same bliss in taste, they must understand the amount of work Mr. Goudas put into this product to make sure it has the consistency and ability to please that particular customer.

Furthermore, Mr. Bruce Kemsley believes that no matter what new, old, or other recognized brand he is offered, he will never be happy, because he has adapted to the taste of this particular blend. Finally, he states he loves this curry powder and that there is nothing else like it out there.

Curry is a difficult subject, and if a supplier or producer were to tell Mr. Goudas that his/hers curry powder brand is the best in the world, then he would likely respond to that person with a comment such as: “You’re full of s**t!”

The Toughest Man on Earth
“The Great Montini”
Since we all contributed to this book, we asked Mr. Goudas who is his favourite wrestler and who, according to him, is the toughest of them all. He surprisingly responded, “The Great Montini”. We then requested to explain what he meant since we never heard of a wrestler by that name.

Mr. Goudas then explained that he has known Mr. Montini for the last thirty-five years. He is the owner of synonymous products under the brand Montini, which so
many people know. His major item is oil, but he also has many other Italian products.

Mr. Goudas further mentioned to us that unfortunately, in the last decade, Mr. Montini has encountered several illnesses including: diabetes, high blood pressure, kidney problems, loss of 95% of his vision, and he has had several heart attacks and strokes. Despite these problems, Mr. Montini continues to be in his office by 8:00 a.m. and is the last one to leave.

When Mr. Goudas occasionally asked him about his health, Mr. Montini answered like this “I am not going to die from kidney disease, because I have no kidneys anyway. I will not die from a brain tumor because I have no brain left as a result of all the strokes. I am not going to die from heart failure, because I have had so many heart attacks, I have no heart! Many people have advised me to shoot you, you old bastard, but I am going to postpone this until I can see better, so I do not miss.”

Despite the fact that all of the above is said jokingly, Mr. Goudas believes that Mr. Montini is the toughest man on earth. The food business is like a very large wrestling ring. Not only does he have to battle competition for shelf space, but he also battles his health, which may be considered the toughest opponent of all.

Should you see his products in the store, Mr. Goudas endorses that the Montini brand is the top of the line in Italian foods.

In this picture you can see Mr. Lenio Montini at Mr. Goudas’ 30th anniversary celebration. It is also the last picture of him taken in public. He is a very good friend of Mr. Goudas despite the fact that they are competitors.

You Get 'New Teeth' at Ages 7 and 57!
(Funny Story)

This is another funny story that we thought would be appropriate to incorporate into this biography.

We previously told you about Mr. Goudas’ 30th anniversary celebration of his coming to Canada. This story, however, relates to his 60th birthday celebration. Mr. Goudas was informed that it would be a very private celebration between Marina (his sister), Niki, and maybe a couple other friends. He arrived at the restaurant in anticipation of a quiet dinner only to discover that there were one hundred people gathered on the second floor of the restaurant to celebrate this occasion with him.

As anticipated, Mr. Goudas was surprised, and after the usual greetings, hello’s, kisses, etc., he was asked to make a speech. And as usual, he wasn’t short of humour that night either. In his brief speech he highlighted events that happened to him in each decade of his
life. However, we are not going into the details, but we will only attach the funniest part, a story which he entitled “You get ‘new teeth’ at ages 7 and 57.”

Mr. Goudas began his speech by stating that he does not have a regular dentist. However, three years prior to this occasion, he found it necessary to visit a dentist. Upon examination, the dentist informed him that it was imperative that he should have not one, but seven, of his teeth removed. The dentist arranged to have this procedure done the following week, on a Saturday morning.

Needless to say, this situation caused Mr. Goudas some stress and discomfort. So he decided that after all the time he had spent doing for others, he was now going to do something for himself. He promptly picked up the telephone and phoned his car dealership and spoke to the salesman he did business with, informing him that he needed to purchase a car today. His dream car was a Cadillac Eldorado Sport, GS, red in colour, with On-Star navigator system, which would enable him, at the sound of his voice, to prompt the computer into automatically dialing telephone numbers and in giving location directions on command. The salesman asked him if he realized that it was Saturday evening and that it was almost closing time.

Mr. Goudas responded that he did not give a damn what time it was and that he wanted to purchase this car pronto! (This was to compensate for all the teeth he was going to lose and to bring him out of the depression he was feeling).

Well, he purchased his dream car and proceeded to start programming the numbers he used most frequently into the system. However, the computer, named Veronica, had some difficulty accepting the digit 3. Whenever, Mr. Goudas chose the digit 3, Veronica responded with the digit 8. He called the dealership and was advised that maybe the problem lay in his pronunciation. Consequently, he tried every variation of accents he could think of in pronouncing the digit 3; still Veronica continued to respond with the digit 8. The system also rejected this digit when the dealership representative tried to program in the digit 3. So, for the entire week Mr. Goudas used his vehicle without the benefit of the On-Star navigator system.

The following Saturday, as arranged, Mr. Goudas went to the dentist to have the seven teeth pulled. After the extractions were completed, the dentist told him that since he had been through quite an ordeal, he should take a break and get some fresh air. So with his mouth filled with bloodied gauze, Mr. Goudas went outside as the dentist suggested. He felt rather foolish once he got outside.
He was wondering what he should do in his present state, as he kept thinking that onlookers perceived him as some “weirdo”, with his mouth full of gauze, and blood dripping down the sides of his mouth like Dracula. He decided to go sit in his car and look busy; again, busy doing what? He then started to try to program his On-Star navigator system once again, just to have something to do and to take his mind off the pain. And would you believe it, with his sore, gauze-filled mouth, the computer finally accepted his pronunciation of the digit 3 upon which Mr. Goudas told it “Damn it! Did I have to pull seven teeth before you recognized my pronunciation of the digit 3?” He then said, “f@#$@u” and Veronica responded “You too!”. The entire crowd erupted into laughter.

White Kidney Bean Soup

As you might have read earlier about the Millennium Fireworks, this recipe is exactly the one Peter and his sister Marina used for cooking on New Year’s Eve. We encourage you to use it, and we promise: It will do ‘wonders’ for you too!!!

Ingredients (serves 4 - 6):

- 2 cups (dried) white kidney beans
- 1/2 cup extra virgin olive oil
- 2 medium onions, chopped
- 1 clove crushed garlic
- 2 large carrots, chopped
- 2 sticks celery, chopped
- 1 can dice tomatoes
- 2 vegetable stock cubes
- 1/3 cup tomato paste
- 2.5 litres hot water
- 1/8 cup chopped fresh parsley
- salt & pepper (to taste)

Directions:

Place beans in bowl, cover well with water, and let stand overnight. Drain beans and rinse well; in a large pan put beans and water, simmer for 1/2 hour then add all the ingredients. Continue to simmer until the beans are soft and tender, stirring the mixture occasionally with a wooden spoon. The reason for the wooden spoon is, just like any good food preparer knows, to avoid damaging cooking ware. The above recipe is better served together with the following on the side: bread, feta cheese, olives, onion, and herring or Lakerda Fillets.

This then ends the tale of “You get ‘new teeth’ at ages 7 and 57.”
As you notice on the recipe, we did not tell you to use Mr. Goudas White Kidney Beans or go through the list of ingredients, and suggest to you to use the Mr. Goudas brand for this and that. We recommend you to use the brand that you prefer or have been accustomed to.

Mr. Goudas believes that if you are happy with the brand of products that you currently buy, then continue to do so. However, if you are unhappy, then Mr. Goudas brand is your solution.

We encourage you not to read this section until you have read the book from the beginning because it will not make sense to you.

Canada Celebrates the Summer

When Mr. Goudas asked us to do a little pamphlet, two pages in length with his biography, we did. Then we thought it would be a good idea to make it into 4 pages, then 4 pages into 8, and 8 into 16 pages. Finally at 24 pages, we realized that it was not within the budget assigned to us. Then, with each writer finding another “great” article to include in this defunct “2-page” pamphlet, Mr. Goudas told us to stop, or we were going to go out of business due to the enormous expense. We then persuaded him to think of selling the book, at which point he asked:

“Who in his right mind is going to buy my biography?”

We convinced him that he had a fascinating life story and that it would be a good idea for the general public to know who Mr. Goudas is. So we continued a little further, writing a list and incorporating some of the comments he wanted to share.

Since this book would travel all over the world through suppliers, friends and associates, Mr. Goudas told us that it is a pretty damaging thing to show that he came to Canada with snow on the ground in the month of May (pap16). This would confuse many people; for example, somebody in Thailand would look at the book and figure that it snows in Canada even in May.

Now he wanted to say that maybe there was snow that year, but when the snow finally melts, Canada is dressed in beautiful green foliage. This usually happens in April, when we all forget the wind chill factor, which combined with the actual temperature, can easily reach a bone chilling -20° C (yes that is minus twenty degrees). But once that beautiful green appears and the coats are discarded, Old Man Winter is forgotten and summer comes alive.

Convertibles, shorts, sandals, mini-skirts, low riders, bikes, motorcycles, restaurant patios, golf, tennis, large sprawling acres of green parks, Canada’s Wonderland, festivals of all nationalities popping up like mushrooms, and much more. We are in our glory for months at a time. In fact, Canada celebrates the summer more than any other country in the world.
Hot Soup to Keep Them Warm in the Middle of Summer

Mr. Goudas tells us about one beautiful afternoon in mid-summer (the temperature was 20 to 22 degrees C.), when he took a factory owner and his wife from Thailand out to dinner to discuss a business opportunity. He took them to a Greek restaurant on the Danforth where they sat outside in the patio. His visitors, however, began to feel very uncomfortable and quite chilly. Mr. Goudas promptly went to the back of his vehicle and brought two winter coats (with hoods included), which he kept handy in case of an emergency - like being stuck in the snow in the winter months. The visitors promptly put on the coats, pulled the zippers up and the hoods over their head, and when Mr. Goudas asked them what they wanted for dinner, they both said “a hot soup to keep us warm.”

The Chef Brought Over a Greek Salad

On another occasion, Mr. Goudas took another party from Thailand to a nice Greek restaurant in town. He felt he would order the best for them, after all, he practically knows all the chefs in town, and this is a plus at any restaurant. Mr. Goudas always asks his guests whether they are vegetarian or not, and upon establishing that they could eat meat, which was not a problem to them, he ordered as appetizers some nice pieces of meat dolmadakias, lamb chops, taramosalata, humous, fried cheese, fried squid and many other delicacies. Until these were prepared, the chef brought over a Greek salad, made from very thinly cut Romaine lettuce, fresh dill, green onions, olive oil, feta cheese and balsamic vinegar. The salad was so wonderfully done that any European would go crazy over it, and yet, when he gave it to the young woman, after a few mouthfuls she promptly made some excuse and left the table for about one hour, during which time she went to the ladies room and vomited. The reason being is that in Thailand, one never eats raw vegetables. She thought she would have worms in her stomach and that it would cause bad dreams. Mr. Goudas now then learned about this issue, which was a big surprise to him at the time.

Roti, Chapati, Paratha and Puri

He also told us the story about the Atta flour, which is widely used in India, Pakistan and other areas in that part of the world because we were never exposed to the products and their uses. For example in India, Basmati rice is eaten every other day, and on the occasions when it is not eaten, the Atta flour is used to make roti, chapati, paratha.
and puri. These items are filled with vegetables and to make a meal. Although they all come from the same ingredients, the cooking process is different.

Obviously, the Mr. Goudas reference to the Mattucci article about the bread, is something that would not appeal to the Indian population. Further, he knows that the regular ‘All Purpose’ flour does not respond as well to demands of the Indian, Pakistani or Middle Eastern methods of cooking because they do not make bread the same way as Europeans do. If we had the space in this book we would incorporate recipes, including pictures, from around the world but that would be a tremendous undertaking because there are thousands of variations. Consequently, we have given you the proper spelling so you can easily check out any recipes you may desire on the Internet.

The Knowledge of Making is the Most Expensive Ingredient

Mr. Goudas also told us about a pepper sauce and then opened a particular bottle and placed a small amount on the tip of our fingers. We can still remember the tears that came to our eyes from the intense “heat” of the sauce. He further informed us that the heat within the pepper sauce is the cheapest ingredient he can make, but the trick is in making it to also have a nice colour, appeal and taste. Therefore, it is the knowledge of making it that is the most expensive ingredient.

He probably would tell him that he is still learning...

Since he extensively talked about the Caribbean and Latin American populations in Canada, he did not want to forget about another sector in the market, the Arabians. This includes many countries, for example Lebanon, Jordan, Syria, Egypt, Morocco, Algeria, and many more. These nationalities derive their way of cooking with a variation from the Ottoman Empire, and of course we all know that Mr. Goudas’ mother inherited this style of cooking.

The recipes are endless and the variations from country to country are quite diverse. Mr. Goudas, almost 30 years ago (a few years after he started the business), thought he knew all there is to know on this business. However, as the years went by, that belief changed and if someone asked him today how
much does he know, he probably would tell him that he is still learning, yet, he is like an encyclopedia in the food business. One of the things that he always wanted to do is to create a product that will be loved by the great, great, great grandchildren of the Ottoman Empire.

Lately, he decided to produce the products to appeal to the above, and he thought that the best way to do this is to duplicate his mother’s method of cooking. Although the canning procedure was a very difficult task to execute, he made them so perfect that he feels proud. These products, such as Dolmadakias, Cabbage Rolls, Egg Plant Iman, Baked Onions, Egg Plant Dip, Baked Butter Beans and many more, became accomplishable because he found an associate factory owner who had the same passion as he did, and executed this task to perfection.

Also, the best way to know if your recipe is a winner is to notice if the staff is sampling the dish during preparation. When there is evidence of this you know you can buy any other brand out there, but when you taste Mr. Goudas’ brand, it is only then that you can distinguish the freshness and taste in the products; it is like day and night.

Seven Flowers Honey

Another example of Mr. Goudas’ insight into products, is his latest venture, Seven Flowers Honey. Everyone knows what honey tastes like, but you never really tasted forced-fed on sugar. According to him, should the population begin to like his Seven Flowers Honey, he would not be able to have enough to supply them.

Dresses up like Santa Claus

You may not realize it, but everywhere he goes, someone recognizes him. Once this happens, it is only a matter of time before everyone recognizes him and comes over. As an example of this, on one occasion, a baker who produces items with the Mr. Goudas brand, used his honey to dress up the Loukoumadas. This resulted in a tremendous success.
through the extraordinary aroma of the honey. Therefore, when Mr. Goudas went to the bakery, he disguised himself (see picture). Upon examining the picture closely, you will notice that Koukla (not Rudolph) is in the pouch on his right shoulder.

He remembered, with a sigh, the times when he could go anywhere and no one recognized him. That was a long time ago. It should also be mentioned that on occasions, Mr. Goudas actually dresses up like Santa Claus and makes rounds at hospitals and other charitable organizations, including senior citizens’ homes.

**Colombia Trip and Fashion Show**

As we continued along and tried to complete the book, Mr. Goudas told us about the Colombia trip, where, by the way, he had a wonderful interview with the Colombian National Television in Miami Florida, in which he voiced his opinion on how the world perceived Colombia, and among other comments, he highlighted Colombia’s tremendous potential for market brilliance. Mr. Goudas dared to be bolder than expected, and so he referred to the world’s perception of Colombia as a producer of drugs, stressing his point that the country presented endless possibilities to engage in many industries with the production of fresh tasty fruits and vegetables, high quality textile, clothing, and many more items. He told us that after the trip, he had great pictures and that he had received different product distribution offers from well-established companies, as well as some within the sugar industry. He also stated that the best part was that the Colombians put on a fashion show to entice him and the other guests present. The fashion show was absolutely magnificent and very educational. It ranged from children’s wear, bridal, dining, and lounge, to swim wear.
"Since you have a great diploma in cooking..." (Funny Story)

Sometimes Greeks make fun of themselves, just like you will see in the following story. To understand this story, you have to imagine that the man is doing the outside work to bring money into the house, and the woman looks after the home, cooking, cleaning, laundry, etc. Now obviously things have changed, but some of them keep the tradition, and Mr. Goudas knows at least one of them, and that happens to be one of his salesmen.

The story begins as follows: This particular salesman named Ted, visits Mr. Goudas’ office at least twice a week to brief him on what is happening in the market, and since Mr. Goudas is most of the time very busy, he asked Ted to go into the Goudas Laboratory kitchen and cook some spaghetti.

Ted told him that he does not know how to cook. Mr. Goudas was very surprised and said to Ted “Are you trying to tell me that you are selling Goudas Foods products, which are the finest products in the world, and you do not know how to cook them? Shame on you! I am going to take a few minutes of my time so we can cook together; and I will show you how to do it”. Mr. Goudas showed Ted all the procedures, including how to make pasta sauce.

During the following week, he asked Ted to go into the laboratory and cook, to see if the effort he had put in the previous week was worthwhile. Ted started cooking and he went as far as boiling the water. Mr. Goudas then thought it would be a good idea to give him a diploma just to encourage him for his future efforts. The diploma was framed and stated that Ted had graduated from the Goudas University in “State of the Art” cooking, signed and sealed by Mr. Goudas himself.

Ted proudly accepted the diploma, took it home and found the nicest area in his house to set it up. When his wife asked him what it was all about, since she did not know any English, Ted told her that he had just graduated from a university as a great salesman.

We want to mention here that Ted is one of those men who, upon returning home from work, throws one shoe to the north, the other to the south, he wiggles out of pants and kicks them somewhere into the corner and he expects his wife to have everything prepared and ready on the dining room table.

Well that was then, until, one day a lady friend of hers visited their home and noticed the diploma and asked what this was about. The innocent Mrs. Ted told her that it was her husband’s university diploma in great salesmanship. The visi-
tor, who knew the English language well, promptly told her that her husband received the diploma because he was a great chef!

So then when Ted arrived home later that day, he found his wife laying down on the chesterfield, having absolutely nothing prepared for dinner. He placed his hands on his hips and enquired as to what was going on and the wife responded calmly and said:

“Since you have a diploma in cooking, you make dinner for me tonight”.

Thankfully, he knew at least how to open a can of Mr. Goudas soup along with some tuna and they had dinner for the night.

The following day, Ted went promptly in the office and in the presence of everyone he threw the diploma on Mr. Goudas’ desk.

When Mr. Goudas enquired as to what was wrong, Ted informed him that this diploma had almost cost him his wonderful marriage.

P.S. A few years later Ted was doing all the cooking at home with an apron marked:

“Goudas on the Label means good food on the table!”

The story that follows will appeal mostly to Caribbean people, but other nationalities can enjoy it as well.

Ham Wrapped in Tar for Christmas

During the first year in business, we all know that Mr. Goudas had a grocery meat store in Kensington Market. He slowly established clientele and most of them liked goat meat. He ended up selling approximately a couple dozen goats per week and thought that it would be a good idea, with Christmas approaching, to double the quantity he bought in preparation for what he considered would be a lucrative time.

As the Christmas week approached he was fully prepared for the occasion, only to realize that all his regular goat meat buyers did not want any goat for that Christmas period because the tradition of the Caribbean people is to purchase a ham wrapped in tar for the occasion. He paid dearly for that mistake because goat meat does not last forever in the refrigerator!

The ham in tar is basically a custom in which a pork picnic shoulder is cured, salted, wrapped in a layer of foil, then covered with a layer of tar. Believe it or not, the taste is magnificent. To distinguish the difference between regular ham and the one in tar, you better have some West Indian connections to be able to understand what Mr. Goudas is talking about.
When he First Saw a Black Person

Since we know that Mr. Goudas mentioned in his Costa Rica speech that he saw a coconut tree for the first time, this story will take you back to when Spyros Peter Goudas was a little boy in Kalamaki, the Peyton Place of Greece.

One of the writers asked him when he first saw a black person. Peter recalls when he was age 6 or 7, and one of his classmates told him that up on the hill there was a big castle belonging to a rich man. This castle was surrounded by a very high stonewall and behind this wall lived a male housekeeper, whose name was Ibrahim, and he was from Africa, possibly Ethiopia. So, him and a few of his friends passed by and climbed this big stone fence to get a glimpse of what he looked like.

At the present, Athens is as multicultural as Canada, but back then it was a novelty. At the time all the kids would even tell Spyros that he was Chinese because his eyes back then were a little slanted. (That explains why he was called Mr. Whoo at the 813 Club).

Forest Gump Asked the Waiter for a Nice Beautiful Tomato

Someone called Mr. Goudas “Forest Gump”, referring to the part of the film starting Tom Hanks, in which he is running across America and behind him is a stream of other people following him with no reason whatsoever. The reason for the comparison is because of what happened when Mr. Goudas took a group of people from out of town to a fancy restaurant.

It was a big group of people, and when finally every one ordered what their heart desired and the waiter was ready to take Mr. Goudas’ order, he thought for a second, and then he finally asked the waiter for a nice and beautiful tomato. The waiter nodded “yes”, then Mr. Goudas further requested a flat red onion, so the waiter nodded “yes” again, and then some olive oil and oregano, along with a piece of feta cheese. When everything arrived, Mr. Goudas proceeded to take a knife and cut the tomato and onion, then mix his self-prepared salad with olive oil and sprinkle some oregano.

He noticed that everyone in the restaurant was looking at him, not only his group but the other tables too. And before you can say “Forest Gump” everyone was ordering a tomato, an onion, feta cheese, olive oil and oregano to prepare their own salad. A little later, the manager approached Mr. Goudas and told him he was ruining his business...
Finally, now that we know a lot of things about the man, we asked him a few more personal questions, like what his favourite films were and who were/are his favourite actors.

As a consequence, we have learned that he has a library of over three thousand films on file!

**Mr. Goudas’ favourite films:**


**Mr. Goudas’ favourite Actors:**


**Mr. Goudas’ Favourite Actresses:**

Of course he likes more films and actors, but we can not just place them all here, so he named a few off the top of his head, which left the most lasting impressions.

However, after reading through the list of actors, we were stumped at why he said Ice Cube. Our first question was, “Mr. Goudas, what do you do? Listen to rap in the car”? He replied, “I like Ice Cube because he is extremely dedicated to his work. He is quite versatile, and adapts quickly to market changes. He likes to get involved with all aspects of his industry, including directing, producing, acting, as well as composing and song writing, and accordingly will be one of the most talked about figures over the next 50 years.

I will be dead and long gone, and then you will realize what I am talking about.”

How I came to look Past the Label, By: Hariklia Simos

When I walked into the office, I glimpsed at a sign that read “If you see me doing nothing, please do not disturb; this is when I am busiest,” and then was bombarded by a barking little white dog!

I knew I was in for an adventure.

Every year the Pan-Epirotic Federation of Canada holds a celebration commemorating the liberation of Ioanina, a city in the region Epiros in Greece. For many years Mr. Goudas has been giving awards to the highest achieving students in their year at this festivity. This is how I came to know him personally.

I would go to the banquet hall, sit in my seat, eat the dolmadakias that Mr. Goudas provided and await the awards.

I have gotten the award three times before, always presented by a member of the Society of Epiros.

Mr. Goudas only presents the award personally to the senior students.

Then my final year came, Mr. Goudas made his speech and then called me up to accept my award. While taking pictures for the local Greek newspapers, Mr. Goudas asked me what school I was currently attending.

When I told Mr. Goudas that I was in my first year of journalism at Ryerson University, a little light bulb lit up above his head.

Mr. Goudas wanted to know if I wanted to write something for him.

I knew this was a great oppor-
tunity, I had been on the Goudas Foods website many times before, looking at pictures of past award ceremonies, and had also stumbled upon many pieces of journalism done on Mr. Goudas. This surely means that he is truly a very interesting person.

I went to his office and was delighted to find out that he was publishing a book on his life, and he had a space reserved for what I am writing at this moment.

I was guided around Mr. Goudas’ food empire by his hard-working son Panos, and started to understand the vastness of what Mr. Goudas does - he ships, refines, packages, shelves and puts food on our table.

Then I read some of the stories in Mr. Goudas’ book. Some that made me laugh, like Go! Go! Go! – Go Goudas Go! Kalamaki – Late 50’s; ones that were poignant, “You Can Almost Perform Miracles at the Age of 25!”; and stories that made me second guess what I thought I knew about Mr. Goudas (Indo Caribbean Newspaper Flashback Caribana 1975-1976).

I took the book home and read it cover to cover. Many of the stories of Mr. Goudas facing hardships in life reflect many of the stories I have heard from my family that had also immigrated to Canada in the second half of the 20th century.

When I read the book I felt as if I was looking at a photo album, while having someone explain each snapshot of their life to me. A life filled with hardships and accomplishments.

I thank Mr. Goudas for putting good food on our tables, but foremost I thank him for his continuing support in education and for helping all of us, no matter where we are from, to find a home away from home, in Canada. Thank you, Mr. Goudas.

Black Eye Peas Story

For some time now Mr. Goudas has mentioned to us a story that is appropriate for this item. He recalls some twenty-five years ago when his mother was visiting him here in Canada for a few months. She always cooked for him. This he loved very much. One of the foods she always made was “baked black eye peas”. The recipe is revealed below.

Mr. Goudas’ mother used to go to Greek town to buy vegetables, and always purchased a particular brand of black eye peas and baked them in her own special way. On one occasion, she did not have any black eye peas so she called her son at work and asked him to go to the store to obtain that particular brand of peas.

He thought it was best, since he was at the factory, to take a bag of Mr. Goudas Black Eye Peas home to her. When he arrived at home with the peas, his mother promptly asked him why he did not purchase the brand she requested. He tried
to explain to her that Mr. Goudas Brand was top quality, perfect size, no skin defects, excellent for boiling and baking.

Regardless of his explanations and efforts to persuade her, he had to drive 10 miles to obtain this particular brand of Black Eye Peas, from Ariston. When he returned with the requested brand, his mother was very happy.

Mr. Goudas realized at that time that he should not try to change a consumer’s preference.

This became Goudas Foods’ philosophy for the years to come.

Unfortunately, Mr. Goudas’ mother passed away February 23, 1993, literally in his and his brother, Nikos’ hands en route to the hospital.

However, her memory remains alive through the recipes passed on to Mr. Goudas, for example “Love in a Can -Rice Pudding”, Eggplant Imam, Cabbage Rolls, Dolmadakia, Baked Lima Beans, Okra in Tomato Sauce, Stifado (Baked Onion), Stuffed Peppers, Stuffed Tomatoes, Spinach and Rice, Leeks and Rice, and many more. This well-loved dish is made as follows:

Baked Black Eye Peas

Ingredients:
450 gr Mr. Goudas or Ariston brand Black Eye Peas
1 bundle fresh Dill
4 large onions
1 can Mr. Goudas Herbs and Diced Tomatoes
80 - 100 ml (more or less) Extra Virgin Olive Oil
Salt and Pepper to taste
1 tbsp Mr. Goudas Trinidad Hot Sauce (this he uses always and in any other recipe)

There is a short film on the Goudas Foods website which can be watched by those who have Real Player. One will probably notice that the beans are short-boiled, rinsed and drained a couple times. The reason for this rinsing and draining is to remove all the ink from the center of the black eye. When the peas have finally lost all the ink and have become completely white like snow, spread them out in a large baking pan. Cut the onions into approximately ¼ inch slices, and sauté in frying pan until golden brown. Spread onions over black eyes, making sure the peas are totally covered.

Open the can of Herbs and Diced Tomatoes and spread over the onions. Cut half of the fresh Dill into ¼ in or ½ cm pieces. Do not use the stems. Spread dill evenly over the tomatoes. Add enough water to cover the mixture. Pour the Extra Virgin Oil over the complete mixture. Add Trinidad Hot Sauce
and salt and pepper to taste. Cover with foil paper and place in a preheated oven at 380 to 400 degrees for approximately 30 - 45 minutes. Check periodically after the initial 30 minutes to ensure that the water has almost evaporated and the beans are cooked.

Remove from oven and serve, using a spatula to ensure an even distribution of all the ingredients. Baked Black Eye Peas may be served hot or cold over a bed of rice. However, it is simply delicious all by itself, a meal all on its own, full of protein, magnesium, iron, vitamin C, and potassium, to mention a few of its benefits. Mr. Goudas refers to it as a Vegetarian Delight.

This dish tastes even better overnight and stays well in the refrigerator for up to three or four days.

Needless to say, Goudas Foods has an extensive variety of peas and beans in many categories, and places a lot of emphasis on sorting, cleaning, eliminating beans with skin defects, and using extra precaution to ensure a quality product and customer satisfaction.

Unique products exclusively provided by Goudas Foods

We thought we should inform the reader about a number of products that are exclusively provided by Goudas Foods, and that the consumer cannot find under any other brand. They are not just unique; they are delicious!

We had to share this...

Pineapple Chunks or Slices

The Pineapple, or Ananas, is one of the first tropical fruits introduced to Europe by Christopher Columbus on his second voyage to the Caribbean. It is referred to as “the excellent fruit” because, although it is a curious looking fruit, having the appearance of an “oversized pinecone”, the flesh/pulp on the inside is a continuous eruption or explosion of delicious sweetness. Once the fruit of ferocious natives and kings alike, Mr. Goudas believes that the Pineapple is now truly one of the most popular of fruits. Therefore, it is no surprise that he has captured this delicacy and has managed to provide the best that the world has to offer, sealing this flavour in its natural juice, thereby retaining its original flavour.

Mr. Goudas Pineapple Slices and Chunks are delicious and they literally melt in the mouth.

It is important to state that if your local supermarket or retail outlet does not
carry the above items, maybe you should consider changing supermarkets because you can never capture the real flavour unless you have tried the Mr. Goudas brand.

We overheard sometime ago, that in one of his speeches at an agriculture seminar, Mr. Goudas stated that the ‘death penalty’ should be enforced for anyone who cans Pineapples by adding sugar, thereby spoiling the beauty of the fruit. It is literally a crime to try and improve the sweetness of the fruit by adding sugar, when only Mother Nature can create a sweet fruit such as the pineapples selected by Mr. Goudas. He also feels sorry for the consumers who are unaware of the situation and purchase Pineapples in sugar syrup.

Mr. Goudas Exotic Fruit Cocktail

Patty Summersette, Willowdale, ON, Canada. October 29, 2002

To whom it may concern:

“I would like to comment about your Exotic Fruit Cocktail. I have always bought regular fruit salads, but the unique and eye-catching style label of your Exotic Fruit Cocktail, made me try and buy it. I was skeptical until I opened the can, and saw something I really liked. The taste was absolutely stunning and unbelievable. The fruits were incredibly firm and tasty, and the coconut portions within the Cocktail, placed a taste that I have never experienced before in my entire life. If I have to comment and rate the product between 1 to 10, this is definitely an 11! I congratulate you on a product so well thought of and made.

The purpose for my writing was to advise you that I can not find this product in the store I visit close to me. I had to drive over 15 minutes to another store, and since visiting their store, I believe it to be worth the extra time it takes to shop for products that I love”.

Jackfruit

Throughout this book, you probably have read somewhere the word ‘jackfruit’, and you might be wondering what it is. We will spend a little time to explain it so you will not have to open the encyclopedia to find out.

Jackfruit is indigenous to the rain forests of India, South-East Asia, East
Indies and the Philippines. It is also cultivated in Central and Eastern Africa and is popular in Brazil and Surinam. Jackfruit is the largest tree-borne fruit in the world, sometimes reaching a maximum weight of 75 - 80 lbs. The outside shell of this fruit is green and yellow when ripe, and is composed of numerous hard cone-like points attached to a thick rubbery pale yellow or whitish wall. The interior consists of large edible bulbs of yellow, banana-flavoured flesh that encloses a smooth, oval, light-brown seed. Immature jackfruit is boiled, fried or roasted. Chunks may be cooked in lightly salted water until tender and then served. The seeds may be boiled, roasted and eaten, similar to chestnuts.

When fully ripe the unopened Jackfruit emits a strong disagreeable odour, while the bulb of the opened fruit smells of pineapple and banana. At this stage the bulbs and seeds are removed. It is preferable to perform this task outdoors, in order to avoid having the “stink” penetrate inside the house. The bulb of the ripened Jackfruit is pale yellow in colour. It may be enjoyed raw, cooked in Mr. Goudas Coconut Milk, or made into ice cream, chutney, jams and jellies. It may also be canned in syrup. Boiled in milk, drained and cooled, it congeals to form a pleasant orange-flavoured custard. Mr. Goudas made a series of experiments to try this product and bring it to perfection; he is very proud to bring this versatile product to the Canadian market in two versions: Green Jackfruit for cooking purposes (as a vegetable), and the fruit portion as a dessert served all by itself or combined with the following products: Evaporated Milk, Sweetened Milk, Vanilla Essence, or Sugar.

**Rumbutan with Pineapple**

Here is some information about another product that you probably have never heard before, and of which Mr. Goudas would like you to know about. Who else, but Mr. Goudas, would have the imagination and patience to stuff pieces of pineapple in the Rambutan for you to enjoy the best the world has to offer. You simply have to purchase one of Mr. Goudas’ Rambutan stuffed with pineapple to experience
this magnificent blend of these two exotic flavours. You may even appreciate the patience it takes to manually insert pieces of Pineapple into the Rambutan. This exquisite amount of work should be rewarded with a retail value of no less that $5.00, and yet it costs much less than that in the supermarket. No other company in the world has done this so far.

**Coconut Milk (Funny Story)**

The liquid in a fresh coconut should not be confused with coconut milk. Coconut milk is made from the white portion (meat) of the coconut. We will not go through the process in detail, because although it seems simple, yet it is very complicated. The product that ends up in the can after the process, is referred to as Coconut Milk. Coconut Milk is the main and basic ingredient for enhancing dishes. In East and West Indian, or Caribbean cuisine, coconut milk is mandatory for sauces, and curries. Additionally, it is ideal for dessert and cakes.

Although Mr. Goudas himself is very proud in the selection of his products, he once received a phone call from an 85 year-old lady who requested to speak to him personally because she wanted to complain about one of his products. The complaint was as follows: she had bought two cases of Mr. Goudas Coconut Milk from the supermarket thinking it was a very nutritious beverage for the children. At Sunday School, a can was given to each child.

They all opened it and at the first taste of the product the children’s reaction varied from a verbal “yuck” to the point of spitting it out quickly. She became very embarrassed in front of the children. She then said that it was the worst product they had tried.

Mr. Goudas explained to this lady that Coconut Milk is not a beverage but instead a food enhancer, used in combination with other ingredients. However, this simple explanation to the lady, was not sufficient for Mr. Goudas.

After obtaining more information about the location of the church, he made some arrangements the following week, to send his Customer Relations Manager there, in order to present the children with Coconut Water and Pina Coladas (alcohol-free of course). He explained to the children the difference among various coconut products, i.e. Coconut Milk is for cooking not drinking.

All the children had a good time and enjoyed the Coconut Water and Pina Coladas and totally understood the difference. They all thanked the Lord for Mr. Goudas, and sent their regards.

The old lady was very happy too.
Corned Beef (Sad Story)

The food business does not always evolve over smooth selling. As an example, read the following article about the corned beef. The CFIA (Canadian Food Inspection Agency) reacted prematurely, and made an announcement on February 2, 2001, alerting the public not to consume imported products containing Brazilian beef. Within that period of time, certain programs, like CBC’s Venture, aired this alert, which concerned Brazilian Beef, a very controversial topic. In the program, Mr. Gordon Arnell of Brascan Brazil, one of the Richest Canadian Companies in Brazil, stated that the beef was “No health hazard.... The finest beef produced anywhere in the world”. Later on in the program, the announcers mentioned that “Even trade wars, it seems, have their casualties”. A heavy casualty in this particular case was Mr. Goudas Brand Corned Beef, and as a result, Goudas Foods, and other companies lost millions of dollars and market share. Since, Mr. Goudas Brand and Hereford Brand, are two of the best selling brands in Canada, with the highest quality standard of product, these companies were affected the most.

However, on March 9, 2001, The Canadian Food Inspection Agency Advisory advised the public that imported products containing Brazilian Beef have been assessed as safe for consumption and hence, returned to the marketplace at the retail level.

Furthermore, we would like to point out to the public, that certain articles appear, when the words ‘Mr. Goudas’ and ‘beef’ are used as search criteria in Internet search engines, from Newspapers, Health Sources, and other publications, which do not have knowledge of the outcome of this high quality product that was returned to the marketplace. These sources only publish the initial alert and do not follow through by giving equal publicity and exposure to the “Return to Marketplace” advisory from the CFIA. It seems that they use the Mr. Goudas powerful name to achieve higher publicity in their newspapers, and throughout the Internet search engines.

Mamma Lucia Italian Style Rice

Although it is called ‘Italian Style Rice’, according to Mr. Goudas, very little of this variety is grown in Italy. It grows primarily in California.

Mr. Goudas has always given credit to the Italians for two things: their
soccer skills, and for the methods and variations in their preparation of rice.

Many people have asked Mr. Goudas why he does not include cooking instruction on his rice packages. His response is that it would be very unfair to summarize all the recipes into one, when someone can ask his/her Italian friend for their specific recipe or family tradition.

One day Mr. Goudas came out of the laboratory kitchen with a platter of rice, which we all enjoyed. When we asked him how he did it, he told us that he had prepared the rice as follows:

In a large frying pan, he sautéed a diced onion in 3 tablespoons of Mr. Goudas Extra Virgin Olive Oil (he believes that onions improve memory and always includes at least one onion in his dishes). Next, he added a can of diced tomatoes with herbs and spice, and allowed this to simmer. He then added a can of baby clams carefully rinsed and drained. Regardless of name brand, Mr. Goudas believes that there may be a small residue of sand left in the clams.

Additionally, three cloves of garlic, thinly sliced were added to the mixture. Simultaneously, he boiled 1 cup of rice in 2 cups of chicken broth for 5 minutes, (i.e. partially cooked). He then placed the rice including the broth into the frying pan containing the other ingredients. He gently stirred the mixture with a wooden spoon until the rice was completely cooked, and had absorbed all the tomato juice.

The garlic flavour penetrated the rice along with the herbs and spice from the tomatoes. He always adds one tablespoon of his most favourite pepper sauce to his dishes, i.e., Mr. Goudas Trinidad Style Hot Sauce, which contains crushed peppers, papaya, celery and parsley.

Needless to say, when we tried this recipe, it was superb, as always. (Privately, we thought, too bad for the office vegetarian. She was missing out on a wonderful treat.)

While we were all sitting at the table enjoying this unique dish, one employee mentioned to Mr. Goudas that if onions improved his memory, he should consider eating them more frequently because he certainly did not remember the raise that was promised years ago!!
Mr. Goudas Tuna Solid in Oil

As mentioned above, Mr. Goudas gives credit to the Italians for two things: soccer skills, and the way they cook the Italian style rice. He now wants to revise this statement and add two more things: the creation of the opera, and the way they eat their tuna in oil.

According to tuna canners, less than five percent of their production goes into the canning of products under the umbrella of “tuna in oil”. This product is mostly exported from producing countries, such as Thailand, to Italy and very few containers come to Canada. In the Canadian market, along with the Mr. Goudas brand or “Mamma Lucia”, there are several other good quality brands, such as Unico and Aurora.

This specific type of tuna in oil is a little more expensive than the tuna flakes or chunks in water. And since these two are always on special either one day or another, the consumer does not stop for a moment and think twice and give himself/herself a chance to purchase something which would become addictive because this particular tuna has a more natural taste, appearance and aroma.

According to Mr. Goudas, the Italians have the monopoly on this tasty product and until the rest of the world tries tuna in oil, the Italians will dominate this superb taste.

First Steps Towards the Shelves
(referred from page 22)

In the beginning of this biography there is a reference on the period of time when Mr. Goudas entered the first chain-stores in Canada. However, this whole process was not as easy as it might appear to be; it takes a lot of effort, strain, focus, persistence, observation and persuasion skills, and any other word in the dictionary under this category.

Many chain-stores had their own ideas of what customers they wanted to attract, and it is important to remember that those years the multicultural shoppers were not as welcomed as they are today.

However, Mr. Goudas managed to persuade two store managers to change their business philosophy, and he refers to them as “men with guts”.

You will find the following article very eye-opening:

In 1973, Oshawa Foods, operat-
ing the IGA and Food City stores, decided to give a section in two of their city food stores to Mr. Goudas (the first one in Dupont and Shaw area, with store manager Larry Sturino, and the second one at Galleria Food City, on Dufferin and Dupont, with store manager Frank Dicario, along with other people including Nick Nero and Armando Viola); this section was called for the first time “Multi-Cultural”.

Mr. Goudas kept going at the section almost every night, setting it up, making sure that it is kept clean and always fully stocked; he would keep his eyes open to see what products were demanded, and what people preferred to buy.

He would talk to shoppers and ask about their cooking and eating habits, opinions about his products and comments; this is how he would get new ideas for new products to bring at the stores.

Within the next few years he introduced more and more products, into more and more stores, that became popular among shoppers, and in some stores he managed to secure a whole aisle for Goudas Foods products only.

### Leaning Tower of Pisa

**Can-struction**

This magnificent replica of the Leaning Tower of Pisa was constructed and displayed in the lobby of the Toronto Dominion Building in the heart of downtown Toronto, along with some other equally majestic structures.

These structures consist entirely of canned goods; upon careful examination one realizes that the Mr. Goudas canned Beans and Peas were prominent items in this magnificent structure. It takes lots of creativity, understanding, planning, patience, imagination and the casting of the best quality material to assemble. These structures were on display until December, 2004, after which these canned products were donated to the needy people. So therefore everyone is a winner:

- **Mr. Goudas** for the publicity, the architects for their achievement, as well as the general public for the amusement and pleasure.
- Most importantly, the underprivileged received the best of the best for their dinner. Another magnificent struc-
ture was “The Hand of God”, artistically made to admire. The creativity for these structures is to be credited to the following:

Core Architects Inc. 317 Adelaide Street West, Suite 600 Toronto, Ontario / M5V 1P9

How to Distinguish the Best Basmati Rice

Goudas Foods produces the best Basmati rice, and for that there is no doubt, according to the huge number of consumers that buy it regularly and constantly, and send letters of congratulations to Mr. Goudas. This kind of rice comes in three different kinds of grains: those that have a good aroma, those that have a good taste, and those that have the length. Mr. Goudas blends the rice accordingly, to satisfy tastes of different nationalities, who prefer different grains. The consumers of Basmati Rice include mostly Indians, Pakistani, Iranians, Afghani, Somalians, Middle Eastern people, Ethiopians, etc.

However, most people do not know how to distinguish the best Basmati rice. Sometimes, weebles or worms can grow naturally in the rice, and this is a sign that the rice is in its best quality for cooking. These little ‘visitors’ can be washed away easily with water; placing the rice in a large bowl of water, the weebles will float while the rice will stay in the bottom. So, do not alarm and panic if you find them in your rice; you have evidently just opened a perfect quality bag of Basmati rice!

Many articles have been written about Basmati rice and this issue. The largest weekly Indian Newspaper in Canada, which is in fact published tri-state (California, Ontario and British Columbia, Europe, and United Kingdom), and the Ajit Newspaper, recently posted an article written by Dr. Darshan Singh related to this matter. The article notes:

Basmati rice has been used in India for centuries. Basmati is a Hindi word and it means “a distinct flavour that would be intoxicating”. Basmati rice is grown along the plains of river-beds originating from the Himalayan Mountains.

In the older days, people in India used a storage-hut from the paddy/wheat straw to store rice. After some time, certain weebles/worms grow naturally in the rice. This phenomenon is used as a symbol of high-quality rice. The rice is washed with water, then the weebles/worms float and are discarded, and then the rice gets cooked. The smell of the cooked Basmati rice is very intoxicating. The older the Basmati rice is, the more intoxicating the taste becomes, just like old wine”.

These little ‘visitors’ can be washed away easily with water; placing the rice in a large bowl of water, the weebles will float while the rice will stay in the bottom. So, do not alarm and panic if you find them in your rice; you have evidently just opened a perfect quality bag of Basmati rice!
Finally the Two Have Met
March 20, 2005

Finally the two of the biggest and best in the food business have come together. Peter Goudas and Peter the chef, the Television personality known to many as one of the greatest chefs of all time, are standing side by side and shaking hands at the FlyerMall second anniversary celebration. The well-kept secret of the success of Peter the Chef, is that he uses the highest quality ingredients in all his recipes: and Mr. Goudas Products have qualified as the main ingredients in all his cooking.

The two Peters have finally met! It has always been said that it takes two to tango: Mr. Goudas, the producer of the finest products in the world; and Peter the Chef, the creator of the most magnificent recipes. How could the end result be anything but perfect harmony?

During his stay in Costa Rica

A group of delegates took Mr. Goudas to a Costa Rican restaurant, to try the native cuisine. Dinner was served, and there was this sauce, served as a dressing, that Mr. Goudas thought was absolutely wonderful and he wanted to know what it was. As is his custom, he went directly to the chef, who also happened to be the owner of the establishment. The owner confided to him that it was his own special sauce made of mango pulp, orange juice, coconut, cane vinegar, lemon juice and habanero peppers. It was difficult to describe the excitement this created in Mr. Goudas’ mind. He had to have this sauce!! It was his task for the next few months, his “homework” to capture that indescribable taste, develop it to “the Mr. Goudas perfection”, and present it to the world.

When the shipment of the finished product finally arrived at the office here in Concord, the staff and salesmen, who are always used as guinea pigs...sorry, I mean taste testers, were all in agreement: This Mango Coconut sauce was delicious, really “delectable”. It created such excitement, that Mr. Goudas said maybe this sauce will cause him to be very famous even after he is gone.

This product will be available at your local independent store or supermarket soon. Please request it by name: Mr. Goudas Mango Coconut Pepper Sauce. We are certain that you will be pleased and you will wonder why you lived your life up to this point, without it. Enjoy. We know you will!
As we all know, the idea of creating this biography began a few years ago. It started with a series of articles, events and stories. Eventually, items that were thought to be appropriate were incorporated. The next article has been published in the Events Section of www.goudasfoods.com under January 1, 2006. This article has nothing to do with business and we can actually see another side of Mr. Goudas.

This is the way he wrote the story himself, and after you have read it, we will explain the impact.

**New Year’s Resolution**  
**January 01, 2006**

Today is Sunday January 1, 2006, the first day of the New Year.

What a ponderous day! Many unexpected things may occur throughout the next 364 days. I will not pretend to be a psychic or fortune-teller; I will live each day as it comes.

So let us see what has happened today. Although it is not an official working day, as usual I am in the office first thing in the morning, and with no one to make me my coffee. So I made one myself, feeling quite happy with my pets close to me, especially Irma who still suffers the consequences of the car accident that happened a few years ago, but still made it through another year.

I then proceeded to the computer to check on my e-mails. There were hundreds of spam and junk mail but somewhere along the line this one caught my interest:

> Tsuki naki misora ni, kirameku hikari,  
> Aa sono hoshikage, kibou no sugata.

These words meant nothing to me, but luckily a link provided underneath enabled me to actually listen to the song by clicking on it: [http://www.seiyaku.com/audio/hoshinoyoPluribus96kb.mp3](http://www.seiyaku.com/audio/hoshinoyoPluribus96kb.mp3)

When I was listening to this melody in the Japanese language, I felt very incompetent for not being able to understand. The voices sounded very angelic, and it felt like the music was coming
directly from heaven. Almost instinctively, I reached for the harmonica in my pocket and eventually was able to play a melody as an accompaniment to the chorus. I felt the need to know more about the melody and the lyrics, and after an insistent search, I discovered that it was no other but the song “What a friend we have in Jesus”, which goes as follows:

What a Friend we have in Jesus, all our sins and griefs to bear. What a privilege to carry, everything to God in Prayer.

O what peace we often forfeit, O what needless pain we bear, All because we do not carry, everything to God in Prayer.

Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere?

We should never be discouraged; take it to the Lord in prayer. Can we find a friend so faithful, who will all our sorrows share? Jesus knows our every weakness; take it to the Lord in prayer.

With curiosity fully aroused, I was determined to discover the author. I found out it was a gentleman by the name of Joseph Scriven, who had a very interesting biography. Scriven was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1819. He fell in love with a lovely young woman, but on the eve of their wedding she accidentally drowned. Scriven never recovered from the shock. The Irishman began to wander, hoping to forget his sorrow. At 25 years old, he finally settled in Canada.

His faith led him to do generous tasks for the poor and the sick. He often worked for no wages and was regarded by the people of the community as a kind man. He later fell in love again with a Canadian woman whom he planned to marry. But tragedy struck again, his fiancée died after suffering pneumonia.

A friend visited an ill Scriven in 1855, and discovered a poem that he had written for his ailing mother in faraway Ireland. Scriven didn’t have the money to visit her, but he sent her the poem as an encouragement. He called it “Pray Without Ceasing”. When the friend inquired about the poem’s origins, Scriven reportedly answered, “the Lord and I did it between us”.

Scriven never intended for the poem to be published, but it made its rounds, and was set to music in 1868 by a musician named Charles Converse, who titled it “What a Friend We Have in Jesus.” It has since become one of our greatest hymns.

Scriven died in 1886, ironically in an accidental drowning. The town of Port Hope, erected a monument
near Toronto in his memory, four miles north, in Pengally’s Cemetery, with this inscription from Scriven’s famous song:

“In His arms He’ll take and shield thee. Thou wilt find a solace there”.

I have made it one of my New Year’s resolutions, that upon perfecting the melody on my harmonica I will visit the above cemetery and monument, so that I will be able to give my respect by playing to the man who, unknowingly, has given so much to the world.

HEALTHY NEW YEAR EVERYONE
From: Spyros Peter Goudas

Livia’s Note: The Goudas Foods website might be a business website, but it is not necessarily exclusive to business people.

Thousands of people from the general public all over the world frequent this site, becoming familiar with his products and his life.

He received many letters as a result of this unusual introduction to the New Year, including an invitation from the town of Port Hope, willing to provide the town band to accompany him on the occasion.

Even one of the major harmonica producing companies in Japan is willing to provide not only a set of harmonicas, but a Japanese choir to sing the hymn as he plays.

Unfortunately, he was not able to do this during 2006 due to an unforeseen “sneezing accident” that basically paralyzed him for long-time (as mentioned in the next few articles).

As we were enjoying this dinner, Mr. Goudas began telling us a story regarding the above article.

He mentioned to us that since the article was posted on the website, several newspapers asked for the rights to have this article reprinted in their newspaper. He gave them the authorization to do so, and most of them printed the article as written.

However, one particular newspaper, which translated the article in another language, did not have enough space to fit the whole article. So, they thought it would be a good idea to modify it and they removed certain sections.

The new and modified version of this story left out the part where Mr. Goudas says:

“I then proceeded to the computer to check my e-mail...one of them caught my interest.”

Instead, the newspaper stated that when Mr. Goudas was at his office on New Year’s day, suddenly angels...
came from the skies to sing to him. Under normal circumstances, nobody would pay too much attention on the above sentence. But, unfortunately, certain people focused their attention on this statement.

A month after this newspaper’s article was published, when Mr. Goudas was in his office, his secretary rang his phone and said that a gentleman was waiting to talk to him privately in the lobby. When Mr. Goudas went to see this gentleman, he was told that this man’s 95 year old mother was in the car, requesting that she speak with Mr. Goudas in private. His mother was under the impression that Mr. Goudas was a Holy man, since she had heard that angels came to him. This lady was brought into Mr. Goudas’ office in a wheelchair and they spent more than an hour, talking privately. When we later asked Mr. Goudas to share his conversation with this lady, he said that it was confidential and not to be shared with anyone.

There is no doubt that this article is very nice, so after posting it in the website, we then thought it would be best that we created a booklet for everyone to read and enjoy. Especially because most of us are familiar with the above Hymn, but never knew the story behind it. Mr.Peter Spyros Goudas made this possible through writing this article to raise everyone’s awareness. We thank him.

***I Was Just About to Write You A Nasty Letter. Dec 25, 2006

Goudas Foods made a decision some time ago not to incorporate recipes or cooking instructions on labels due to the fact that there are many variations in the methods of cooking depending upon the nationality of the individual using the product.

In addition, the limited parameters of the labels do not allow for excessive details. The lack of instructions caused frustration to some consumers and they certainly let their opinions be known by writing letters such as the one below.

The next letter refers to a gentleman, who although he gave permission to publish his letter, prefers to remain anonymous.

Dear Mr. Goudas: “I am one of these individuals who spend time scanning the Internet, exploring and obtaining information in the privacy of my home environment. I am a big fan of Mr. Goudas products and with time on my hands, I decided to explore your site, with particular interest in obtaining a recipe for cous cous. I always wondered why you did not have cooking instructions on the package, but after I went into the products section under cous cous, I saw the blurb about the thousands of recipes available on the Internet and realized why. I was just about to write you a nasty letter giving you some s**t, when something within your website aroused my attention and I forgot about the
I spent hours and hours reading the articles. I am overwhelmed with the wealth of information on your website. I always thought Mr. Goudas was some fictional character...not a living and breathing human being. There are so many events, happenings, products, etc.!

There seems to be many facets to this Mr. Goudas person: an innovator, a creator, a philanthropist, and an animal lover. I was fascinated with the Koukla story. The narration by Jesse MacDonald is out of this world. Then the trouble when you broke your leg and drove yourself to the hospital, and then the bank pulling the plug on you. The article about Costa Rica in which you made the Latinos very proud, and then your boldness with the Columbians, which I applaud!

I went to the events section and was expecting to see the current events first, but no! The website shows you the old events first. So I followed the pattern and I started reading year by year. I went through your life story very thoroughly and I spent hours reading and reading and clicking here and clicking there. My goodness! What a website!! The information seems endless! I finally arrived at the current events: I stumbled upon your New Years Resolution and was totally flabbergasted. I was just thinking to myself “who would see a business man like yourself in the office on New Years Day”? After I read the article, I smiled to myself. I felt like this was a jigsaw puzzle and the most important piece in the middle is missing. Who are you? A spiritual side? Wow. Nonetheless, Mr. Goudas, your January 01, 2006 greeting should be applauded. Thank you. The hymn you so amply explored here is one of my long time favourites. I never before knew the history that came with it. And right here in Canada, eh? Thank you. May you have many wonderfully successful years!”.

According to Mr. Goudas, for every letter he receives, there are one thousand people out there with the same opinion, compliment or complaint, who did not take the time to express it. However, although the company’s website has extensive information with respect to methods of preparation and products, not everyone has access to the Internet. As a result the company has decided to publish a Recipe Book with information, recipes and related stories.

In the initial stages it was thought that the standard format of ingredients, preparation and serving suggestions would be sufficient. However, he thought that since there are thousands of recipe books with this format, there is no need for another one, and he felt that he should incorporate some originality into his endeavour. Therefore, he added a little background, and in some instances a lot of humour into his recipes, thereby spicing up the presentations!

Most have been published in www.flyermall.com under the “Recipe” section.
January 09, 2007 by Bernadette

We know that you do not have all the time in the world to read recipes and stories. But since we all need a little humor in our life to reduce the wrinkles, hopefully, we are hitting the right spots.

On January 9, 2007, Mr. Goudas disappeared from his office at around 8:00 p.m. I was doing my usual stuff and the cleaning lady was doing her bit, vacuuming and mopping the offices. Needless to say, half-an-hour later a smell penetrated the office environment. In other words, something was cooking! It was almost time to take my break and have a sandwich. However, the smell meant I was going to have a full meal instead. After all, it is a known fact: Mr. Goudas never eats alone.

Secretly, I went into the boardroom and set up the table for 3 people with plates, spoons, forks and the works, as well as one the bottles of wine presented to Mr. Goudas by various people over the Holiday Season. Mr. Goudas in not really a drinker, but he enjoys a small glass of wine now and then.

As predictable as ever, Mr. Goudas comes out of the kitchen with a rectangular baking dish covered in aluminum foil, and we surprised him by telling him to go into the boardroom.

He then said “I have cooked for 3 and I am happy that you set up the table for 3. Let us all have dinner”!

When he removed the foil paper we were very pleased to see what was in the baking pan. The picture says it all: 3 thick, juicy pieces of BAKED SALMON

For anyone who would like to become familiar with the words of this popular Hymn:

“How Great Thou Art”

Peter Spyros Goudas
transcribed by Bernadette Scott

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Salmon steak, surrounded by baked onions, whole marinated mushrooms, and sliced carrots in lemony juice. Mr. Goudas divided up the dinner among the 3 of us. It was not long after the first bite when we all admitted that it was simply delicious. And after the first glass of wine, we thanked him and asked what the occasion was, and how he cooked this wonderful dinner.

He appeared to be in happy spirits and a talkative mood and therefore he started the story of how this all came about. We smiled. He began by revealing the recipe. He placed the 3 salmon steaks on the tray and then he cut 9 onions in halves and placed them face down around the steaks, together with three sliced carrots and whole marinated mushrooms. He poured half a cup of olive oil, a glass of water, the juice of one lemon, salt and pepper, 2 tablespoons of Trinidad Hot Sauce and a pinch of oregano over the salmon.

He then covered the tray with foil and baked for 30 minutes at 375 degrees. When just about ready, he flipped the salmon around and then separated the layers of the onions to let them bake a little bit more until the water evaporated completely and his creation obtained a golden colour.

We all agreed that we were having the best dinner ever, and then Mr. Goudas asked for another glass of wine. Then we asked him again what the occasion was and why we were having such a superb dinner, accompanied by the heavenly music of tenor Harry Secombe, in his album “Highway of life”.

Then by sipping his glass of wine he told us the following story: “You know that I have had problems with my back since I sneezed some time ago and dislocated a spinal disc. Now I feel much better and I am trying to walk without a cane. During this period, I met a very good surgeon by the name of Dr. Joseph McKenna, and although he is one of the best surgeons in the country, he suggested that I don’t have an operation at the present time.

He comes regularly to the office to check on my condition, sometimes even on the weekends, and so last Sunday, at around 11:00 am, I was cooking spaghetti and remembered my doctor friend, and felt like calling him up and inviting him to lunch. When I called him, his phone went to the answering machine. I left the following message: I have cooked the best mincemeat and tomato in the world and would like to know if I should complete the dinner by cooking some spaghetti, or maybe start another dish of baked salmon in the oven with onions and carrots in lemon sauce.

Since I was not able to talk to the
doctor directly, I continued with the
mincemeat dish.

A few minutes later, the phone rang
in the office and guess who it was.
He told me he would be there in 20
minutes because he was presently at
a church service.
I assumed that Dr. McKennas’ cell
phone was on vibrate due to the
quick response.

I continued cooking and thinking to
myself that maybe, although the doc-
tor is a religious man, he probably
told them that he had an emergency
to go to!

I then pondered on something that
happened to me many years ago.

Right then and there I remembered
an incident that happened more than
55 years ago.

As an altar boy
back in Greece,
me and John
Liolitis were
preparing the red
wine for the chal-
ice and commu-

The Doctor arrived just as I
was bursting with laughter at this
memory.
I told the doctor to set up the table
and we had a wonderful lunch and
conversation. It was a refreshing
start to the New Year!”

Dr. McKenna had brought with him
a gift, the CD of Sir Larry Seacombe.

Mr. Goudas then said that he was
thinking to himself and remembered
that he had three pieces of salmon
in the refrigerator, which, if they
were not cooked today, would not be
any good for tomorrow. That is why
we were enjoying this superb meal
today. And since
he was cheerful
because he was
feeling much bet-
ter these days,
he grabbed his
harmonica and he
played along with the tenor to
How Great Thou Art.

O Lord my God,
When I in awesome wonder,
Consider all the worlds
Thy Hands have made;
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,
Thy power throughout the
universe displayed.
Then sings my soul,
My Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art,
How great Thou art.

We wrapped up the wonderful
dinner with the boss and continued
on to our various assigned duties,
which for me is this article and this
story, the first for 2007!
So, by now you should be able to
cook salmon the Mr. Goudas way!

Weber Grill
Spaghetti with Pasta Sauce

Cooking spaghetti seems to be a simple task, but in reality it is not. For the spaghetti experts you do not need to read this recipe, but for people who do not know how to boil water, we are talking to you. This recipe will be useful to you!

Fill a medium or large pot ½ to ¾ of water and place on stove on high temperature. Bring to a boil, which is when you see the water bubbling around...this is boiling water. (This is no joke! Mr. Goudas’ father never knew how to boil water all his life).
Add 2 tbsp. of any vegetable oil to prevent spaghetti from sticking together. Add ½ to 1 tsp. of salt.
For 2 people use enough spaghett that fits between the thumb and forefinger forming a circle.

Do not break the spaghetti, set it in the pot standing up and it will eventually slide into the water.

Do not cover, stir a couple times and continue to boil until tender to your taste, approximately 10 to 15 minutes. (You may take 1 spaghetti out and taste – if it is still hard, continue to boil). Do not overcook, because if you do, the spaghetti will stick together like glue.

Mr. Goudas told us a story that during his air force days, in the kitchen of the air base, where they cooked for a few hundred people, to test if the spaghetti was ready, they picked up one spaghetti and threw it up on the ceiling.
If it stuck on, it was ready!
So during those days, the kitchen ceiling was filled with spaghetti hanging down.

We are not suggesting that you do this in your house though...
Assuming the spaghetti is ready, place the strainer in the sink and pour the spaghetti and water.
Place the empty pot on the stove and add 2 – 3 tbsp Extra Virgin olive oil. Heat until
slightly smoking.
Pour the heated oil over the spaghetti and shake up the strainer 3 or 4 times until the oil penetrates the spaghetti. This spaghetti may be eaten as is, or, pour sauce on the top.

We will show you how to create your own pasta sauce in another seminar. However, since you have already greatly progressed in cooking so far, and are probably over-tired and exhausted, it is time to eat.

There is one more effort to be made; Mr. Goudas has created one of the best Pasta Sauces in the world, simply open a can of pasta sauce with all the goodies inside. Heat up.
Place the spaghetti portions on your plate and pour the pasta sauce over it. Top with a brand name Parmesan or Romano cheese. Do not use any unknown brand to ruin your beautiful creation. Sprinkle with parsley or a couple pieces of basil.

Lupini

A flat dried bean approximately half an inch in diameter, round in shape and light yellow in color (almost white). Although it may resemble the fava or lima bean, it is not similar to any other bean in this world.

Of course you can use the Internet search engine by clicking on lupini and you will discover hundreds of sites with a variety of information about the family and the history of the species. Maybe even, how it was
discovered, etc.; and that King Boulou of Salaguaya transferred the bush all the way to Italy and then from there, Prince Salu took it to Spain and tried to remove the bitterness but was unable to. He spit it out but the bitterness remained with him to the death bed. (We hope at least we made you laugh for a moment). Stories like this Mr. Goudas could tell you day and night.

The fact is that the Lupini is very bitter – and we mean bitter, bitter, bitter, bitter. Oh wow, is it ever bitter. It comes to the point where we begin to question why so much bitterness was created. Was God sad that day? (Please forgive us)! It is as bitter as the Mauby bark from the Caribbean or Karella (bitter melon).

So, of course, here we go again to the expert in the industry, who else but Mr. Goudas himself to get the facts on the Lupini.

First he warned that it would be a very bitter story, as bitter as it gets. He told us that when he was a young man, newly arrived in Canada, he ended up in Little Italy, Dufferin and St. Clair. He saw some Italians holding something in their hand between their thumb and forefinger. They would then open their mouths, apparently squeezing something between the fingers, which then seemed to fly directly into their mouths.

At this point they started chewing and the “thing between the fingers” was thrown in the garbage.

The only way he could describe it was like a soccer ball flying into a goal post. He thought that this was a funny way of scoring goals.

He later discovered that this was the way to enjoy the lupini beans, and that this is a popular snack of Italy. He also discovered that people from Portugal, Spain, Brazil, Turkey, Greece, Morocco and Lebanon also enjoy this bean.

As time passed and he became an expert in the food business (with over 1,200 products under his food umbrella, each one being the best of the best in the world and associated with hundreds of food processing factories around the world), he always wanted to undertake the production of the best-cooked lupinis on the market.

Although it seemed like an easy thing to do (just take a handful of lupini beans, put them in a can, fill up with water, put the lid on, place in the retort to be cooked and voila!), the task turned out to be completely different.

He was in for a 180-degree turn in the opposite direction!

He found out that inadequately processed lupini beans may cause botulism, a potentially fatal illness.

Needless to say, years later when he did decide to go into mass pro-
duction, there was no Internet to click here, or click there for information. So, one day he walked into his laboratory with a bag full of lupinis and disappeared for a couple of weeks.

When he finally emerged, he gave the thumbs up but his face looked very bitter. Even his blue eyes seemed to have turned yellowish in color.

He indicated that he knew everything there was to know about lupini beans and if he could make a can to satisfy the Italians, that meant he passed the most difficult test in his career.

Well then, the fact is as follows: we can give you the recipe on how to prepare lupini beans, but it is not necessary for anyone out there, to undertake the long preparation process.

This involves soaking the beans in water overnight, boiling them the next day for a couple of hours, draining off the water, and then adding and draining off fresh water 3 times each day for 1 week to 10 days. The beans also have to be kept in the refrigerator. If not refrigerated the water smells like hell. This procedure is necessary to remove the bitterness.

Therefore, should you have the time, and the patience to undertake this task, we tip our hats to you.

God forbid, should a pregnant woman begin to have a craving for lupini, I pity the poor husband trying to cook the lupinis and trying to remove the bitterness before the baby is born. They might not have time to thoroughly remove the bitterness, and then it is possible the baby will be born with a lupini-shaped birthmark on his belly…! Advice to you guys: run to the store as fast as you can and purchase a few cans of Mr. Goudas ready-to-eat Lupini Beans – it may save your life.

Mr. Goudas Lupini Beans are prepared as follows: After selecting the best lupini beans in the industry, they are transported to Bulgaria. The site where they are processed is at the bottom of a mountain from which a fresh water stream flows.

The beans are placed in a net (somewhat like a fishing net) and left for 12 days where the smooth, flowing water from the stream slowly removes the bitterness. (All the while there is a guard on the look-out for any lupini thieves…).

Then each batch is washed thor-
oughly one more time. Each bean is manually inspected for cracks and skin defects, and then the beans are inserted, one by one, into a can for further processing.

The attached picture attests to the quality of the beans, the correct holding position, and the edible portion.

Of course not everyone likes the taste of the lupini bean. It is an acquired taste. You either love it or you hate it. Whichever the case, lupini lovers consider Mr. Goudas Lupini Beans to be the best in the world.

Impress your Italian friends with a few cans of Mr. Goudas Lupinis as a present, they will love you forever.

Please remember: The outer skin of the lupini bean is discarded. The edible portion is on the inside.

Ajiaco Potato Soup
(from Bogota Colombia)

Hola, everyone!

If you are already proficient at making Potato Soup, you may feel that this recipe is totally unnecessary. However, if you would like to learn something new, and to entertain yourself at the same time, this recipe is tailor-made for you.

Of course, we spent some time
researching this information before presenting it. And since we do not cut and paste, or steal recipes from here and there, we went right to the source. Who else but Mr. Goudas himself! He is an expert at cooking and told us the following:

While he was in Colombia at a trade convention, he was taken to dinner in the city of Bogota to try the famous Bogota Ajiaco Soup.

Needless to say, this soup is a favourite of Colombians on a cool night. We Canadians cannot understand what they mean when they say “on a cool night”, when the average temperature there is over 30 degrees year round, and we mean Celsius not Fahrenheit!

However, in Bogota, the capital of Colombia, where the elevation is quite high, the temperature is quite chilly some nights of the year. And just imagine, only 100 kilometres from Bogota one could experience a heat wave. That is why Colombians in Bogota, enjoy this dish more than anything else in this world.

Being who he is, whenever he encounters a dish that impresses him, he proceeds to the kitchen and speaks directly to the chef. In this particular instance, when he tried to complement the chef and find out how the soup is made, the chef proceeded to explain in Spanish.

Mr. Goudas does not speak Spanish so the conversation was one-sided...! Consequently, he made a reservation to learn about this recipe at another time. The right time was just a few weeks ago when he visited a Colombian friend’s house and to his surprise he was treated him to this particular soup. He did not want to miss this opportunity to learn this recipe in detail, therefore, he gave us the following ingredients:

2-4 chicken breasts
3-4 cloves of garlic 1-2 onions
1 can of Chicken Broth (Mr. Goudas Chicken Broth with NO MSG)
2 yellow and 2 white potatoes
1 Can of Whole Kernel Corn
1 bunch scallions (green onion available in Caribbean or Latin Stores)
1 bunch cilantro (coriander)
4 tablespoons guascas
1 cup heavy cream 1/2 cup capers
2 avocados Salt and Pepper to taste

There is no word in English for guascas. It is very difficult to explain the taste but it tastes similar to oregano and may be purchased in Latin and South American stores. Oregano is not a substitute for guascas, only the taste is similar.

We suggest that you do not try to hide it in your luggage from South America because you may be detained at Customs until your leaves are identified. Should you encounter difficulty finding this guascas, then without it, you cannot call the soup Ajiago.

The night before, marinate the chicken breasts with garlic, onion and salt. The next day, place the
breasts in a casserole, add water, cover and cook until the chicken is tender. Transfer the chicken to a platter once it is cooked. Remove the skin and cut the chicken breasts into strips. Cut the yellow potatoes into small pieces, place in the water left over from the chicken and boil until they are partially cooked.

Add 1 can of chicken broth. Cut the scallion into small pieces. Dice the white potatoes. Add the scallions, cilantro, diced potatoes, guascas, salt and pepper to taste. Continue cooking until the yellow potatoes are melted and have become smooth and creamy; and the white potatoes are fully cooked.

For effective presentation, you may remove the bunch of cilantro.

To serve this soup, for some reason or another, it tastes better when served in a clay bowl. (Mr. Goudas recalls that as a young boy while working in the clay factory, the yogurt always tasted better in a clay bowl). In four separate bowls place the chicken strips, corn, capers and cream, and allow each person to self-serve as much as they care to.

With respect to the avocados, cut
them into halves, remove the seeds, slice from the inside without cutting the skin and allow each person to use a small spoon to take portions out. Needless to say, if you are a potato lover, this would become your most favourite potato dish.

While in Colombia, Mr. Goudas became excited about the food, the culture and the people and upon his return he wrote a book titled: “Experiencing Colombia as seen through the eyes of Spyros Peter Goudas”. This tribute to Colombia was highly regarded and acknowledged to be one of the best books written about Colombia.

We hope you had a wonderful time reading this recipe. “Colombia es passion” and they are passionate about their food. We believe that once you taste this Ajiaco Soup you will become as passionate as they are about it.

Mr. Goudas extends his sincerest thank you to Senora Maria Vargas for the time she took to provide him with this wonderful recipe. We, in turn, extend our thanks to Mr. Goudas for revealing this recipe to us and for providing the attached pictures which he took himself.

Chick Peas Salad

There are many ways of creating a delicious Chick Peas Salad.

One method is to create it yourself from scratch.

In this case you need 1 pound of chick peas as the base ingredient.

Place chick peas in a large bowl (check for any foreign objects e.g. stones, sticks, etc). Add enough water to cover them and 2 teaspoons of baking soda. Let them soak overnight. The next day, drain the overnight water and boil in fresh water until tender to your taste.

This is actually the best way to begin. However, you should purchase the right chick peas and there are many brands on the market.

Determining the correct one is sometimes very difficult.
If you are satisfied with the brand you presently buy, do not change.

When shopping for chick peas at the supermarket, you will discover that there are inexpensive chick peas with or without a brand name.

Upon looking further, however, you may notice skin defects or discolouration from one brand to another, as well as differences in size.

In the chick peas category, the larger the size, the better it is.

On the other hand, for example, the smaller the okra, the better it is.

Mr. Goudas Chick Peas do not have any of the above deficiencies.

They are well uniformed in size. (We do not say this because Mr. Goudas himself personally created this recipe. The fact is that he is very strict and fussy about the quality of all his products.

Customer satisfaction is very important to him. We, his employees, have tried his products, and have unanimously agreed that they are the best).

The reason being is that his organization chooses the proper crop, the right area of growing, the right size, minimizes the skin defects, and transports the chick peas from the farms to the packaging plant and finally to the store, in such a manner, so as to ensure that the consumer purchases the best.

If you have the patience, and prefer to prepare this recipe from scratch, then Mr. Goudas strongly advises that you check the peas for any foreign objects because they are not washed and picked one at a time.

Method two:

You can avoid all the picking, washing, rinsing, soaking, etc... by simply purchasing a can of Mr. Goudas Chick Peas.

Drain the water. Rinse once, and place the contents into a large bowl. Cut one large semi-sweet onion into cubes, approximately the same size as the chick peas, and add. Wash 2 celery stalks...
(remember to remove the strings as much as possible) and cut into cubes, the size of the chick peas or smaller. Add a few leaves of chopped parsley, and finally sprinkle with Extra Virgin Olive Oil and a little oregano (optional).

(Do not pour too much Olive Oil since the Chick Peas do not know how to swim).

Add the juice of 1 fresh lemon, 1 finely chopped clove of garlic, and Salt and black pepper to taste.

Please mix gently with two spoons until all ingredients are balanced out.

Serve as is, or as a side dish to the main course. You may also cover your chickpeas salad with a plastic wrap and refrigerate for the following day, thereby allowing the flavour of all the ingredients to penetrate the chick peas.

Needless to say, this dish contains lots of fiber and iron.

Mr. Goudas’ grandmother died at the age of 106 and she drank half of a small cup of Olive Oil every morning. In this case, it was not the Mr. Goudas brand, since her grandson had not yet created the Goudas line of products.

At that age she had almost all of her teeth, except for a few broken ones due to the fact that she may have used inferior chick peas with no brand name, which maybe had sticks and stones inside!

Since hundreds of recipes have been written about Mr. Goudas Chick Peas, the company and Mr. Goudas himself feel they are at the point of no return, with respect to the selection of the best chick peas.

We will not say that you will never find a little stone here and there that looks like the peas themselves in the package of the raw product, so we advise you to examine prior to using because errors do happen.

We do not want anyone to say that they are missing a tooth because they used Mr. Goudas Chick Peas.

Chick Pea Trivia: Chick peas are grown in countries such as California, Mexico, Central Canada, Turkey, India and Australia. Usually, Mexico produces the largest sized chick peas, and they are usually softer.

There are some countries in the world that have never heard about chick peas, even though they are near to the countries that produce them. For example, Turkey is one of the leading countries in chick pea cultivation, they even roast them and eat them as a snack.

And yet, the natives of the neighbouring country, Bulgaria, have no knowledge of chick peas.

We hope you have had a bit of fun preparing this salad and we hope you enjoy it as much as we did.

Goudas Foods has launched another variety of chick peas in the can, Mr. Goudas Garilito Chick Peas, which is
basically chick peas with a garlic flavour.

Please make a note that this is not an ideal snack to eat before you go on a date.

However, you take a can along and both of you can eat it. Then, it will be smooth sailing.

CHICK PEAS SOUP

1 lb Chick Peas  
1 teaspoon Baking Soda  
2 onions 2 tablespoons Olive Oil  
1 teaspoon Parsley flakes  
1 lemon, Salt and Pepper to taste  
1 tablespoon Mr. Goudas Trinidad Hot Sauce.

Soak chick peas overnight in water with baking soda.

The next day, drain off water and thoroughly rinse the chick peas. Check for stones or any foreign objects.  

In a medium sized pot 2/3 filled with water, add chick peas, cover and bring to a boil. Reduce heat to medium and continue boiling for approximately 30 minutes to 1 hour depending on the quality.

Chop the onions into wedges and add together with the olive oil, hot sauce, parsley, the juice of 1 lemon, and salt/pepper to taste.

At this point, you may remove a pot spoonful of chick peas and transfer them to a plate. Using a fork, crush them and return these ground chick peas to the pot.

This adds thickness to the soup. Reduce heat and allow to simmer for an additional 30 minutes or until chick peas are tender to your taste. Remove from heat.

Serve with lemon slices, fresh bread, Feta Cheese and olives.

Enjoy the versatility of the chick pea.

This is a very simple method of preparing this wonderful dish and we suggest that sometimes you give it a try.

However, if you are feeling a little under the weather, or time is of essence, then we suggest that you open a can of Mr. Goudas Chick Peas Soup, which does not contain any MSG.

Heat it up, serve and enjoy!

The above are a few suggestions
These two pictures illustrate Curried Chick Peas, also referred to as Curry Channa, which make a favourite East Indian and Caribbean dish.

There are multiple variations, depending upon the individual’s taste and nationality, to fill us an entire recipe book!

However, in this pamphlet, we have chosen to give you an idea of the products and some suggestions on how to use them.

So instead of saying

have a good day,

let us say:

Have a Chick Pea day!

Plain rice

How to cook any variety!

Obviously, there is a first time for any new chef to undertake cooking rice. Sometimes, a person can get very annoyed after purchasing a bag of rice, when once at home, he/she realizes that there are no cooking instructions on the package. And, being a novice at cooking, one is stuck.

On the other hand, sometimes there are cooking instructions that one follows right down to the last detail and the rice still does not come out right.

The reason for that is sometimes the instructions tell you to put 1 cup of rice to 2 cups of water. Bring water to boil then put the rice in the pot, cover with the lid, reduce the heat for 18-1/2 minutes or 20 minutes and 18.5 seconds, so let us syn-
chronize our watches, and hope that
the water evaporates and the rice
gets cooked.
If you hit the jackpot, maybe you end
up with good tasting rice!

Obviously, different varieties of rice
have different cooking time periods,
and with each stove being different
electric stoves give off different heat
proportions than gas stoves), the
instructions on the bags can be way
off from reality.
You may end up with very soft rice,
which is yucky, and right off the bat
you will hate the taste.
Or, it is hard as a bullet and your
dentist will love you!
The fact is you do not need a
Masters Degree, or a Ph. D. to
figure it out.

We still did, however, ask the top
expert in the rice business, the
master in rice cooking, the Man
for all Seasonings according to the
Business Journal Magazine; to solve
our problem and give us his opinion
on this matter, which is very serious.

Mr. Goudas told us that there are
people who cook rice very well and
he always learns from them.
But for people who have no idea and
they want to experiment with the
grain, he states:
Regardless of the variety, brand or
country of origin, a beginner should
have the following:
1 cup of rice (enough for 1 person)
5 or more parts water salt to taste

This is all you require as far as the
list of ingredients. And, of course – a
pot! Put the pot on the stove.
Add the water. Turn the stove on.
Bring the water to a boil.
Add that cup of rice and salt to taste.

Let the rice boil until it is tender to
your taste.
Every so often taste one grain.

It is also quite entertaining to watch
the rice boiling, jumping up and
down and, since you do not cover
the pot, use the lid as your steel
drum instrument, a fork as the drum-
stick and get into the rhythm as you
watch the grains bubbling;
all the while singing the song with
the words:

Goudas Rice is very nice!
Goudas Rice is very nice!
It is good for pelau*
or Chinese fried rice!
So take my advice
and buy Goudas Rice!

You must repeat the song again
and again until the rice is tender to
your taste! You then remove it from
the stove and empty into in a colan-
der/strainer.
When all the water is drained, return
the rice to the pot, place a slice or
two of butter on the top.
Cover the pot with your steel drum
(lid) for a few minutes to allow the
butter to melt into the rice and stir.
If you do not like butter, put a little
bit of margarine or oil.
Now you are the chef! If you like the
rice, and we hope you do, stick to
Mr. Goudas rice!
Greek or Turkish Coffee

Believe it or not, how many of you do not consider yourself awake until you have had your first cup of coffee – be it Maxwell House, Nescafe, Nabob, that Italian Espresso, Cappuccino, or lo and behold, a demitasse of Greek Coffee? And yes, we are talking about our need for caffeine.

Greeks enjoy coffee. Coffee shops are everywhere in Greece. Some Greeks do not even say good morning until that first demitasse (flitzani - correct name for the coffee cup in Greek).

In the good old days, a pleasant day began with a few cups early in the morning and ended with a nightcap in the town square. Having coffee in a Greek Café is an event. It is sitting comfortably on a patio and having an apron-clad waiter at your disposal.

If you are a regular patron, he knows exactly how you drink your coffee and there is no room for error, because he may end up with a black eye.
(Of course this is a joke, Greek people are not violent - but if push comes to shove, then instead of one, he will have two black eyes)!
Also after drinking the coffee, the cup is turned upside down, until the residue makes marks in the cup, and someone within the group is usually capable of reading what the future holds.

As you can see in the pictures and from the expression on the gentleman’s face, there is surprising and happy news.
And you know something? Sometimes, if the cup reader is good, maybe what he predicts comes through.

For example, this guy predicted the price of rice in China...!

There are subtle variations in the preparation of each cup of coffee; for example: boiled sweet, semi sweet, black, over boiled sweet, under boiled sweet, over boiled with no bubbles, semi boiled with lots of bubbles, light with bubbles, double dose, double sweet, etc., etc.! We could continue with variations to fill a book.

Many people believe coffee beans are black or brown, but as is evident in the picture,
coffee beans are red on the outside and white on the inside. We also see Mr. Goudas saying Buenos Dias to Senor Juan Valdez look alike, the king of coffee.

Research has indicated that coffee was first brewed by the Arabians, but the first coffee shop was opened in Greece centuries ago, and to this day, the Greeks and the Turks have the strongest coffee in the world!

The preparation of Greek Coffee is very specific. You need the following equipment: an Irbrik or briki, which is a small metallic pot with an unusually long handle (as seen in the picture), and a flitzani, which is a small coffee cup. Let us now prepare Greek Coffee for 2 You will need:

- 2 teaspoons of Greek coffee
- 2 demitasse (small cups) of cold water

Pour the cold water into the briki; add coffee. Place briki on hot stove and bring to a slight boil. Just as the coffee begins to bubble and foam, remove from stove and pour into demitasse, place on appropriate saucers (sugar is a personal choice). Serve.

(It is important for you to keep a close eye on the pot because at the moment the coffee begins to bubble, within a fraction of a second, the elevated bubbles can overflow the briki. This would then be considered as an over boiled coffee, which only 1 – 2 percent of Greeks enjoy).

Sip slowly, savor the flavour and enjoy your conversation. Keep the pinkie finger elevated. It is a cool thing to do, like the British when they are drinking tea. (Hope this made you laugh a little).

(There is always a thick coffee ground residue left in the coffee cup. Do not drink or attempt to eat... if you do, you have a lot of sleepless nights ahead of you). Although we refer to this method as Greek or Turkish Coffee, the main ingredient comes either from Brazil or Colombia. However, both the Greeks and the Turks have a special way of roasting the coffee beans and, not even the coffee bean producing countries know the secret.

It is important to know that when a Greek person invites you for coffee, he does not mean you are going to Tim Hortons or Country Style. The invitation is for coffee either at his house or at a Greek restaurant, in which case you must know what you are getting yourself into.

If you are brave enough and willing to try it, you must decide after the first sip whether you want to quit right there, and give the excuse that you forgot the advice of your doctor to avoid coffee at this time of the day...or, you can risk the strong chance of becoming hooked on Greek Coffee for the rest of your life!
Dolmades and Cabbage Rolls

Dolmades Stuffed Vine Leaves

Dolmades are delicate parcels made from grape leaves (also known as vine leaves) stuffed with long-grain rice, fresh herbs and seasonings.

Dolmades may be served as an appetizer or salad plate, eaten as finger food, or simply enjoyed as a tasty snack.

Here are the instructions step-by-step:

1. Heat 4 or 5 tablespoons of extra virgin Olive Oil in a medium pot on low heat, add 1 finely chopped onion and stir fry for a few minutes until golden in colour. Salt and pepper to taste.
2. Add 1 cup of water, 1 cup parboiled rice, and fresh dill. Bring to a boil, reduce heat until the water evaporates, stir occasionally to combine the ingredients uniformly. Remove from heat.
3. In a separate pot, bring some water to a boil and add approximately 20 to 30 grape leaves for 5 or 6 minutes. Drain, pat dry, and then trim the stems. Place one of the leaves (vein side facing up) on a plate, and put a tablespoon of the rice mixture near the stem. Fold the stem end over the filling once, then fold the edges in. Continue rolling the leaf until it is completely folded. (Avoid folding too tightly as the rice will expand during cooking).
4. Repeat the above procedure with the remaining grape leaves and filling.
5. Line the bottom of a large pot with any damaged grape leaves and place the rolled dolmades side-by-side (seam-side down) in a single layer on top of the leaves.
6. Pour 1½ cups of water, 1 tablespoon of lemon juice and 2 tablespoons of Extra Virgin Olive Oil over the dolmades.
7. Cover with a heavy plate, which fits inside of the pot so as to hold your dolmades in position once they begin to boil, otherwise they will unfold and there will be ingredients floating everywhere.
8. Bring to boil and cover the pot. Reduce heat and simmer for approximately half an hour without lifting the lid.
9. Sample one of your beautiful creations. If in your opinion it is cooked, then voila! If not, add a little more water and continue simmering until satisfactory to you.

As stated above, dolmades are appetizers. A key factor in the final outcome of this dish is finding the right grape leaves.

You do not want to find yourself pulling strings out of your mouth after eating. Therefore, we recommend purchasing brands which have been proven to consistently provide good quality leaves:

With respect to the rice, we suggest Mr. Goudas Parboiled Rice, because this par-
Particular variety withstands the extra heat and cooking that this dish requires, without the fear of the rice becoming mashy-mashy, or puttee-puttee. Each grain will stand independently.

If you like softer rice then we recommend the Mamma Lucia Brand

Hopefully, we have given you all the information you need to create delicious dolmades, and it is up to you to take the time to try this dish at least once.

It seems like a lot of work, but if you enjoy cooking you will find that it is also quite creative and entertaining.

Should you not have the time or the patience to undertake this dish, leave it to the professionals and simply open a can of Mr. Goudas Dolmades ready-to-eat, right out of the can.

You may serve as is, or place in the microwave for 1 minute only. Each piece is a mouthful and each bite is a delight.

This is very important: We mentioned that the selection of the leaves is of great significance to the outcome of this recipe.

There are 2 harvesting periods for the leaves: spring and autumn.

The spring leaves are small and tender and the autumn leaves are somewhat larger, thicker and rougher in texture with mature strings.

Mr. Goudas Dolmades are made with spring leaves hence the reason why his dolmades are so tender and mouth-watering.

Cabbage Rolls

Ingredients:
1 large cabbage (the kind with the softer leaves)
2 Onions
2 cups of Parboiled Rice
1/2 cup Vegetable or Olive oil
1 Lemon
Salt and pepper to taste
Dill leaves (optional)
(Mincemeat is optional) Preparation:
Place the cabbage in a large pot, add 2 cups of water and boil at “high” temperature for approximately 15 minutes until the leaves are somewhat soft.
Mix the juice of the lemon with the salt and pepper in a small cup, and add dill, only if you enjoy the taste.
Place the rice in a pot and add this mix. Chop the onions into small pieces, and add to the rice.
Add 1 cup of water and bring to a boil for 5-6 minutes, until the water evaporates and the ingredients become semi-soft.
Remove the cabbage from the heat and separate the leaves. (Of course we do not have to tell you to let it cool so that you do not burn your fingers, okay!!).
Remove the hard part of the leaves, and use only the soft part so the rolls can twist better and will have uniformity in taste and texture.
Place a small amount of the rice on each leaf and roll fully.

With respect to the rice, we suggest Mr. Goudas Parboiled Rice if you like each grain to stand independently, or Mamma Lucia, if you prefer a little softer rice.
Carefully place all the rolls in a pot, in individual layers one on top of the other, until all the leaves have been used, and add enough water to cover all the layers.

Pour the oil on top of the rolls and cover with a small plate to keep them in place while cooking. Cover the pot and boil under “low heat” for approximately 25-30 minutes.

You may enhance this recipe with a mix of egg and lemon sauce as a topping. However, that’s a different seminar...!

We hope that we have given you all the information you need to create some delicious Cabbage Rolls.

As always, it is up to you to take the time to try this dish at least once.

It certainly seems like a lot of work, but if you enjoy cooking, you will find that it is also quite creative, entertaining, and according to Mr. Goudas, quite relaxing after a hard day at the office.

In fact, even executives, lawyers, or business owners, who undergo lots of stress everyday, will find making these treats as a therapeutic retreat from the busy business world.

Should you not have the time or the patience to undertake this dish, leave it to the professionals and simply open a can of Mr. Goudas Cabbage Rolls, ready-to-eat, right out of the can. You may serve it as is, or heat for one minute.

Each piece is a mouthful and each bite is a delight.

The following article enlightens the consumer about the creation of Goudas Cabbage Rolls:

We have worked quite hard to make this product. In the initial stages we made several batches in our laboratory kitchen. The first thing to be considered was the taste.

We had to search for the proper cabbage, and as you know, there are many varieties on the market.

Next on the agenda was the selection of the most appropriate variety of rice.

Additionally, we had to balance out the right spices, onion, dill, etc.

And finally, after many attempts we came up with good results.

Of course this was in the initial stages and there was a big difference from where we were to where we wanted to be.

After two years of hard work, many trials and many errors, Mr. Goudas finally arrived at the perfect finished product.

This product is such, that it can be taken anywhere: home, office, camp, and even at the cottage.

Should you be able to teach your kids to appreciate this food item, it may eliminate their desire for junk food.

Mr. Goudas Cabbage Rolls are also available in a large 2 kilogram can, which is suitable for large families, dinner parties, as an appetizer, or for restaurants.

To make this product uniform in size we had to use only the soft portion of the cabbage leaves and enhance the taste with fresh onions and fresh dill.

Therefore, Mr. Goudas personally, and with the help of the finest in the industry, was able to achieve a state-of-the-art product in ready-to-eat meals.

It is important for you to understand that all the ingredients are placed raw in the can, the lid is placed in position, and the product is then cooked within the can in an apparatus called a “retort”.

This is why the precise elevation in temperature, the length of cooking time and the cooling period, all play an important role in the final outcome.

Go! Go! Go! - Go Goudas Go!
For some time now Mr. Goudas has mentioned to us a ‘story’. We cannot categorize it, whether it is a tragedy, or a comedy, we will let you decide. We are also unsure as to what the appropriate title should be. The following titles were suggested: The Swimmer, A Kid in Trouble, The Drowning Kid, The Naked Swimmer, Desperate Moments, The Jumping King, “Go! Goudas Go!”...

Since we know that this is one of the last articles, we worked very hard to capture the full meaning of the story. Therefore, we would like to take you back to the beginning of the biography. Spyros Peter Goudas was born in an area of Greece called Kalamaki, a beautiful town, and a suburb of Athens, overlooking the Saronikos.

Like any other immigrant in this country he is very proud of the town where he was born. We also mentioned that he was an avid swimmer and a member of the Kalamaki Swimming Team as a young boy (page 11).

During adolescence and as a consequence of the physical demands of his job, he developed extraordinary muscles that forced him to engage in recreational swimming only. The fact is that a person with a muscular, bodybuilding physique does not swim well. They can float but they cannot participate in competitive swimming. For this you need a smooth, flowing body, somewhat like Johnny Weissmuller’s of Tarzan’s fame, so that you can slide across the water.

Hence, Spyros’ athletic body prevented him from accomplishing this feat.

The town of Kalamaki is located in an area of the Saronikos, frequented by many tourists because the beaches between Old Falirko to Sounio are some of the most beautiful and idyllic in the world. Kalamakiotes (the name that the people from Kalamaki are called), are very proud of this and one of the resulting products of this environment was a strong Kalamaki Swimming Team, despite the fact that they never won the Pan-Hellenic Swimming Championship.

Around the summer of either 1956-57 or 58, the Pan Hellenic Championship was being held at the Athens Swimming Venue.

Spectators and lovers of the sport had purchased tickets months in advance. Spyros, together with some of his friends, thought it would be a good idea to attend this event, to have a good time and to provide moral support for the Kalamaki team, which included his young sister, a champion in the young girls’ category, and a participant in this event.

The games progressed through the various categories, for example men women or boy/girl categories, 50 metres, 100 metres, backstroke, freestyle, butterfly, and so on. Everything was progressing very well, with lots of excitement due to the fact that Kalamaki was winning, and the Kalamakiotes were becoming louder and louder each time one of their own
emerged a winner. King Pavlos and Queen Frederica were in attendance and were quite serious and stately, as required of royalty.

Additionally, the entire event was being broadcast live through the media. It was coming close to the end of the games, with one event left to be completed, the 200-metre, which was the most important. This particular event required one swimmer from each team to swim for 200 metres, the first 50 - freestyle, return 50 - breaststroke, third 50 - backstroke and fourth 50 - butterfly.

The fact that Kalamaki was winning only required this final competitor to finish the race, regardless of which place he was in, first or last. Kalamaki was already celebrating because they knew they had one of the best swimmers in this category.

Spyros Peter was sitting and pre-celebrating among his friends and fellow Kalamakiotes.

Suddenly, he noticed that some friends were signaling to him from the poolside. When he finally made his way down to them, they requested that he should follow them into the change room.

At that time they informed him that their champion, who was scheduled to swim next, had suddenly become ill (diarrhea or something) and it was not possible to replace him with any of the swimmers who had already taken part in the previous races.

Since he was the brother of Marina, who was a champion swimmer, and since they were well aware of his swimming capabilities, both as a former competitive swimmer and as a regular at the beach, they thought he would be the best candidate to replace the ill competitor. Spyros was hesitant and tried to decline the offer. But before he could even say "Johnny Weissmuller" they were already undressing him and were physically putting him into the swimming trunks of the ill competitor, which turned out to be a little too big for him.

The next thing he knew, he was being carried to and positioned on to the diving podium with some resistance because he was still undecided as to whether he should assume this responsibility. But when he heard the Kalamaki fans calling his name and enthusiastically shouting, "Go! Go! Go! Go Goudas Go!", and the coach simultaneously instructing him to "make Kalamaki proud" and to remember that he did not have to win, just finish the race, he felt a wave of excitement run through his body.

Before he could think any further, he heard the announcer with the countdown, "3, 2, 1" and the sound of the starter pistol "Boom".

Instinctively, he dove into the water, and to the surprise of everyone, including himself, the swim trunks, which were a little bigger than his size, automatically slid down and came off his body. Shocked, he quickly tried to retrieve them, but they were already sinking to the bottom of the pool.

In the mean time the crowd continued to shout: "Go Goudas Go!"

Obviously, everyone was laughing because of this new dimension in swimming, "the naked swimmer". He continued swimming only to find out almost halfway through his first 50-metres that he met the competitors on their return stretch. Upon his arrival at the first 50-metre point, he discovered that the other swimmers had already arrived too.

He made the turn to begin the next level, the breaststroke, when he realized that the others were doing the butterfly. With his mouth full of water, blinded by the chlorine he was not used to, and his muscles already getting tighter and
tighter, he struggled to continue. When his competitors finally finished the race and the crowd began to shout bravo, bravo to the winners, Spyros was still trying to finish the first 100 metres. Upon his arrival, he tried to tell his coach and teammates that he was unable to continue and was completely exhausted, but the coach forcefully instructed him to “Go, Go, Go”! He had no choice but to persist.

The next stretch, the backstroke was very embarrassing for him but all the girls had a good time. They cheered him on constantly. So with his new antenna navigation system he tried to do his best. However, he was drinking water left and right, and with a determination way beyond his abilities and effort, after a long battle, he finally approached the end of the 150 metres, at which point an ambulance had already been dispatched to pick him up in case of an emergency. Not only the Kalamaki team, but also the swimming committee, along with the competition, even King Pavlos and his Queen, were standing up and pointing in the other direction of the finishing position, shouting with encouragement: “Go Goudas Go!”

At this point he made up his mind to continue farther despite the tons of water he had swallowed to make the effort to complete the 50 metres of the butterfly stroke. His arms seemed to weigh a ton through the fact that his muscles were locked, and his chest was not able to get any air because they were filled with water.

He was overwhelmed with the media broadcast and with the crowd standing up and continuing the “Go! Go! Go! Go Goudas Go!” chant of encouragement, even through the PA system.

After a long battle he finally arrived about 10 metres from the finish line only to perform some desperate moves. And with superhuman effort, each time he was about to dive down, instead of going a few centimetres ahead, he discovered on coming up that he was moving backwards instead of forward.

With the blindness in his eyes and no oxygen in his chest, Spyros thought he was going to die and completely lost his sense of direction. At that point some of the finest swimmers, even from the competition, jumped in to the pool, surrounded him, and without physically touching him, guided him by indicating the direction in which he should go each time he emerged to the surface.

Needless to say, the last two metres were a “life and death situation” for Spyros although the crowd was louder than anyone can describe. It was only when he finally touched the podium, that the statement from a recent film: “White Men Can’t Jump” proved to be untrue, because even the King was demonstrating the opposite by jumping up and down when Spyros finally finished the race!

It was at this point that Spyros collapsed. He was picked up from the water, taken out limp and naked, into an awaiting towel. He was a hero, and was triumphantly carried away on the shoulders of his teammates and his competitors alike, accompanied by a thunderous applause and screams of the “Go! Go! Go! Go Goudas Go!” chant echoing in the background.

The writer believes that this is the “piece de resistance” and the most beautiful story. It should be entitled:

COURAGE BEYOND RECOGNITION.
THE COW FOOT STORY

Funny Story

In the Caribbean, Cow Foot is referred to as “The poor man’s food”.

1 Cow’s Foot (cut into pieces)
1 can of Mr. Goudas Lima Beans (Butter Beans)
2 – 3 cloves of garlic
2 large onions
1 – 2 pieces of fresh thyme (1 tsp thyme flakes)
1 green onion or scallion
2 tbsp Mr. Goudas Seasoning Sauce
Salt and Black Pepper to taste
1 tbsp Mr. Goudas Trinidad Hot Sauce or Scotch Bonnet Sauce

Cow foot may be purchased from your butcher or local Caribbean food outlet, which also sells meat. This will ensure that the cow foot is clean (hooves removed), and cut into serving size pieces.

Wash the cow foot, exactly as you would wash any other meat (chicken, beef and pork, for example).

Drain water. Chop the onions, garlic, scallion and thyme into pieces, and add to cow foot. Add seasoning sauce, salt and pepper to taste. Cover bowl and shake vigorously to allow ingredients to penetrate the meat. Let it sit for approximately 1 hour, or overnight if time permits. This marinating of the meat is very important.

Place the cow foot in 6-7 cups of water and bring to a boil. Reduce heat to medium and cook until tender. Approximately 2 to 3 hours.
Add butter beans in the last 5 minutes. Add hot sauce and additional salt and pepper, if necessary.

(If you want your Cow Foot Dish to taste not only good, but SUPERB, add 2 tablespoons of Mr. Goudas Tamarind Sauce!)

Serve over a bed of rice.

(Funny Story begins)

Now we know that the COW’S FOOT is not a strange phenomenon. It is actually just another type of meat that has been enjoyed for centuries by Caribbean and other nationalities, and is actually considered a poor man’s food.

However, back in the 1960’s and 70’s this item was prohibited for sale in Canada.

So then, let us go back to that time and imagine Peter Spyros Goudas, who had just entered the ethnic business, and had a little store in “Jewtown” as it was called back then. It is currently called Kensington Market. Imagine further that he is trying to cope with the needs of the different nationalities entering the store.

If you visualize that time, then you can image Mr. Peter Goudas, who was the owner of that store, with his broken Greek-accented English, trying to communicate with a Jamaican who speaks only Jamaican patois and asks for Cow Foot and Cow Cod...

(In Jamaican circles, it is rumoured that this soup enhances the man’s physical ability). Jah man!

So Peter did not understand what exactly these two items were. All the while during the conversation, the Jamaican man eagerly tried to explain what Cow Cod is, by pulling his zipper down and explaining to him that it was the same thing but “quite bigger because it was from the bull!”

Now that we put you in the comedy mood, let us explain the pain and the effects after Mr. Goudas decided to fulfill the obligation and obtain these two items from the slaughter house.

The following week, he was quite happy to present to the gentleman with the Cow Foot and the Cow Cod.
The gentleman was pleased to receive the cow cod the way it was. But when it came to the cow’s foot, he told Peter that it was dirty, hairy, ugly and smelly. He said that it had to be clean, smooth, with its hooves removed, odourless, and also cut into cubes for cooking.

He also told Peter that back home in Jamaica, the hair was burnt off, but he would prefer if it were removed altogether.

Peter told the customer not to worry and that in the following week he would have it ready for him, only if he were to teach him some Jamaican words. Peter was promptly taught “Raas claat” which he thought meant “Good Morning”.

Peter used this word as a welcome greeting to each customer for many years...(If you have not laughed for the day, take this article to your Jamaican friend for an explanation, which you will get for sure!)

The customer left with the intention of returning the following week. He left Peter behind still looking at the hairy cow’s foot.

The first thing he thought of was to give it a “bath” to make it look pretty, and dry it off with a blow dryer. After that, at least it appeared to look better! He then wrapped it up in a few sheets of newspaper, placed it beneath his arm, and went around the block to the nearest barbershop.

He waited until all the customers had left and then asked the barber to close the door and pull the curtains down so that no one could see inside, since he had to do a special assignment.

When the barber looked at it, he told Peter he only had a license to cut human hair. So Peter then told him “I will give you a certificate if you pass the exam and shave this cow’s foot”!

Needless to say, Peter and the barber tried for the next two hours with very little success, leaving spots of hair all over the place. Even the razor broke a few times!

Since the job was not complete, Peter thought it would be a good idea to take the next step and go to the pharmacy. He had heard of this new discovery in hair removal for the ladies called Neet.

When he asked the pharmacist where he stocked the Neet, the pharmacist asked “Who is it for?” Peter did not want to say it was for the cow’s foot, so he said it was for himself.

The pharmacist obviously thought that maybe Peter was some kind of a sissy.

He asked him what hair he wanted to remove and Peter responded “my legs man”, and lifted his pants to show his hairy legs.

Once he presented him with a bottle of Neet, Peter realized that the Pharmacist was puzzled because he kept scratching and moving his head the whole time. It was like he had doubts about the whole situation...

Peter took the Neet and went straight to his apartment to experiment with the new hair removal item.

It worked somewhat, but Peter determined that it was not designed to
remove hair from cow feet. So the idea failed. The Neet was much more expensive than the cow’s foot, and the barber had already cost him $20.

This was starting to become an expensive and time consuming venture!

Peter then remembered that the customer told him that the hair was removed sometimes by burning it. So the other solution was to go to Home Hardware and purchase a blow torch.

The salesman asked what he needed the torch for and the response he received was “welding”. So he was outfitted with a propane welding torch.

With his new equipment he started working to burn off the hair, which finally resulted in success, and some burnt spots.

The next assignment was to remove the hoof; so he took it to the nearest millwright shop. After a few hours of using a vice grip, hand saw, hammer and a chisel, he eventually was able to remove the hoof.

Mission accomplished! Now he had to wait for the customer.

When the customer came into the store, Peter presented him with the cow’s foot. The customer was very happy and taught Peter a new word “Bombacloth”...Peter was ecstatic! He now knew, not only how to say Good Morning, but also how to say Good Night!

Nevertheless, the following week Peter was presented with a big bowl of Cow Foot Soup from the customer. (After eating it, he felt the natural effects of the soup.

In today’s terms he calls it a viagra-supplement). And by the way, it was simply delicious.

Well, we hope you had a great dose of laughter from this story, although it was difficult to put it down on paper. Mr. Goudas thinks we need a little laughter in our life!

With the complete satisfaction of this particular customer, and the endless possibilities for future customers, Peter Spyros Goudas felt it would be a good idea to apply to the Canadian Government, to make an exception of the ruling. This would allow for the sale of the cow’s feet on the open market provided they had been cleaned.

Finally, Mr. Goudas developed a technique to completely remove the hair without using the torch, scissors, hand saw, the barber and Neet. He opened a small additional business to clean approximately 300 cows’ feet per day.

The hair was successfully removed by inserting the leg into a specific temperature hot water, for a certain length of time (without the leg being cooked), and by scraping the leg with a knife. The hoof was detached from the leg by heating it in boiling water and striking it forcefully against the ground.

So now you know THE COW FOOT STORY, and who is the pioneer in the industry in Canada.
This former “poor man’s food”, as it was initially referred to at the beginning of the article, we think will become a delicacy, since this article will be read by millions of people. We think there might even be a shortage of cow’s feet, in which case butchers will begin to wish if only cows didn’t have just 4 feet, but 40 feet instead, like the centipede!

As always, we hope you enjoy making this dish and reading the articles of the man, who, although he is not selling cow’s feet anymore, is hoping that you will purchase the additional ingredients such as: Lima Beans, Salt, Black Pepper, Hot Sauce, and of course Rice, under the Goudas label. And we all know they are the best.

We suggest you do not use the above mentioned Jamaican words without consulting a Jamaican friend! Although they may or may not mean Good Morning and Good Night, we suggest that you do not, and we mean DO NOT USE THESE WORDS WITHOUT CONSULTING A JAMAICAN FRIEND!!

This is a small note that we have to insert: Just a reminder that this article is not in any way a criticism of the Jamaican culture, but it is a real event that did happen. Please see it for its own inherent humour.

People from the Caribbean, and particularly from Jamaica have been long-standing, loyal customers and friends of Mr. Goudas. They love him and they drink to his health and happiness.

The circumstances under which this article was written were very spontaneous. One day Mr. Goudas was in a very talkative mood, and during the general break of the employees, he gathered everyone and started to narrte an event that happened to him a long time ago. His secretary, immediately captured this story in shorthand, as told by Mr. Goudas himself, and created this article.

Obviously, the individuals who heard this story facing the narrator in person had the privilege of seeing his facial expressions and hearing his laughter. However, we sure that you have enjoyed the humour, pain and surprises this story reveals.

On a final note, this story will give you a taste of the very beginning of Mr. Goudas’ journey towards understanding the multicultural society of Canada, which he was determined to capture.

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In the next few pages you will view the covers of additional booklets written by Mr. Goudas. One of them titled Canada Geese, is a story of a summer spent with these birds.

The article was published in various newspapers.

It is a delightful story and we have reprinted it here for your enjoyment.

It is a wonderful story for bird lovers and animal lovers in general.

Mr. Goudas has penned a very personal experience with one of Canada’s treasures.

Here is the story as he wrote it.
CANADA GEESE

Introduction: During the early weeks of winter Canadians are very acquainted with that traditional quacking sound coming from above followed by a flock of birds in a somewhat V-formation flying south. This is the migration of the CANADA GEESE to warmer ground in the south. They usually return in early spring.

I have witnessed scenes like this hundreds of times during my years in Canada but I never paid too much attention to it; Until .....
I tried to tell them to go away by signaling them out, but they continued knocking at the window.

I went outside and tried to tell them to go away. Maybe being Canada Geese, they understand perfect English; they did not understand my Greek-Canadian accent because they continued looking at me.

Obviously, they did not come to say hello, or to see what I was doing. Neither were they interested in how the business was progressing. They communicated that they were hungry.

I checked the office refrigerator and found a few slices of bread and proceeded outside. I walked into the parking lot. To my surprise there was a whole flock of geese. It appeared that the geese had brought the whole family and close relatives to meet me.

I sat down on the sidewalk with the food in my hand and watched them move with their special strides of whole body movement.

It took more than half-an-hour, until finally they came close to me and started eating from my hand.

Oh what an experience this was!

I even got to know them by name. One had a deficiency in the leg and was limping. He told me his name was Limping John.

Another one had a few feathers missing from the tail. His name was Jimmy Missing Feather.

And the third one told me he had barely escaped death while down south flying through some States where they allow hunting. Needless to say, he had quite a few feathers missing from his wings and his nickname was Wingless Joe.

How funny it is when they are flying above people think they all look alike. But when they get close to you, you notice the subtle differences among them.

I left them there, but I told them I would be back sometime since I was quite busy that day.

They seemed to observe the type and colour of my car as I was driving away by making some quack, quack noises among themselves. Apparently, telling each other to be on the look out for my next appearance.
The next day, half-way down the street, I noticed that they were on the edge of the rooftops of the other factories.

I remembered I did not have any food for them so I turned around and proceeded to my favourite bakery. With the geese very much on my mind, when the cashier enquired as to what I needed, I responded wha, wha, She in turn responded, I beg your pardon. I then indicated that I needed a couple of sliced loaves of bread.

Upon my return, I cut these slices into small pieces and threw them at the side of the road. To my surprise there were two families instead of one, around 40 of them.

This is when I realized that each family consisted of about 20 geese.

The next day, they were again perched on the roof – awaiting my arrival. Since I was not prepared for this and had not purchased any bread, I spread rice on the grass area, and to my surprise, they all seemed to enjoy it very much.

At the end of their dinner they let me know that they had heard about the quality of Mr. Goudas Rice down south and they really, really, really enjoyed every grain.

(Seriously, there was not a rice grain left anywhere).

They began to honk ‘wha wha wha’. In human language, they were telling me ‘We had a nice rice day today’.

The next day, I gave them a different variety of rice and they enjoyed it very much too.

As summer approached, the staff and I enjoyed eating outdoors and the geese became quite familiar with our presence and we enjoyed theirs.

By that time there were 6 to 7 families of Canada Geese resident at our location. It was an amazing sight.

As everyone is aware, they ‘go potty’ everywhere. Therefore, we made sure that someone always washed the area.

The traffic during the daytime is very busy; and obviously for some reason or another they do not care. They do know that humans can only walk or run, or the worst case scenario, they drive.

However, the geese know that they can fly, which is a very big plus, and if you bother them too much they can make a quick turn above your head, and, with great accuracy, they can make a special deposit right on your head.

Nevertheless, I started learning more about their behaviour through the
Internet; yet there is no information on the websites as to how intelligent these birds are.

As I continued to observe them, I needed more and more food. It so happened that a friend of mine, Pasquale D’Aversa passed away.

I wrote a very nice article about his life and when I visited the Bakery his children asked me what they could do for me for such a nice gesture. I mentioned the need for 1 or 2 day-old bread loafs, buns, etc.

I was therefore privileged to be able at any time I had a need, to simply go there and fill up a few bags of day-old bread.

And as I said earlier on, these geese have become familiar with my vehicle and actually perch themselves on the roof-tops of the buildings en route to my factory awaiting my arrival.

I spent more than one hour per day communicating with them. I even learned to make some of their “wha wha sounds”. I also observed that they communicated only with me.

A few things surprise me about the intelligence of these birds. Just at sundown, they prepare for departure.... One of the geese proceeds to the centre of the square, while the other geese all flap their wings to ensure that there is adequate wing-span, i.e. distance between each other.

They all face in one direction. At one point, the lead goose, apparently the leader, gives a signal, and all of the geese instantly, within a fraction of a second, make a 180-degree turn, all facing in the opposite direction, and stand very still, almost breathless, and do not make a single sound, whatsoever. The leader of the particular group that is about to depart, seems to start calling each by name, for instance: Limping John. Then Limping John responds, ‘wha’, similar to an army roll-call, when the sergeant shouts a particular name and the private responds, ‘wha’- present, sir. After ensuring that everyone is accounted for, the leader gives the signal for departure and the group of 20 takes off instantly.

A few seconds later, the very same manoeuvres are performed by the next leader and that group takes flight.

It is a fascinating sight to observe each and every group take off with such precision.

Some unfortunate birds may be missing from the group because they may have ended up on the dinner table as a BBQ to some avid hunter.

It is important to note that dogs and cats scare them away. Regardless of how preoccupied they are eating,
there are always 1 or 2 geese on guard duty. My beloved pet, Koukla, spent many hours alone indoors during the daytime because her presence scared them away. She did let me know of her displeasure by constantly barking.

I had a wonderful summer with my Canada Geese, one of the best I have ever had.

I was never alone or lonely!

Yet, similar to stories in Greek Mythology with the dual masks, representing comedy and tragedy; all good things come to an end.

In this situation, one Sunday afternoon, the third week in November, I ended up with at least 25 families, approximately 500 birds, in the courtyard. They must have had a general meeting and a global positioning system (GPS) for them all to be able to find my location.

To some, this could have been a scary moment, but to me it was a beautiful sight to behold.

I walked freely amongst them with food in my hand. They had a wonderful time. And so did I.

Finally, at the end of the day, they all gathered in the courtyard and made their preparations for departure much more thoroughly than any other night.

Suddenly, they changed their pattern of 20 at the time group take-off, and after their usual roll-call, they ALL took flight simultaneously.

As I observed them flying away in the sky, I noticed that all made a 360-degree turn and flew back towards me.

I outstretched my fingers and hands towards the sky. It seemed like they were only a few feet above my head.

It was as if they were thanking me for the wonderful summer they spent in my company.

At that moment, tears filled my eyes.

Who knows if I will have the pleasure of being reunited with them next year!

Spyros Peter Goudas

We hope you agree that this is a fascinating story and appreciate having it included in this book.

The above story has been published in several newspapers, and in different languages.
Have you at any time heard the words: Tamales, Arepas, Tortillas, or even Empanadas?

They are not words spoken by people from out of space. In fact these words are Latin American in origin and they represent the staple food for millions. Just like bread is to North Americans and Europeans.

They are very nutritious, easy to make, and taste wonderful. All it takes is a little time and a small investment to create these staples right in your own home.

T a m a l e s , A r e p a s , T o r t i l l a s and E m p a n a d a s are all made with one particular ingredient. It is called Masa or corn flour. Maiz is the Spanish word for corn.

Therefore, all you need is one bag of Mr. Goudas Masa Flour, which is the base ingredient in all the above. (And you know what happened to him when he decided to create the best corn flour on the market? He went masa-minded, even in his dreams). He did everything to ensure that he brought the best corn flour to you. After all, he did not want to disappoint the millions and millions of Latin American consumers who depend on his skillful judgement.

We will give you the know-how of creating these wonderful recipes.

Let us see how he began his Latin American adventure and how the human brain works.

The following story leads us into Latin Food in all its glory.

Over the last year and a half, there have been a series of tragic events in and about our organization.

Four of our loyal employees passed away in quick succession, and they were still quite young. Lenio Montini, a very personal and close friend of Mr. Goudas, as well as an important supplier, also passed away. And, to top off the tragedies, the personal companion of Mr. Goudas for over 17 years, his loyal and faithful dog Irma, died. This was too much for all of us to handle, especially Mr. Goudas, over such a short period.

One morning Mr. Goudas arrived at the office (at least this is what the
story says) at 4:00 a.m. as usual. However, his early morning secretary Maria, who has been with him for many years and is now 70 years old, was unusually absent.

Fearing the worst, Mr. Goudas asked the night shift supervisor why she was not present. The gentleman did not respond. So when he asked him again and still did not get a response, questions were raised in his mind.

Not wanting to confront any bad news, he left the office and drove to the airport, with the final destination being somewhere in Mexico, and only one credit card in his pocket. With no knowledge of the Spanish language, he found himself in a predicament somewhere in a flea market, trying to use his credit card to buy a burrito or taco or something. They did not accept credit cards...solo dinero, por favor (cash only, please).

He saw a little kid standing on a ladder, hanging up some clothing on the fringes of a booth, while singing like an angel. He approached the kid and attempted to converse with him about accompanying him while he played the harmonica, which he always carried with him.

The store owner came out of the store and Mr. Goudas began attempting to explain who he was by using sign language. He told him that because the kid had a very good voice and he himself knew how to play the harmonica, he was trying to encourage the formation of a duo. He also stated that he was a very famous man in Canada. Upon looking him over, the owner stated that he did not look too famous to him, dressed as he was in casual wear, shorts and slippers, not even properly shaved. In fact, he told Mr. Goudas that he looked like a bum. Nevertheless, Mr. Goudas waited until the kid, who was singing all along, finished work, so that they could form a duo, and play on a corner somewhere to collect some dinero (petty cash).

So finally the kid agreed. They ended up playing outside one of the cantinas, which was full of patrons a little on the tequila side (famous Mexican liquor). Apparently, when they started playing one famous Mexican song, with the boy singing and Mr. Goudas playing the harmonica, they were shooed away.

Mr. Goudas did not understand what they were trying to say, he thought that they were enjoying the music, so he continued playing. Finally, the Mexicans came out, and one of them pushed Mr. Goudas away and his harmonica fell on the ground. He tried to tell him that he had damaged the harmonica, but in response the Mexican then stomped on the harmonica and crushed it.

This was a no-no to him and he started fighting the Mexican who was almost twice his size. The Mexican was joined by a few of his amigos (Spanish for friends) and they beat the mierda (Spanish for “shit”) out of him.

At that point in time, with the pain in his hips and behind, finally, he ended up with very happy news...He woke up! The whole darned situation was just a dream!
When he finally arrived at the office, he found Maria waiting with his usual morning coffee. Upon greeting him, she commented that he was looking very rough, as if somebody had beat him up! He smiled at her and said he will talk about it later.

When everyone arrived at the office later that morning, he told them about his dream in graphic detail. The whole office erupted in laughter! Then, one of the employees said to him “You have been eating too many burritos lately! Your Masa creation is getting to your head.”

This article is not intended to be a criticism of the Mexican culture. Please see it for its humour.

Mr. Goudas is actually a big fan of Mexico, its people, culture and music. And he loves to play Mexican songs on his harmonica.

We hope you enjoyed this story and that you will also enjoy creating the following dishes.

In anticipation of making these dishes we asked Senora Esperanza at Rancho Latino Restaurant 2290 Keele Street, Toronto, to give us her professional opinion. And since she did not speak English very well, we enlisted a volunteer translator, 10 year old Juan Pablo, who told us that the Empanadas taste much better when you add Aji, which is made from onions, pimentos, green onions, habeneros, cilantro, oil and salt.

He then posed for this picture, showing us how much he enjoyed the empanadas. He intends to become a doctor when he grows older. He is a very smart young man who speaks fluent Spanish and English, having been in Canada only 3 years from Colombia.

**TORTILLAS**

Our recipe is geared to beginners and those experimenting with Latino cuisine. You need not invest in a tortilla press or griddle. For now we suggest you use a rolling pin and a heavy cast iron frying pan.

2 Cups Mr. Goudas Masa Flour
1 1/2 cups water
1/2 teaspoon salt

Place masa flour, salt and water in a bowl and mix thoroughly to combine the ingredients.

Using your hands, apply pressure to the mixture and knead into a dough. Once firm in texture, not too soft and alternately not too hard, pinch off or cut off large enough pieces to form into a ball. Sprinkle a little flour onto
the palms of your hands and roll or form each piece into a ball shape. Continue this procedure until all the dough is utilized. Each ball shape piece of dough has to be flattened.

Place cast iron frying pan/griddle on stove at medium heat.

Sprinkle some masa flour on a clean, dry area of your working space, on your hands and on the rolling pin

Flatten each ball and place on heated griddle. Turn over, after approximately 1 minute. (It is similar to cooking pancakes).

Place each cooked Tortilla in a bowl and cover with a damp cloth.

**TAMALES**

4 cups masa flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 can Mr. Goudas Chicken Broth
2 tbsp crushed jalapeño peppers
1/2 cup of butter, softened

Combine dry ingredients in a large bowl. Warm the chicken broth and add a little at a time to the dry ingredient. Mix gently using a wooden spoon until the dough is formed.

In a separate bowl, beat the butter until fluffy. Slowly add portions of the masa dough into the butter batter. Continue beating the mixture (if it becomes too tough add a little more liquid) until it is light and soft.

Tamale assembly involves the use of either corn husks, banana or plantain leaves, which have to be softened in warm water and dried by shaking.

For the cooked meat filling of the tamale, you may use either chicken, beef or pork belly.

Using either the leaves or husks, spread approximately 2 tablespoons of the masa mix into the centre of the smooth side using the back of a wooden spoon.

Add one tablespoon of the meat filling onto the masa mix and roll each husk or leaf until the meat filling is enclosed within the masa mix.

Continue this procedure until all the ingredients are utilized.

Bring a large pot, half filled with water, to a boil. Place tamales in a large steamer, immerse in the boiling water, cover and bring to a slow boil. Continue cooking for approximately 2 hours until the husk/leaves begin to fall away from the filling.

Sample one of your creations to see if it is cooked to your desired perfection. Remove from water. Your Tamales should be soft and delicious.

**EMPANADAS**

Again, the following recipe is geared towards beginners who wish to experiment with Latin cuisine. The ingredients are incorporated into the recipe: 3 cups Mr. Goudas Masa Flour; 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon
vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup cold water, 3 tablespoons shortening.

Combine water, eggs, and vinegar in a bowl and mix thoroughly. Set aside. In a separate bowl, pour Masa flour and salt. Blend the shortening into the Masa flour mix.

Slowly and gently pour the liquid ingredients into the center of the flour mix and blend with a fork until it forms into a dough. Lightly flour a portion of your working area and knead the dough until it is smooth and soft. Place in lightly floured and covered bowl and refrigerate for 1 hour.

THE FILLING: Your choice of either 1 pound of boneless beef, chicken or pork. Wash meat and set aside. Sauté 2 finely chopped cloves of garlic and 1 large onion in 1/4 cup oil. Add meat and cook at medium heat for about 15 minutes, stirring frequently.

Add 1 can of Mr. Goudas Chicken Broth, salt and pepper to taste. Blend in 1 can of Mr. Goudas Mixed Vegetables and sauté for an additional 5 minutes. Remove from heat and cool.

Remove dough from refrigerator and roll onto your lightly floured working area. Cut off pieces and form into circles 3 – 4 inches in diameter. Place a spoonful or two of your filling on the dough.

Slightly moisten the edges of the dough and fold over into a half-circle or half moon shape, and press the edges together sealing the meat filling inside. Repeat process as necessary. Pour enough oil to cover Empanadas into a frying pan and heat.

Deep fry Empanadas until lightly golden. Drain on paper towels and serve warm...con mucho gusto. Adios, hasta la vista.

This picture was edited to complement the story.

The participants and graphic artist had fun creating the scene for your amusement. Please do not take it seriously...

it simply adds to the humour of the story.
The life of Spyros Peter Goudas has been full of events.

The following reflects one event that happened in the year, 1964.

For any of you who have read this biography from the beginning, you would know that Spyros and his then girlfriend of 6 years, separated. (Refer to page 14.)

He never admitted whose fault it was or why it ended.

It did however send him into an emotional spiral and a deep depression. His friends tried their best to pull him out of it in many different ways but were unable to.

Spyros, who was enlisted in the Air Force, was stationed at the Elefsina Air Base.

He never felt like leaving the Air Base, although on several occasions he had an Exit Permit. He preferred fixing, maintaining and learning more about aircrafts instead.

The reason he did not want to go out is that he felt there was nothing out there for him any more.

Usually, when a relationship ends, the normal assumption is that the female suffers more.

Many people do not realize that at times, the man is actually in deep emotional distress, resulting in loss of appetite, lack of trust in everyone, no display of happiness, and overall seclusion from everything.

It is not something you can go to the doctor for. It is not a case of simply having a prescription pill assigned to remove the symptoms. Only time heals wounds such as these.

It must be noted that around this time, Spyros was one of the most handsome and athletic-looking young men in Greece. Many girls would have fallen at his feet.

After several unsuccessful attempts by his friends, and other army members to get him off the Base, he finally agreed.

It happened to be the Easter Weekend, a time of great festivity in Greece, where food and tradition mark the
season. There are customs related to the religious holiday of Easter which make it the biggest celebration of the year for The Orthodox Church.

The history of Greece dates back past the beginning of the Christian faith. However, Greeks embraced the Christian faith and made it part of the Greek heritage.

For all Christian Orthodox countries like Cyprus, Finland, Romania and some parts of Albania, Russia, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, etc. etc., Easter is the most festive. It is a time for family and friends, food, feasting and celebration. Needless to say, these religious festivities also apply to the traditional Catholic faith.

Throughout the country an abundance of customs and traditions are held during the week prior to Easter, referred to as Holy Week.

The preparations for the celebration of the Resurrection start on Holy Thursday.

Good Friday is the most sacred day of the Holy Week, the day of the culmination of the passion of Christ with the deposition from the cross and His burial.

Since it is considered a day of mourning, housewives do not do any household chores, not even cooking. Everybody goes to Church to decorate the Epitaph (Bier of Christ) with flowers.

On the evening of Good Friday, the Epitaph procession takes place.

On Easter Saturday morning, preparations start for the festive dinner of the night of the Resurrection, and housewives cook “magiritsa” (a tripe and herbs soup). Shortly before midnight, people gather in the church holding white candles which they light with the “Holy Light” distributed by the Priest. When the latter chants “Christ is Risen” (Christós Anesti), people exchange wishes and the “Kiss of Love”. With the “Holy Light” of the candles they make a cross sign on the front door post of their houses for
good luck.

They then all gather around the festively laid table, crack red eggs and feast on traditional foods.

On the morning of Easter Sunday, in many parts of the country a whole lamb is prepared on the spit.

There is a festive atmosphere everywhere and people eat, dance and celebrate usually until late into the night.

All over Greece Holy Week and Easter are celebrated with both great splendour and deep devoutness.

It was on the occasion of Easter Sunday that Spryos Peter was invited to celebrate with his friends in an area approximately 130 kilometres northwest of Athens, in the village of Leivadia, one of the many areas of celebration in Greece.

It was the tradition that in the front yard of every house, the roasting of a lamb began as early as 4:00 a.m. Obviously, all of Greece was aware of this celebration, so everyone went to the village and sampled the lamb from each household accompanied with other delicacies such as taramosalata, tzatziki, various appetizers, and an assortment of vegetables. You did not have to pay anything. In addition, no one accepted any payment either. It simply was a pleasure for the householder to have someone stop in front of his house and sample his creation, with hopes he would be the one with the best tasting roasted lamb!

The group Spyros Peter was with included the organizer of the party, Spyros Delilambros, who had invited some of his friends, their girlfriends and other family
members.

Everything was progressing well and happy with the occasion... stopping, tasting, joking, etc. It was almost as if Spyros Peter had found himself all over again.

It was only at sun down, when everything was winding down as far as the food tasting celebration was concerned and the whole group, along with other groups, were heading into the Arena for the evening festivities.

However, on the way there a sudden veil of sadness engulfed him. He admitted to his friend, Spyros Delilambros, that he did not want to continue further and would prefer to return to the Airbase.

There were obviously other cars and buses returning to Athens and the surroundings with which he could obtain a ride. When he told this to Spyros Delilambros, he tried to persuade him to continue on with the group. Spyros Peter declined due to the fact he was not in the mood.

Delilambros insisted he remain and emphasized that if he did not go on, neither would the group.

Therefore, Spyros Delilambros persuaded the whole group, and they all proceeded back to Athens.

The group ended up in a big taverna in the Plaka area under The Acropolis. The place was filled with people, food and wine. Spyros Peter was even persuaded to play some music on his harmonica.

By this time, he had consumed quite a few glasses of wine and by the end of the night, everyone knew why he was in such a deep depression.

Quite a few girls openly told him that they were available to him. However, with all that wine, he knew that he had to return to the Air Base.

Spyros Delilambros, who had done everything possible to uplift his spirits, assigned one of the girls to make sure that he arrived back at his destination safely and she was to return to the taverna right away by taxi.

(She was assigned the responsibility since most of the group had consumed their fair share of vino!) Being filled with wine, Spyros Peter was vaguely aware of the girl’s presence.

The next day he awoke to find 50 drachmas and a note in his wallet. (He was deeply appreciative of this gesture).

He felt very guilty about the whole situation and the fact that he had caused Spyros Delilambros to take the whole group away from their scheduled Arena festivities.

However, this was a turning point in his life. He found himself back on track.

He will forever be grateful to Spyros Delilambros and the whole group for their kindness and understanding.

Spyros Delilambros 1964
of his situation that day.

(Many people may not have realized the fine line that Spyros was walking at that moment on the way to the Arena. He could only describe it as “a situation between life and death!”)

He remained friends with Spyros Delilambros all these years.

And although they had not had the opportunity to see one another for over 40 years, they were reunited at the funeral of Spyros’ brother, Nikos Goudas, in Athens in 2005. It was a bitter sweet reunion.

Of course the above story took place almost half-a-century ago and many people may question the significance of this narration.

As part of the team involved in producing the biography of Spyros Peter Goudas, titled, “The Immigrant”, I always “grilled” him further, asking more and more questions which resulted in responses prompting me to see an absolutely different aspect of “the man behind the label”: the human and emotional side.

Spyros Peter Goudas is a very complex man who has overcome many adversities to achieve what he has accomplished to this point.

Some may admire him, love him, hate him, envy him or say he is just plain lucky.

The fact remains, he was not born with that perpetual “gold spoon in his mouth”; he has worked extremely hard to acquire and to maintain his accomplishments.

Maybe you may see a part of yourself in this little booklet and realize that when you feel that there is nowhere to go, or no one to turn to, that there is a light at the end of the tunnel.

There is always another Easter!!

What really prompted me to write this booklet is to show the value of true friendship and the miracles it may produce.

To Spyros Peter Goudas, Spyros Delilambros’ friendship, kindness and understanding of his emotional situation at that time, will never, ever be forgotten.

This was one of the most significant turning points in Peter’s life.

Sincerely,

Bernadette

The above story has been published at Easter time in several newspapers, and in different languages.
Olive Tree

Dear Friends:

I would like to reveal some important information about Olives and Olive Oil.

Naturally, there are facts recorded about the Olive tree everywhere, even in the Bible.

We all know (at least I hope you do) the story of Noah, the flood and the dove returning with an olive branch in its mouth.

Additionally, from the beginning of time the word Olive has been synonymous with Greece, the Mediterranean region, Turkey, Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, Morocco, Israel, Malta, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Northern Africa, etc.

It is prevalent in Greek Mythology. The goddess, Athena, gave the Olive tree to Greece as a gift.

A wreath made from the olive branch was worn by brides and used as a symbol of victory for Olympic winners.

Many of us remember the olive branch with fear because, as children in the old days, we mentally visualize teachers using the thin, long, olive branch as a whip. (I recall this well, since I was not “an angel” during my childhood.)

Of course, this method of punishment was used some years ago. However, today neither parents nor teachers are permitted to physically punish children.

Things have changed so drastically that in the near future it has been rumoured that kids will do the whipping.

By now you should be aware that this booklet will be in a comedy format.

Life is tough as it is, and I have come to realize that no one is interested in reading serious books any more.

Today, consumers are only interested in whether Olive Oil is better cold pressed or hot pressed, or should it be dark green or light green in colour.

They may ask a friend who does not know, or a store manager who has no idea either, but tries to give an intelligent answer based on what he heard from someone.

Maybe it is correct or maybe it is not.

On the other hand, your brand of choice for quite some time may suddenly have a recall from the Canadian Food Inspection Agency (CFIA), or the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) in the United States.
Many people believe that Olive Oil is good for health and people who use it live for umpteen years, (over 100) because they heard that Joe Vilero from Italy who lived to be 107 years old and claimed that his use of Olive Oil every day was a major factor in prolonging his life. Or, that Maria Kudakakis from the Greek mountains lived to 103 years old on a steady diet of Olive Oil.

Of course, she was able to live to that age. Who wouldn’t, living on top of the mountain, with fresh air, real spring water, pure mountain goats’ milk, honey and fresh garden food! Not even a whiff of propane or gasoline fumes.

Who would not want to go there, away from the city traffic, insurance claims, taxes, with no thoughts about words like recession, inflation, unemployment, mortgage foreclosures, garbage strikes, blah, blah, blah. Whoa!

However, with the recall of your favorite brand, you realize that you will not live to 107 like Joe Vilero. And suddenly you begin to believe that you will live 10 years less because for the last 10 years you have been using a defective brand.

You may have also heard that some doctor somewhere mentioned that Olive Oil increased the man’s ability because George Papadokilakos had 11 children and he claimed that he drinks a small capful of Olive Oil every night before he goes to bed.

If you were to ask a Greek, Italian, Spanish, Syrian or Jordanian individual, they each have a relative back home that is producing homemade Olive Oil on a small scale and insists that their Olive Oil is the best.

Upon requesting a bottle from them, they will tell you that they only received a bottle or two which is for their own personal use.

There are even companies claiming that their Olive Oil received the “CHOGLANI Award” for bottle presentation design. (A word of caution: choglani is a bad word in Greek and we do not suggest you use it on a daily basis, unless absolutely necessary.) Others claim that their company was recognized in 1974 for having at least one perfect olive tree on the farm.

There are many claims to having received ridiculous awards presented imprinted on labels with no connection whatsoever to the quality of the oil within the bottle or can.

Olive Oil is a huge business and it has always been, and will continue to be the subject of quick money makers who invent a brand which sound olive oilero, olivanturo, oliva or, olivato, etc., hoping that there would always be someone out there willing to pay for a bottle of questionable oil (who knows what kind) and attest to the claims on the bottle.

So how could you really determine what is really good Olive Oil? Or, who is going to point me in the right direction where I can purchase with confidence?

It is a known fact that Olive Oil is the oldest of all the oil species.

Let us do the educational program on this subject.

Olive trees are prevalent in the Mediterranean areas; some of these trees are over a thousand years old.

In certain areas, they are archaeologi-
cally protected, and are said to be over two thousand years old.

There are many varieties of Olive trees, each producing a different species. However, for the production of oil, the requirements are the small, green fruit. And no part of the fruit goes to waste.

So, if you think that on your visit to the Mediterranean, or the Greek Islands, that after you have had a swim in the beautiful, clear, crystal waters, you simply climb the tree, pick an olive, bite it and eat it, you are in for a big surprise.

It is bitter as the mauby bark from Trinidad, the Karela (bitter melon) and/or the lupini. Once you spit it out, you will continue to spit for at least forty-seven minutes and twenty-seven seconds. And that bitterness will be locked in your memory for years to come!

So the question is, how can a bitter fruit like this be able to have so many positives: long life, virility, smooth complexion, bowel regularity, moisturizing hair miracles, laundry usages, etc., etc., etc.

I have conversed with many producers of Olive Oil from all Mediterranean areas through my many years in business, more than forty to be exact.

In addition to having eaten olives and bread as a kid, I have had the opportunity to compile information from experts in the production of several sectors of this category and to digest this information in such a way that I am able to reveal with accuracy, this knowledge to enable you to make an informed decision about purchasing olives and olive oil.

My general idea is that the first ingredient you need in the production of Olive oil is LOVE. That means the olive oil producer has to have knowledge of his responsibilities and obligations, which is an enormous task, not only to himself, but also to the consumer.

Another factor is that olive trees should not be planted on flat land because they do not need constant watering. Elevation should be above sea level, approximately 150 metres at a slightly sloping grade so that the water does not stay on the roots, even rainwater.

The word love plays a very important role. Let me explain why.

You can pick up olives already on the ground that has been soaked in the water, dirt, and mud and produce Olive Oil out of that. Or, you go up into the tree like a reasonable and responsible person, collect the olives, and LOVINGLY create Olive Oil.

This seems simple enough, but it is not.

The olive has to be collected individually, ensuring that they are separated into batches, suitable either for eating, or producing Olive oil.

The variety that is designated for oil production are transported to large holding tanks where they are washed, crushed, and transferred into machines which will then extract the oil out of them.

Thousands of tons of olives collected in holding tanks are then transferred to batches into the oil extraction machinery and with the aid of today’s technology, powerful spinners and centrifugal force moves the fruit from the center unto the edges.

The extracted liquid penetrates the holes
and flows into holding tanks underneath, a process which extracts approximately 20 per cent of the weight.

I will tell what happens to the 80 per cent later. However, we will stay on the subject.

This oil is then transported into the holding tanks and now, you may start packing olive oil. At this point, we need a little help from Mother Nature.

We have to slow down for a moment. After a few spins on a merry-go-round, we all feel very dizzy. Well this is exactly what happens to the oil.

At this stage it needs peace and quiet to take its own sweet time, maybe a month or two for all the little bubbles, sediment, foreign objects, dust, etc. to settle down.

During this time, you may play a nice soft violin like Livia (Bio, Page 171), or I can play my harmonica softly. Hard rock or rap is not suggested.

When all the settling is completed and the sediment removed, then peacefully without pistons, compressors or high speed technology filling equipment, and with a natural gravity flow, the oil seeps into slightly tinted coloured bottles.

Olive Oil does not need sunlight or fluorescent lighting. However, when packed in cans, the texture, taste and aroma will be protected for a longer period of time.

Olive Oil does not have an expiry date if protected under these conditions.

When everything runs smoothly from harvesting to packaging; the result will be a very good oil.
The following are the categories:

Extra-virgin olive oil contains no more than 0.8% acidity.
Virgin olive oil has acidity less than 2%.
Pure olive oil is a blend of refined and virgin olive oil.

In conclusion of the whole story which I have just mentioned before, the ideal and safest way to select a good quality of Extra Virgin Olive oil is to examine the label on the main paneling which should state:

Acidity 0.1% to 0.8% or the acidity to reflect the category of the oil.

Of course, the acidity could vary from batch to batch. However, as long as the levels are within the range of 0.1% to 0.8% it is considered to be Extra Virgin Olive Oil.

Any responsible company that has no fear about the quality of their brand of oil should have the acidity percentage listed.

From time to time, you will see a great deal on Olive oil at your local supermarket. We suggest you pick up that bottle or can and examine it carefully.

You may notice it says, packed in Italy. What does this signify?
Did the olives come from the trees of that country? Was the oil extracted from the olive fruit of that country?
Or was the olive oil simply imported from another country and packed in that country?

The most accurate measure of an Olive oil is one that bears a declaration on where the olive is grown, where produced and not so important, where it was packed.

Therefore, an accurate label should read, grown, produced and packed in Italy, for example. This at least tells you that the declaration is correct.

Should it only state, packed in Spain, or any other country without any other information, that oil is suspicious.

I would like to assure you that this booklet is not a selling technique to persuade you to purchase Mr. Goudas Olive Oil.

I am simply stating the facts to assist you in making an informed decision.

I am a firm believer that if you are satisfied with the brand of your choice, you should not change it, just because you see an advertised special offering Olive oil at a huge discount.

With respect to the taste, it is quite common to have a slightly different taste depending on the area of production and country of origin.

Only experts in the taste, like wine connoisseurs, are able to determine the above with accuracy.

Olive oil is suitable for frying due to the fact that it handles high temperatures. However, it is wonderful for salads, casseroles and even baking.

I would like to close this subject here, because should I continue, there are so many details I would like to incorporate.
that you will need a separate section in your library to file this title. It is an endless subject.

So now, let us see what can go wrong from here to there if the first ingredient is not LOVE.

Picking any olives, either soft or rotten, from the tree, collecting those on the ground that have been soaking in water and mud, transporting in unsanitary trucks, placing in a holding tank not protected from anything such as rats, frogs, grasshoppers, etc., etc.

Does this sound freaky to you? Yes, this can happen. There are unscrupulous people everywhere.

Using a heat process within the centrifugal force machinery and trying to extract more than 20 per cent, or, even mixing the batches with other nuts, and after extraction, packaging too soon without the settlement process being complete.

Now you do not need to be Einstein to figure out which is better, cold or hot pressed. In addition, you do not have to wait for the store manager to tell you his opinion. His business should be to stock a variety of Olive Oil brands and allow you the freedom to choose your brand of choice, and not just to promote the brand that is making the most profit.

I mentioned before that there is sediment or residue in the tank that has to be removed. Well after this has been collected, certain qualified companies convert this residue into a wonderful bar soap which is usually green in colour. An aroma is added to enhance the bar.

This particular type of soap has been in circulation for years and those who are privileged to use it are so confident with its cleaning power and ability that they will not settle for any another commercialized chemical detergent soap.

I would like to remind you I have only given you 20 per cent of the story so far.

Have a little break, dip your piece of bread in a plate of Olive Oil, add a few sprinkles of Oregano, if you like the taste, and be prepared to mentally travel to the Greek mountains, and start getting prepared to live a few years longer, like Joe Vilero and Maria Kudakakis.

Please do not tell this to the government officials because they will increase the retirement age from 65 to 85.

(Please smile!)

Now that the 20% of the batch has been extracted for oil, the sediment is separated into two ways: seeds and animal feed.

The animal feed is compressed by machines into a chocolate bar format. And with beautiful labeling, the cows can moo their way to the store, select and chomp on their brand of choice.

These are vegetarian cows.

The rest of the sediment is the seed. The seed of the olives is a very big business due to the fact that every olive has one seed.

The reason I am telling you this is, that after so many years in business, I have come to realize that some people believe that the stuffed *Manzanilla* Olives are naturally seedless.
So now we have tons of seeds. What becomes of them?

Many moons ago, people tried to sell the seeds by the pound and I believe the potential buyer questioned what the hell am I going to do with all these seeds.

Eventually, someone found the answer to the seed question and created a product called Pirina.

Apparently, upon checking the internet to find out where the name came from, with no success, I came to the conclusion that maybe it is the name of the man who invented the product.

Does this make any sense?

Of course it does! Mr. Pirina! Maybe he was a Spanish guy because somewhere I read about Senor Pirina.

Senor Pirina invented Pirina and I discovered at a very young age (approximately 2 years of age, Bio, page 8) what Pirina was all about when I stepped on it and severely burned the bottom of my feet.

In a few words, it is the powder formed from the crushed seed and is used for heating. It creates enormous heat without flame.

It has commonly been used within those areas as a source of energy to create heating for machinery, pistons, steam generators, etc. where the olive tree production is cultivated due to the fact that at these locations it is an efficient energy source similar to the by-product “bagasse” created from the sugar cane husk in Brazil, Colombia and the Caribbean (Bio, page 131.)

The substance remaining from the initial pressings, and in parallel with the production of pirina (with the addition of solvents and more processing and modern technology), another product is produced and classified as Olive-pomace oil. You may never have heard these words before, but now that you have read it here, you will notice it everywhere.

So let me give you a brief summary of the category.

These classifications are suitable for human consumption but may not be described simply as olive oil, but as Olive-pomace oil, which is often used for certain kinds of cooking in restaurants.

Olive-pomace oil is refined production oil possibly blended with some extra virgin oil. Pomace oil has no characteristic, no olive oil taste and is odourless.

Most vegetable oils that we use for ordinary cooking purposes (corn oil, soya, sunflower, canola, cottonseed, etc.) are extracted using industrial solvents. We do not often question the processes for any of them, but when it comes to olive pomace oil, there is a concern about the use of such processes which is basically the same thing.

Another product produced from the olive is lampante oil. It is not suitable as food or in any food preparation process. It is strictly for use in oil-burning lamps only.

I believe I have covered all the possible processes from the olive fruit.
As I was going through the internet, and specifically in Wikipedia, the sentence below captured my attention:

Olive oil has more uses than just consuming; it also works as a natural and safe lubricant.
For example, lubricating the machinery that is used within the kitchen (grinders, blenders, cookware, etc.)
This was very much of a surprise to me, due to my background as an Aircraft Engineer (Bio, page 15) and through my experience in all my machinery, packaging and production facilities, I would never recommend to anyone the use of Olive oil for lubrication of any motors, either grinders, blenders, or whatever.

When I was a Chief Engineer, I would not have recommended anyone to use olive oil as a lubricant for aircraft parts because the plane would end up somewhere in the highlands of Timbuktu or in Malaguya (The Lima Bean Booklet).
Only lubricants specifically designed for lubricating motors should be used on machinery. I strongly suggest that Wikipedia remove this statement.

Now is the right time to have another break because the next subject will be olives.

Therefore, I will not tell you within your break to simply open a jar of olives and try some of them because it will be difficult, or maybe impossible.
Let me tell you a little story.
I am going as far back as 1978 at which time I hired an accountant for our firm.
He happened to be Chinese.
During our lunch breaks, we all sat in the cafeteria and had lunch together.
Being Greek, I always had olives in my lunch bag, either one kind or another.
Each day I would offer the accountant some olives.
For years and years, he always politely refused. However, one day, five years later, he apparently made a life changing decision.
With trembling hands, he finally touched one olive. It took quite a few minutes for him to lift his shaking hands from the plate to his mouth, and then, similar to a slow motion movie, or a scene from the Twilight Zone, it finally touched his mouth. Envision me awaiting the results!
He placed the olive in his mouth, moved it from left to right, then, right to left and back again, until ......., he finally took his first bite. All the while, I am waiting, almost not breathing, for an opinion.
Well, that was then. Now, thirty years later, my jar of olives always seems to be empty.
Of course, this seems like a comedy. However, it has taught me a very valuable lesson, it will take a long time to persuade a person of a different nationality who has never seen or tried an olive before to plunge headfirst and go for it.

Since I had so many other projects on the go regarding production and creation of different ethnic foods, I left the olive idea on the back burner until one day I was invited to an association dinner to present the academic Goudas awards to the best student.
There were more than five hundred people in attendance at a sit down dinner, where olives were part of the menu.

Finally, when the time came to go up on stage, present the award and say a few words with cameras flashing and a film crew recording the event for the news, all I thought about at the time were the olives, and I promised the audience, there and then that in the near future I would bring into this country the best olives available.

I had more applause about the olives than the award presentation.

When I returned to the office, I asked my salespeople to purchase olives of every race, creed, brand and size, stuffed, unstuffed, including dyed olives from Peru, and bring them to the office.

I knew I had a task ahead of me.

Obviously, the information and knowledge I acquired through speaking to olive producers from the Mediterranean countries are so detailed that I could produce an encyclopaedia.

Teaching different nationalities about eating olives was not even in my frame of reference at that time.

My main focus was to bring the BEST OLIVE OF EACH VARIETY and absolutely satisfy the people who knew about olives.

Nevertheless, the task to find the right and responsible people was not easy. Part of the difficulty in the process is the fact that olives have to be DE-BITTERIZED, and that process takes four to five months by using fresh water with salt which has to be changed every week.

Without using ammonia for quick de-bitterization, which will give the olives a funny taste after biting.

Additionally, each variety has to be separated and sorted by size.

There are many different sizes and sizes in between the sizes.

In general, the sizes are brilliant, superior, large, extra large, jumbo, giant, and colossus.

Olives also have to be separated by colour: green and black, and several colours in between.

Those used in restaurants are either the superior or the large, usually the Kalamata type.

There has been a tendency for olives to get softer as the time goes by. Last year’s crop is softer than this year’s.

The test is to find the right packer with the proper sterilization equipment with the same procedure as the responsible olive oil producer who does not mix good and bad for the purpose of meeting weight requirements just to capture a cheap price.

The olive selection through the belt rotation moving packaging line, will allow an expert eye to determine and remove the potential soft, discoloured olives.

However, my requirements are a few additional pairs of trained eyes to ensure that my olives really are the best available.

Those few extra eyes are the ones which select the olives that should not be in my container.

In a few words, they are paid for the weight of the rejected olives. This
ensures that filling Mr. Goudas olive barrel just for the weight is minimized.

With all my requirements and specifications in place, I have selected seven varieties which are the following: green sliced, cocktail, green jumbo, jumbo crack olives, jumbo kalamata, colossus, and manzanilla.

These olives are available in the 1,500 ml see-through jar so that the consumer is able to view the contents.

Shipments of these varieties have already arrived in the Canadian market and the stores that are carrying them have the privilege of hearing the consumer’s satisfactory comments.

Within my writing, I have mentioned the word, Kalamata. This refers to a particular variety of olives which grow only in the provinces of Messinia and Lakonia, in the southern part of Greece.

Sparta is a town within this area, and those of you who love history, you may recall the story of Leonidas and the 300 Spartans!

There is another variety of olives called Thruba. It is black in colour; has a rough skin and a soft mushy texture.

Another common name for this olive is the Moroccan. They appear to be “ugly” looking, however, to people familiar with them, they are the ultimate olive.

On hearing the above, one of my associates contested this statement and added that “the ultimate olive is the one floating in a dry martini!”

This is a common method of serving the Martini in the Western world.

He then stated, how do they serve martinis in Thailand, Sri Lanka and other areas that have no knowledge of the olive?

To them it may seem like a foreign object floating in the glass. I responded, that since I spent 40 years in this multicultural business, I have a solution to this dilemma.

With my vast knowledge, I suggest placing a Rambutan stuffed with pineapple in the martini!

Now you will ask me, What is a Rambutan, just like the man from Sri Lanka would ask, What is an olive?

Oh, oh! You should have only paid $45 for this booklet and the incredible information within. However, I am adding another $5 for the information I will now reveal to you.

Just like Mr. Pirina developed the piri-piri, I had a meeting approximately 20 years ago with one of my associates from Bangkok, Thailand and somehow dur-
ing our discussion he mentioned that he knew an area that had so much Rambutan, that they did not know what to do with it.

And in the same breath he mentioned that Thailand had one of the sweetest pineapple in the world.

Somehow, I thought out loud, why not place a piece of the sweetest pineapple in the world inside of the Rambutan.

And, five years later; after many experiments, sterilization, pasteurization, etc., we can now place a Rambutan with pineapple in a martini.

So two hundred years from now, I will still be looking down to see Mr. Rambutan and Mr. Olive racing to the finishing line to determine who will jump into the martini.

I have incorporated photos to illustrate the product.

I mentioned before that Olive oil has multiple uses.

Being surrounded by an office full of ladies of various ethnic backgrounds, I was advised by one of them from the far east that in her homeland, olive oil is mostly used as a hair and skin moisturizer, and to preserve hair colour, as opposed to cooking.

Another benefit of Olive Oil is by mixing with honey in to a smooth paste and apply it directly on the skin or face.

Then cover it with silk or wax paper and put a heated pad on top of it and leave it for 15 minutes.

The silk or wax paper works as a membrane that sucks up anything under the skin and increases circulation.

Once the heated pad and the paper are removed the skin absorbs the oil and honey into the pores of the skin as the skin can breathe again. The Bacteria that lives inside our body or under the skin get absorbed by the honey and acts as an agent to eliminate the toxins from our body. When the mixture leaves our body the bacteria leaves with it.

A beautiful smooth clean face or skin is the result of the treatment.

The above article is published by the famous Jose Garbe-Vilijn, in her book by the title PIDDDS 3-D LIVING

She also mentioned that we can apply to any type of skin.

In closing,

I would like to mention to you that the photo on the back cover was taken in 1955, when I was 13 years old.

I am under the umbrella, and directly underneath me, is my mother, from Smyrna, Asia Minor.

The first lady on the left is my aunt. She lived to age 98. Sitting next to her is my grandmother, who lived to age 106.

Should you take a very close look at the lunch table, even with a magnifying
glass, you will note the only items on the table are bread and olives. So the question is, do I know anything about olives or not?

I have exhausted all the pages that were allowed to create this informative booklet.

Hopefully, you have gained some insight info of this versatile Olive Tree.

Should you check our website, there is a Recipe Section which includes a variety of recipes, including the Rice Pudding Story.

My recipes are relatively simple and can add an exotic flair to your daily routine.

Over the years, my passion for my work has inspired me to write approximately 35 books.

Some reflect recipes, others offer educational information.

I will be very pleased if you read any of my books found in any location that they are available.

My main objective is to relay information about what it takes to create high quality products from around the world for anyone and everyone to enjoy!

I hope you had as much fun reading this booklet as I had creating it.

I sincerely believe that I have provided you with valuable information for years to come.

Spyros Peter Goudas
Bougatsa Story.

Bougatsa is a Greek word and the recipe for creating it has been around for centuries.

However, because there are so many variations in the creation of this wonderful dessert, that it seems like each location has its own bougatsa recipe. There are endless pastry shops in Greece; in fact, they are more frequent than banks. Consumers have the opportunity to purchase baklava, halva, spinach pies, cheese pies, bougatsa, etc., etc., everywhere.

It is advisable that when in Greece to avoid even looking at the pastry shops. Moreover, do not dare enter them if you are on a diet, the results could be a disaster; you can gain 10 lbs. in 10 days. Nevertheless, what is bougatsa? What makes it different from the other pastries?

I will provide you with the recipe, but first you must read this story.

Let us start from the beginning.

When I was a very young kid, having begun working at age 9 or 10, I always had the desire and the appetite, especially when I had spare change, to go to these peddlers (street vendors) in downtown Athens, to purchase one of these pastries. However, bougatsa was one of my favourite pastries. Therefore, over the years, I tried every kind of bougatsa of all different tastes. I believe I have tried over 1450 different bougatsas! Of course, with numbers such as this, I am connoisseur of bougatsa. An expert in its taste.

I continue with the story. Finally, I left Athens and established myself in Canada and since there were not too many Greek pastry shops around, I had almost forgotten the word, bougatsa, until one day 15 years later, I decided to go to Greece for a visit for a few days.

One day I was standing in front of the palace, admiring the precision timing in the changing of the guards. At that time, I was accompanied by Panos, my son and my nephew Andonis. At one point, someone tapped me gently on my shoulders from behind. Upon turning around, I recognized that the
The man in question was, Mike Sinapis, an old friend from Kalamaki, my hometown.

Catching up on old times, I was advised by my friend that he had immigrated to Johannesburg, South Africa. He further advised that he had married a woman from Cyprus and she was gifted with the ability to create bougatsa. Light bulbs began to flash in my head.

At the same time, he informed me that he and his wife were planning to leave South Africa and immigrate to Canada. Upon their arrival in Canada, once stabilized, his wife Despina became established as an active member of the Society of Cyprus. The society holds a function once a year, and requires a donation of food products from Goudas Foods to create their dishes. She always came to the Goudas Foods offices to receive the products. Of course, she never came empty handed. She always came with a tray of bougatsa.

In addition, since I was always very busy all day long, at the end of the day I opened the refrigerator to have a piece of that bougatsa.

Upon opening the refrigerator, the tray was always there covered with foil, but there was not a single piece left. No matter how many times I enquired who ate the bougatsa, each person stated all he/she had was one piece. It seemed like nobody knew what happened to the bougatsa.

I told my secretary that the next time a tray of bougatsa arrived that she was to post a sign stating that this product contained ingredients hazardous to your health, or may contain poison.

Nevertheless, despite the warnings the tray was always empty.

This time, I made it a point to know the exact time Despina was arriving to ensure that I escorted her and the tray into the office. In this way, it would ensure that I could set a few pieces aside to take home.

At 3:00 a.m., I awoke with bougatsa on my mind, and similar to a man walking in his sleep with hands outstretched, I arrived at the refrigerator door confident that bougatsa was inside. I took a piece and on the way back to the bedroom, I overheard the echo of my doctor’s voice whispering in my head not to eat bougatsa at 3:00 a.m.

Nevertheless, I ignored this advice and comfortably sat down and
upon having my first bite, I heard bells ringing, a choir of angels singing, and with my eyes closed; I saw a clear view of paradise.

Only to be disturbed by Koukla (my dog) scratching my feet demanding a piece too.

The conclusion of the story is that between me and Koukla, we made quite a few visits to the refrigerator that night. In addition, I was disappointed that on the final trip to the refrigerator there was none left. Tears came to my eyes.

Maybe by now, while reading this you have discovered that you have a craving for bougatsa. You may go to any Greek pastry shop and purchase one, or follow the recipe of Mrs. Despina, which is outlined below.

Of course, this is another Mr. Goudas story because bougatsa contains Mr. Goudas Semolina for pastries, Mr. Goudas Sugar, Mr. Goudas Vanilla, Mr. Goudas Cinnamon,

**Bougatsa**

1 pkg phyllo 3/4 cup unsalted butter,
1/4 cup powdered or icing sugar, Cinnamon

**Filling:**

- 6 cups of milk
- 2%1 cup semolina for pastry
- 1 cup of sugar
- 4 eggs
- 2 envelopes of vanilla powder
- 2 tsp liquid, 1 tsp lemon juice, 1/4 cup unsalted butter;
- 2 slices of lemon rind (skin)

**Method:**

Place milk in large pot on medium heat. Add semolina, butter and stir with wooden spoon until of a custard consistency. Beat eggs, sugar, vanilla, lemon juice and blend well.

Pour mixture into the semolina and milk batter.

Stir continuously, bring to a boil.

Once cream is ready, remove from heat. Allow to cool.

Spread phyllo sheets and cut in half.

Lightly grease the bottom of a large cooking tray.

You have two options:

1. Make small individual pieces by filling the phyllo with the filling and position each piece within the tray. Spread melted butter over phyllo in each piece and in between them at the sides.

On the other hand:

2. Place enough phyllo to cover bottom and over lapping the sides of the tray. Pour the cream filling over the phyllo.

Cover with a 3 or 4 layers of phyllo.
Spread melted butter over phyllo. Place your creation in the oven at 350 until golden in colour.

When finally done, remove from oven and evenly spread icing sugar over the top. Sprinkle with cinnamon. Bougatsa may be eaten hot, or out of the refrigerator.

This recipe was created with the assistance of Mrs. Despina Sinanis.

Bougatsa

Bougatsa is rich, sweet pastry and is a favourite among the Greeks and the Turks.

1 lb. walnuts chopped or ground
1 tsp. ground cinnamon
1 (16-oz.) package phyllo dough
1 cup butter 2 cups white sugar
or 1 cup of honey 1 cup water
1 tsp. vanilla extract 1 tsp. grated lemon zest
1/4 lb. Pistachio to garnish or decorate

Preheat oven to 350º F.
Lightly grease 9x13-in. baking dish.
Combine cinnamon and walnuts.
Melt butter on low heat.
Unroll phyllo dough and cover with a damp cloth while preparing ingredients.

Place 2 sheets of phyllo dough at the bottom of the prepared dish.

Fold the phyllo to fit the baking dish and generously brush the melted butter.
Sprinkle 2 or 3 tablespoons of walnuts onto the phyllo.
Place another layer of phyllo dough on top of the walnut mixture.
Again, brush generously with the melted butter.
Sprinkle another 2 or 3 tablespoons of walnuts unto this layer of phyllo.
Repeat the process of phyllo, walnuts and melted butter until all the walnuts are utilized.
Top with 4 to 6 sheets of phyllo dough, and lightly butter.
Using a sharp knife, cut into squares (then diagonally if you so please).
Place in preheated oven for approximately 45 minutes or until golden brown in colour and phyllo dough is crisp.

SYRUP BASTE FOR BAKLAVA

While baklava is baking, pour sugar (or honey) and water into a small saucepan and bring to a boil at medium heat.
Stir to ensure sugar is melted.
Add vanilla extract and lemon zest.
Stir occasionally to blend ingredients.
Reduce heat and simmer for approximately 10 minutes or until liquid forms into a syrup.
Remove from heat and set aside.
(This syrup baste is used to top the Baklava.)
Once your Baklava is cooked, remove from the oven.
Generously pour syrup over Baklava.

Allow the Baklava to cool before it is served.

Spyros Peter Goudas
Hello!
Thank you for purchasing my brand. Hopefully, you will be practical and creative.

I know that you have made an excellent choice and would like to provide you some basic background information, and increase your general use of this product.

Of course, there are many varieties of flour and for many different purposes and in a booklet of this size, it would be impossible to incorporate all the information.

Generally speaking, there are varieties of flour made from grains such as: rice, wheat, cassava, corn, beans, buckwheat, chestnuts, chickpea, potato, etc., etc. Basically, flour can be produced from anything.

In this booklet, I will discuss you the main categories which are: wheat flour, corn flour (maize), atta flour and chick peas (besam).

For centuries, people baked cakes and breads at home. However, in the last 50 years, especially after World War II, as people became more financially independent, there was a shift to ready-made bread, cakes and pastries.

Have you ever taken time to read the list of ingredients on commercially baked cakes? Of course, they taste great! But do you really know what it is made from? In this modern era, there are artificial sweeteners, artificial egg powders, chemical raising ingredients, artificial coloring and artificial flavourings of all kinds that you never even thought or dreamt about.

I would like to tell you the following story.

There was a millionaire workaholic who went to his doctor to check his health. He was advised that he was overworking himself and that he should take some time to enjoy himself and find some recreational activities before the inevitable happens. He took the doctor’s advice very seriously.

However, he had no hobbies and after many hours of contemplation, he finally decided that the one thing that he always had in his mind was to make a loaf of bread, like his grandmother used to make when he was a child.

His mansion was huge, in a neighbourhood of other millionaires. He pondered his next move. He dug up his grandmother’s possessions from the basement, and dusted them off. After much digging, he finally found his grandmother’s handwritten recipes. Oh what a relief! What a pleasure!

He finally found a hobby. Since money was not an object, he built a wood burning oven somewhere in his back yard, and was eager to begin. He found all the necessary ingredients and proceeded to bake some bread. After a few trials and errors, he finally
ended up with two loaves of great tasting bread just like grandma used to make! To him it was a wonderful adventure, and not wanting to be selfish, he decided to give one of the loaves to his neighbour.

The next few days, the neighbour returned thanked him and stated that the bread was so good that he gave a piece to his neighbour. Now, all the neighbours wanted a couple of his loaves. Wanting to satisfy the neighbours of his neighbour, he made enough to satisfy them all. As the word spread around, he realized that the present small oven was not large enough and that he needed bigger ovens to satisfy more neighbours.

On his next visit to the doctor dressed in his bakers outfit, he mentioned that his recreational time is filled to capacity because the whole suburb loved his bread. And personally, he was extremely happy to be able to create something all by himself.

With this said, I would like to introduce you to some basic recipes, not to satisfy the whole world, just yourself.

Remember, there are trials and errors in anything you try to do. It is inevitable. However, I can assure you that this bag of flour you have purchased is one the best flour money can buy. Additionally, with my name on the label, I cannot afford to make any errors. Therefore, bake with my ingredients, I can assure you that they are the best! No matter the results of your baking, it will be better than any commercially made product.

Within the recipes I am revealing to you, I would like to point out that should I say 4 spoons of sugar and you cannot handle this much, reduce the amount. Should I say a spoonful of salt, reduce the amount to suit your need. The flexibility is all yours. Remember, the main ingredient in all the recipes is love.

Besan flour,

Also known as gram flour, is used in East Indian cuisine. It is actually made from ground chickpeas (chana dhal), a special variety called Desi which is very small and brown. Besan flour has a very fine, soft texture and a pale yellow color, and may be used to thicken soups. This flour is very high in carbohydrates and protein, and contains no gluten.

Atta Flour

Is a whole-wheat flour made from hard wheat. Used primarily by East Indians and Pakistanis, it is ideal for bread, chapati, roti, naan, puri or any flatbread and has a high protein content. Atta, obtained from grinding the complete wheat grains, is creamy brown and relatively coarse in texture.

All Purpose Flour

Is made from the finest Canadian grown wheat. And we all know that Canadian wheat is one of the finest and probably the best in the world. It has a beautiful fine texture which makes it suitable for most of your baking needs.

It is also excellent for making dumplings, fried bakes and fritters.
There are thousands and thousands of recipes written in magazines, the internet, recipe books, on the back of labels, etc. etc.

Miss Sia, a 14 year old (2009), beautiful young lady that not only has high marks within her school, she is also a Canadian champion in swimming with many medals in the young girls category. In her free time she enjoys cooking and baking. The outcome of her creation has been verified by her two youngest brothers Steven and Nicolas who they told me privately and confidentially that their sister’s Chocolate Chip Cookies is superb.

Sia also is an animal lover and on her visit to me, I let her hold my pet Koukla. As you notice her left hand gently holds Koukla’s feet, so Koukla is the top of the world. Oh wait.. Koukla told me that she love Sia’s cooking.

So, lets follow Sia’s recipe

Chocolate Chip Cookie
Ingredients
3/4 cup Mr. Goudas cane sugar
3/4 cup brown sugar, 1 cup butter, softened, 2 large eggs, beaten 1 teaspoon vanilla extract 2 1/4 cups Mr. Goudas all-purpose flour 1 teaspoon baking soda 3/4 teaspoon Mr. Goudas salt 2 cups semisweet chocolate chips and 1 cup chopped pecans, or walnuts if desired.

Directions

Preheat oven to 375 degrees F. Mix cane sugar, brown sugar, butter, vanilla and eggs in a large bowl by hand. Stir in flour, baking soda, and salt. If dough is very stiff you can use a mixer for this first step.

Be sure that the dough is well mixed before moving on. Stir in chocolate chips by hand.

You’ll need to use a wooden spoon for this and a lot of muscles. You can add the pecans, or other nuts, at this time if desired.

On the separate note with Stevens and Nicolas hand writing I noticed that they also like some cashew nuts, a little bit of raisins, a few almonds, some pistachios and very few walnuts. Keep stirring and folding the chocolate chips and nuts into the dough until they are evenly dispersed.

Drop dough by rounded tablespoonfuls 2 inches apart onto ungreased cookie sheet. The chocolate chip cookies need to be far apart because the dough spreads during cooking. Bake 8 to 10 minutes or until light brown. If you leave them in too long, the cookies will be tough or crispy and centers will be soft.

Let cool completely then remove from cookie sheet.

Use a flat spatula to remove the cookies from the sheet.

If you try to remove the cookies while they are still warm, you can cause a big mess and messy looking cookies.

Chocolate chips cookies are very popular in the US and Canada and the aroma of fresh baked cookies gives you a happy family feelings.
Samosas

The Samosa is a common snack in India and Pakistan. It generally consists of a fried triangular-shaped pastry shell with a savory potato, onion, carrot and pea stuffing.

It is mainly enjoyed by vegetarians, however, other stuffings like minced meat and fish may also be used. The size and shape of the Samosa, as well as the consistency of the pastry can vary considerably. If it is spicy, then it’s often eaten with chutney such as mint, coriander, or tamarind, and is frequently savoured with tea, coffee or Mr. Gouda’s Ginger Soda.

Samosas are often served in chaat (a small plate of savory snacks), along with the traditional accompaniments of yogurt, chutney, chopped onions and coriander, chaat masala, and channa bhatura.

Samosas have become very popular in Canada, The United States and even in Salaguaya. In a few words, they are popular everywhere!

We suggest that you avoid purchasing them frozen, due to the fact that they may contain ingredients such as: Sodium Phospate, Carrageenan, Baluco, Pirogelo, Pectin, Amylase, Chlorine, Benzoyl Peroxide, or other things totally unnecessary for this beautiful snack.

For those of you who are adventurous and love the thought of creating your own masterpieces, your PASSAGE TO INDIA & PAKISTAN begins now!

THE PASTRY

2 cups Mr. Goudas All Purpose Flour
1/4 cup of Mr. Goudas Soya Oil
1/2 cup of water
1/2 tsp Mr. Goudas baking powder
Mr. Goudas salt and pepper to taste

Not all flours claiming “all purpose” can be used in this recipe. Due to the fact that you are investing a lot of time you want perfect results. Avoid unknown brands.

It may cost you a little more, but the end result is worth all the money in the world.

There are 2 methods of making the dough:

Method 1

Sift flour, baking powder and salt into a bowl. Stir in oil.
The Samosa shell is somewhat flaky; to achieve this, pick up a combination of the flour and oil and place it in the palm of one hand. Place both palms together, rubbing the flour/oil together for a few seconds.

Continue doing this until you have rubbed all the flour and oil together. This should result in a mixture similar to bread crumbs. Gradually incorporate the hot water, all the while mixing gently until the dough is formed. Knead for 2 - 3 minutes.

Form into a large ball and chill in the refrigerator while you prepare the filling.

Method 2

If using a food processor, combine flour, baking powder and salt in processor bowl.

Pour in oil and blend to combine. With processor running at medium speed, stream in the hot water, then process an additional 15 - 20 seconds. Remove from processor, form into a ball, and chill while you prepare the filling.
The filling

The filling is made with a combination of mixed vegetables and a variety of spices, such as:
garlic paste, ginger paste, cumin powder, coriander leaves, spring onions, chili peppers, lemon juice and garam masala.

This filling is placed within a single layer of samosa pastry, folded and then fried in 1/4 cup oil

(Mr. Goudas Soya Oil has the perfect texture for this – do not use olive oil)
1/2 tsp. cumin seeds, crushed seeds from 10 cardamom pods,

1 can of Mr. Goudas Mixed vegetables (contains:
carrots, peas, potatoes, blended in perfect harmony with mouth watering taste and flavour) 4 cloves garlic, 1/2 tsp. turmeric,
1 tsp. salt, 2 tablespoons Mr. Goudas Trinidad Style Hot Sauce, 1/4 cup water, 1/3 cup chopped fresh cilantro (also known as coriander).

In a large frying pan, heat the oil (heat level should be between medium and low). Sauté the cumin and cardamom seeds until the odor penetrates the air, for about one minute.

(Do not hastily cook them at a high heat level – you will spoil my recipe and I will be very upset!)

Add a can of mixed vegetables, mashed garlic, and sauté for a few minutes, stirring occasionally. Add water, turmeric, cilantro, hot sauce, salt and pepper to taste.

Stir again, cover, and cook for about 2 – 3 minutes more, until the liquid has been absorbed. Remove from heat, set aside and allow to cool.

Divide the dough into appropriate-sized portions. Pat each portion into a circle 5 - 7 inches in diameter (depending on the size of Samosa you want to create).

Cut each circle in half. Roll each half into a cone, overlapping the edges and pinching or wetting to seal.

Stuff the cone with a big spoonful or two of filling, then pinch the open end closed (wetting if necessary), forming a puffy triangle.

Continue until you have used all the dough.

In a large wok, deep fryer or casserole, heat several inches of oil to deep-fry the Samosas.

To determine when the oil is hot enough, pinch off a tiny piece of dough and drop into the heated oil. It should become brown, not burnt, in about 30 seconds.

Caution:
Do not cook at a high level - medium to low is recommended.
Please use all the necessary precautions when frying any oil, and BE FOCUSED AND ALERT!

Too much smoke means the heat is too high.

Fry samosas, a few at a time, until golden and crisp, about 3 - 4 minutes, turning them over halfway through frying.

Remove with tongs, drain on paper towels, and continue until all samosas are fried.
You may place cooked Samosas in a warm oven 250 degrees while cooking the rest of the batches.
Serve hot or at room temperature.

These Samosas are very beautiful, but
the secret to creating the perfect samosa is finally traveling around the world, and there is no doubt it will satisfy even the pickiest of eaters.

Nevertheless, to make a good Samosa taste even better, after taking your first bite off one of the corners (and we leave it up to you to decide which corner you wish to bite), pour a small amount of Mr. Goudas Tamarind Sauce into the Samosa and “mmmm”...savour the flavour only Mr. Goudas can create.

If you prefer a little heat, add a small amount of Mr. Goudas Trinidad Style Hot Sauce.

Samosas are an East Indian and Pakistani delight. A delicacy that is now travelling around the world.

Halva

The exact year of discovery of this delicacy is not well known, but we can trace its history for at least 200 years.

Halva is very popular in the Middle East, as well as Turkey and Greece.

It is very simple to make, if you follow the Steps 1, 2, 3, and 4. To make it a little bit easier you need

1 cup Extra Virgin Olive Oil or Soya
2 cups Mr. Goudas semolina
3 cups 100% pure cane sugar
4 cups water

Now let us see how you create it.

First place semolina a pot under medium heat and stir constantly with a wooden spoon until golden in colour.

Pour the oil over the semolina and continue to stir until the oil is absorbed. This takes about 5 – 7 minutes. Turn off stove.

In another pot bring water to a boil. Add sugar and stir until the liquid turns into a syrup. Pour the syrup over the semolina and blend together. Pour into a tray and allow to cool.

Once cool, flip unto a plate and garnish with pieces of walnut, almonds, coconut
flakes or any topping your heart desires.

Your friends and visitors will love you for this.

(You may reduce the sugar content).

This recipe was revealed to Mr. Goudas by Mrs. Avra Moliviatis who told him that Mr. Goudas semolina is the best for the creation of Halva.

In the picture you can see Mr. & Mrs. Moliviatis enjoying a dance together after Mr. Goudas told them that their Halva is the best he ever enjoyed.

**Bread**

Hello again..

Let us forget about the entertainment business, dancing and all that stuff. Imagine they make Halva and they start dancing.. how nice.

Imagine with all the books that I have written in my life and all the recipes that I have created, if everybody creates something out of my recipes then the whole world will become Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

Now is the time to get into the serious business and reveal the recipe to create a loaf of bread.

A loaf of bread means almost nothing in these days.

But the word bread meant a lot in the World War II era.

Let me explain why.

To the younger generation the following story will not make any sense. However, to the older people born a few years before the war or a few years after in occupied Europe, then this story will make a lot of sense.

Food in towns like Athens all over Europe was very scarce.

I remember my mother waiting for hours in line to be able to get a slice of bread for every member of the family through the Red Cross and the Marshall plan.

Kids like myself, we know very well about words like curfews, underground bunkers, executions, blackouts,
bombings and hunger!

The following story will give the spotlight to one incident that happened to me personally.

In the middle of the night I saw our neighbor crawling on the ground in the dark, trying to reach his garden despite the fact that the Germans were shooting anything that moves and when finally there, he took something out from the ground and started eating.

When he noticed my presence, he explained to me that those were carrots and they had grown after he put the seeds in a hole in the ground.

Since food was very scarce and bread was very limited, with an innocent mind I thought that instead of eating my slice of bread I would save it, and then in the middle of the night, in the darkness, cut my slice of bread into small pieces, dig a hole in the ground with my finger, put the pieces of bread in the hole, cover it up with the soil, and with the constant watering someday in the future a big tree will grow and we will have a lot of bread to feed everybody.

How do you like the story so far?

I was 2 or 3 years old at that time!

Millions of people can relate to memories like this, and the word bread is closely associated with the war and hunger.

So to me if I see somebody throwing something out in the garbage I do not really mind, but when I see someone throw bread in the garbage, I get very upset.

Flour is very inexpensive and bread feeds a lot of people.

Imagine even in the Bible, Christ with just 5 loaves of bread feeds thousands of people.

Similarly our company is a sturdy supporter of many non-profit organizations, senior citizen homes and other activities of various nationalities, including people in need, because I know what hunger is all about.

Needless to say, I was homeless, hungry and sleeping on the streets when I came to Canada.

Obviously there are different breads for different nationalities. For instance: Italian bread, French, English, Jamaican hard dough bread, Challah bread, Pita bread etc. etc.

The internet, the recipe books and the magazines are full of them, I am only going to give you one and I created the recipe in such a way that it would be very easy for you, providing you have the desire to follow through.

Remember you do not have to feed the whole world, just feed your satisfaction.

Ingredients:

2 portions dry yeast,
1 tablespoon Mr. Goudas pure cane sugar, 2 cups lukewarm water,
6 cups Mr. Goudas flour,
1 teaspoon Mr. Goudas salt,
1 teaspoon Mr. Goudas vegetable oil.

Recipe: In a glass of lukewarm water dissolve the sugar and the yeast.
Wait for about 10 minutes until the yeast rises, then pour it into a mixer bowl, add the flour, salt and the balance of the water and knead for about 8-10 minutes.

Grease a large bowl with the oil and put the dough, then cover with a towel.

Put the dough in a warm place and wait for about an hour, or until the dough doubles in size.

After that knead the dough and form it into 2 loaves. Grease and flour sprinkle the baking tray or pan, depending on the shape.

Place the loaves in and cover with a towel and wait until it doubles in size again.

Bake the bread in a preheated oven at medium heat for about 30 minutes, or until golden brown and crusty.

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1 package active dry yeast, 1 1/4 cup warm water 3 cups Mr. Goudas All Purpose Flour 2 tsp Mr. Goudas Salt.

Dissolve yeast in water. Stir in flour and salt. Knead on a floured surface until smooth (about 5 minutes).

Divide into 6 balls and knead each until smooth and elastic. Flatten to 1/4" thick and 5 inches in diameter.
Cover with a damp towel and let rise for 45 minutes.
Place upside down on a cookie sheet and bake at 500 degrees for 12-15 minutes, until light brown.

There are many variations of pita bread according to the individual taste, and although they only become visible lately in North America, this has been the main bread in the Middle East for centuries.

In fact, if you don't like pita bread, and plan to travel to the Middle East, you should take your bread with you as pita is the only bread available.
Dumplings

2 cups Mr. Goudas All Purpose Flour, 
1/2 tsp baking powder, 
1/4 tsp salt (or less), 
1/2 or 3/4 cup water, vegetable oil for frying.
Mix the ingredients well in a bowl.

Knead the dough to a ball and separate in smaller balls 1” in diameter. 
Boil for approximately 10 minutes.

For fried dumplings, flatten the balls and fry them until golden in colour. 
Note that for fried dumplings, baking powder is optional.

In the Caribbean this is served with cod fish, (baccalao), ackees or callaloo.

There are numerous types, shapes and styles of dumplings for every ethnic group (for instance Japanese, Chinese, Korean etc), but this is a basic recipe for beginners.

Mr. Goudas Flour is ideal for all dumplings.

Roti

1 cup Mr. Goudas All Purpose Flour, 
1 tablespoon oil, 1 teaspoon salt, 
1/2 cup boiled water, deep frying pan, butter

Method

Mix the ingredients well in a bowl until soft. Knead the dough at least 5-10 times and add flour if sticky or water if hard.

Roll till it looks like a pizza dough, cut in 4 smaller balls and roll each in your slightly oily palms then flatten to a circle approximately 5” in diameter with a roller.

Put frying pan on medium high heat without oil and fry the roti.

Wait 5 seconds then turn it, then put oil or butter on the fried side, then after 10 seconds turn it over again and put oil or butter on the other side and wait at least 10 seconds then turn it back and make sure the roti is brown not black.

Congratulations you have just made your first roti.
Dear Friends of these informative little booklets: Does the picture on the cover look appetizing to you? Would you be interested in knowing how to make it yourself?

We know that sometimes this may seem impossible to a new cook, but we are going to give you all the information you need to create it. Even if you fail the first time, do not worry. The only waste would be approximately $5.00 and a little bit of time. However, when you finally perfect it, you will receive a diploma signed and framed personally by Mr. Goudas! In addition, all your guests invited to dinner will be impressed with your diploma and with your culinary skills, and will love you forever.

Let us begin, step-by-step. This wonderful dish will be one of your favourites for years to come. So therefore, please read carefully so you will memorize the recipe and the ingredients well.

Mr. Goudas personally revealed this recipe to me, and I have written it down to the best of my ability.

Ingredients:

1 lb Lima beans 5 – 6 large onions (Mr. Goudas believes that onions enhance the memory*) 1/2 cup Extra Virgin Olive Oil 1 can Crushed Tomatoes 1 can of Mr. Goudas Chicken Broth (no MSG) 1 teaspoon Sugar Salt and Black Pepper 2 – 3 cloves of garlic, or 1 teaspoon of garlic powder, Cinnamon, 2 tablespoons Mr. Goudas Trinidad Hot Sauce

We would like to tell you to purchase any Lima Beans from the store, but we cannot, because we have not seen any equivalents to the Mr. Goudas Lima Beans. They are the best variety from Peru, and the very best in the world. They are unbroken and with minimum skin defects.

Stage 1: In a large pot, ¾ full of water, place the Lima Beans and boil for approximately 1 hour. As the beans start to boil, they become swollen and the skin begins to take a different shape.

Do not panic and do not stir. Try one of the beans to determine if it is cooked. Do not allow them to become too soft because there will be...
additional cooking in the oven later.

Once you determine that your Lima Beans are just about ready, remove from
the stove and pour them into a rectangular baking pan, water included, but only
to cover the beans. Discard the excess water. Set the baking pan with the Lima
Beans and water aside.

Stage 2: Peel the onions. Cut each onion in half. Slice each half into sections approximately 1/4 of an inch thick. Place a large frying pan on the stove at medium level.

Make sure that the handle is not positioned in such a way that you might accidentally tip it over with your body and burn yourself.
(This is not a joke but serious advice on safety given to you by Mr. Goudas himself).

Pour the Extra Virgin Olive Oil (you know which one) into the frying pan. Let it heat for a minute and toss in the onions.

Now is the right time to wash your hands and face to remove the tears that result from peeling the onions. You will also feel refreshed and ready to continue your creation. Sautee (simmer) the onions under low heat, stirring occasionally with a wooden spoon until they become light golden in colour.

Stage 3: Spread the onions evenly over the beans, covering them entirely.

Open the can of Crushed Tomatoes and creatively pour over the onions and beans. Add garlic powder, or preferably sliced cloves of garlic, salt and black pepper to taste. Dilute the sugar and Trinidad Hot Sauce in 1/2 a glass of water and evenly pour over your creation.
(The sugar removes the acidity from the tomatoes and the hot sauce enhances the flavour). Sparingly sprinkle with cinnamon. There should be enough water to cover all the ingredients, should there not be enough, add a can of Mr. Goudas Chicken Broth.
(The only one we know without MSG).

Tightly cover the baking tray with foil paper. Place in the oven and bake at 375 to 400 degrees for approximately 30 minutes.

Check periodically after the initial 20 minutes, to ensure that the water has not totally evaporated and the beans are completely cooked, i.e. tender to your taste. Do not allow all the liquid to evaporate, because there should be enough “juice” included in the serving.

Stage 4: Examine your creation after removing the foil paper. Look at it! Is it not beautiful and delicious looking?!! Try one bean...not two, just one. Mmmm!!! Now try an onion .. Is it not marvelous? Okay, stop tasting.

Cover and imagine how wonderful a spoonful of this will taste!

Smile and pat yourself on the back with your hand (left or right, the choice is yours)!

Repeat these words to yourself...
“Oh my God! I am a chef. I have just officially graduated from the Goudas University in the Art of Cooking!”

Use a spatula when serving to ensure
that each serving portion contains all of the delicious ingredients of the dish. (Do not stir. Simply pick up a portion with the spatula and place on a plate. Use a tablespoon to pour some of the "juice" over your Baked Lima Beans. Baked Lima Beans may be served hot or cold as the main course, accompanied with your favourite salad, cheese, olives and crusty bread.

The remaining portion should be covered with foil and refrigerated once cool.

Left over beans may be used for a few days as a side dish. Keep refrigerated.

In addition to being delicious, Baked Lima Beans are also very nutritious. Lima Beans contain lots of fibre and iron.

We hope that this recipe will become another one of your favourites for years to come.

(*During one of the company dinners, one of the employees questioned Mr. Goudas onion/memory theory, and inquired: "Mr. Goudas, if as you say onions enhance the memory, maybe you should consider eating onions more often, because you certainly forgot the promise of raising our salaries for some time now").

We would also like you to know that Baked Lima Beans are available under the Mr. Goudas label, ready-to-serve, right out of the can. Simply pull the tab, place in a dish and microwave for 90 seconds. The only ingredient minimized is the onion.

You may use them in the following recipe.

**LIMA BEAN SALAD**

1 can Mr. Goudas Lima Beans
1 large onion (not the crying kind)
Juice of 1/2 a lemon
2 tablespoon Olive Oil
Parsley, Celery, Oregano (optional, if you like the taste)

Drain the water from the Lima Beans and place them in a bowl. Dice or slice the onion and celery stalks (remove strings), add to the beans. Cut a few small pieces of parsley and toss over the beans.

Add the lemon juice, and Olive Oil. Mix gently to avoid breaking the beans. Don’t forget that they came all the way from Peru, have been carefully hand-picked, sterilized and canned, so that they may be brought to you whole and beautiful.

Mr. Goudas will be very unhappy if you break them while mixing!
You are only allowed to bite them in two! (Smile! We have inserted these comments to make you laugh a little).

It is the Caribana weekend and most people are jumping up and down and playing at the water front.

But Mr. Goudas “the work-a-holic”, and staff credited with working on these recipes and booklets, chose to stay at the office and create these wonderful recipes, including artwork, pictures and designs just for you.

We hope that you will appreciate the time and the effort we have placed in creating these beautiful recipes.

The Baked Lima Beans and Lima Bean Salad booklet is another in our series. We hope you will attempt to make these dishes yourself.

Once you have become familiar and know the recipes “by heart and in your heart” pass this booklet on to a friend.

I was about to submit this booklet for printing, when an idea for a commercial came into my mind.

After I presented my idea to the staff at our meeting, a few voted “no”, but the majority thought it was extremely funny and should be incorporated somewhere within one of the booklets.

So here is the commercial that I intend to produce and fit into a 30 second time slot.

For over a week, I was without my TV satellite, therefore without television.

Although I have a collection of over 3,000 films, from Casablanca to 4 Feathers, I choose to watch a CD recording of the 2008 Olympic opening ceremony in Beijing that was given to me but I never had the opportunity to watch.

Upon viewing the opening, I admit that I have sincere admiration for the Chinese for the amount of work and effort placed into making that day possible.

Imagine, 2,008 drummers performing in precision timing and hundreds of athletes as part of their team. Imagine further, someone thinking if it is possible to see something of this stature ever again. Could another country have a better opening than this?

Well, I do not think so!

However, the Olympics will continue.

Eventually, sometime in the future, maybe in the year 2148, a very small country may have the privilege of hosting the event.

It was at that moment, the idea of making a commercial to reflect the opening ceremonies of very small country came to mind. Most likely, the preparation for the opening will be a big headache for their officials.

Once informed that their country had been awarded the honour of hosting the next Olympics, excitement and fever ran through them.
The Prime Minister called for a general meeting in the small town of Salaguaya, capital of Malaguaya.

Within the tiny meeting room, the following events took place.

**OPENING CEREMONIES**

The Prime Minister, the Head of the Olympic Committee and the Head of Athletic Committee along with member of the cabinet are in a meeting in a small boardroom, in the city of Salaguya, the Capital of Malaguya.

The Prime Minister states that the 2008 Olympics in Beijing were very good with 2,008 participants in the Opening Ceremonies.

However, our little country has the privilege of hosting the next Olympics, but we are poor and cannot imitate the Chinese. We have to do our own little thing and we have to be the best.

Firstly, he inquired: Do we have a place big enough to accommodate all the visitors?

The Head of the Olympic Committee responded: Of course. There is that field in the Gandula Area, few acres, not too far from the jungle and it is quite safe.

(Show map and zero’s in on city. Lions, tigers and cheetahs are roaming about.)

He paused for a moment and inquired: How many athletes do we have?

The Head of the Athletic Committee proudly turns and states, one sir.

**Just One!**

The Prime Minister was flabbergasted.

Yes, but he is a very good one, sir. He is what we call an All Purpose Athlete.

We have a film to demonstrate his multi-talented abilities. With your permission, we would like to show it to you, sir.

Go ahead. The Head of the Olympic Committee roared: Roll the projector.....

The screen opens with a chubby fellow clad in a tight Olympic T-shirt with 7 Olympic rings on the back and the title All Purpose Athlete. He begins his routine: boxing, swimming, fencing, throwing the discus, etc, in effect, performing all major sporting events in quick succession.

The scene fades to black and reopens with 10 large flaming candles behind The All Purpose Athlete.

He suddenly bends down like a quarterback with his back to the candles and adjusts his shorts downward. The camera does not show his
exposed butt. It does, however, show a close up of him taking a deep breath and getting ready for the right moment.

Suddenly, he let out a barrage of compressed air, and the cameras zooms in on the candles.

All ten of them in precision timing were extinguished one at a time.

The camera then shows the athlete with a big smile of satisfaction on his face doing a victory dance.

The Prime Minister was astonished and questioned:

How did he do it?

The Head of Olympic Committee proudly responded:

MR. GOUĐAS BEANS, SIR!
THERE ARE THE BEST.
THEY ARE ALWAYS RELIABLE.

The Prime Minister gave the thumbs up, smiled and stated,

We are going to have a wonderful opening.

I love it.

Was this not fascinating reading.
Are you feeling entertained?
Have you found yourself laughing at times? Gentlemen, are you secretly intending to try some Cow Foot Soup to strengthen you back?!
Did you really believe they kicked the mierda out of him in the Latino booklet?!
Did you enjoy the Canada Geese story?
Do you agree that it is one of the best stories ever written?

The Olive Tree booklet may be very controversial since it reveals information not disclosed by many producers.

Would you believe that these booklets, translated into several languages and printed by the thousands evolved during a period of time when Mr. Goudas was in severe discomfort.

Despite the intense pain, he continued to manage the affairs of the business, and amazingly create and narrate these wonderful pieces of work!

The following story is fascinating.

Not many people, especially at age 65, decide to take a piece of paper and document occurrences in their private lives. Mr. Goudas believes that people who have achieved this milestone may have experienced similar circumstances. Even younger people who perceive 65 as being in the very far future, and feel that they are presently strong and that nothing will happen to them, they must understand that years go by very fast and that 65 will be around the corner before you even know it.

Nevertheless, this article reflects his satisfaction and appreciation to the Great One Above for giving him the inspiration to write the next story.
MIRACLES STILL DO HAPPEN

Initially, I intended to call this booklet Floaters but I changed it to the above and as you go through the story, you will understand why.

I was in my office very early in the morning, around 4:00 a.m., which is my usual time, along with my long time early secretary, Maria, who is 71 years young. She has already prepared my first Greek Coffee of the day and I am completely focused on my computer screen with my pet dog, Koukla, and Tiger still snoozing.

Everything was quiet, until I heard something drop into my coffee. It was not long before I realized that there was blood dripping from my nose. I proceeded to the washroom and washed my face and nose with some medium hot water, only to find out that instead of stopping the flow of blood, it made it more intense, the bleeding continued.

I remembered as a kid that my mother always told us to lift our head backwards and hold the nose. I did this. When I thought that the bleeding had stopped, I released my nostrils, only to find out that it did not.

I thought it would be a good idea to take some toilet paper, roll it up and plug my nostrils. The toilet paper became soaked with blood and fell out of my nose. Regardless of my efforts to stop the nose, the bleeding continued for more than four hours.

All the while Koukla is barking up at me, as if she was telling me that I was full of blood. Many thoughts flooded my mind. One of them was maybe I had picked my nose and cut a vein. Or that a blood vessel had broken. In my estimation, I lost over half a pint of blood. All of a sudden at around 8:00 a.m. the bleeding stopped along with Koukla's barking.

It seemed like I was ready to continue working. When I told the staff what had happened they told me I should go to the doctor. I choose not to go but I did phone. I was advised that I was the luckiest man on earth since I had just escaped a huge stroke, which either could have killed me, or paralyzed me for the rest of my life. I made an appointment to see the doctor to check out my condition.

Naturally, I continued working and around 4:00 p.m. I had a sudden urge to sneeze. I remembered the events of the
morning and instantly picked up some tissue paper and instead of sneezing, I held it back only to realize that in a few seconds my spine had expanded and a nerve cut in between. Only people who have had severe back pain will understand the tremendous pain that I suffered.

I will not go into details of how many months I spent in severe pain, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. I was unable to move my legs, to drive, or even walk. Needless to say, my doctor advised me not to have an operation because the possibility of recovery without surgery was greater than if I had one.

I am sure that we all heard the expression “the show must go on”. The business had to continue running. All my employees depend upon me and gave me the encouragement to plug on.

With the help of painkillers to ease the pain, I was able in my spare time to write 25 booklets with the assistance of my recording secretary. And although I was in immense pain at times, all the booklets are written in a comedy format.

So now I am sure that you are thinking, of what does this have to do with floaters?

Well, I was getting better. I was able to move my legs, walk with the assistance of a cane, limping a little - with Koukla limping along beside me. I thought she was trying to imitate me but then I took her to the vet only to be informed that she had arthritis. I was even able to drive my car.

Then one night as I was returning home from the airport, with Koukla on my lap as usual, I felt like a bunch of hair suddenly landed in my right eye. I pulled to the side of the road and I tried to remove it. I was unable to.

Therefore, I thought the best thing to do was to close one eye and continue driving slowly. Since the office was closer than home, I proceeded to the office.

I immediately went into the washroom, adjusted the water temperature and scooped handfuls of water into my eye trying to wash the bunch of hair out. This bunch of hair was very annoying and difficult to remove. It did not even budge regardless of the position that I was looking in. Since I was very tired and unable to drive any longer, I felt that I should lie down and try to get some rest.

The following day, I woke up with the hair still there. It had a tremendous impact on my vision. It was like branches of trees moving left and right with no consistency in my line of vision. I tried several times to remove it with water, with no success. It was then that I thought the best thing to do was to go to the hospital.

I spent more than four hours just trying to register and finally, I was allowed to go into the ophthalmology section. Needless to say, I was very upset walking up and down the corridor looking through one eye with perfect vision, and the other eye, seeing the people behind bushes.

When the doctor finally arrived and examined my eye, he suggested that I take
a pill to calm my nerves down. After a little while he returned and gave me the diagnosis, that what I thought was my dog’s hair is not correct, and he could not see anything outside of the eye.

He also suggested that he would make an appointment for the next day to see an ophthalmologist for further diagnosis. I had a terrible night but I did make it on time for my examination.

The ophthalmologist immediately settled me into the examining chair. He placed a few drops into each of my eyes and told me to go out into the lobby for 15 to 20 minutes until my pupils became dilated.

I still had enough vision to see all the diplomas that the doctor had framed on his wall from all over the world. I felt I was in good hands.

I returned to the chair to allow the doctor to perform his examination which involved him telling me to move the eye to the left, to the right, stay still, etc., etc. Finally, the examination was completed. I could not see him clearly through my dilated pupils, I clearly heard his diagnosis. Right then and there, he told me that it was not dog’s hair but FLOATERS.

He told me that he was not too sure and that I should seek a second opinion for verification. In fact, the doctor knew that his diagnosis was correct but apparently he did not want me to have a heart attack or a conniption in his chair.

However, I persisted in asking what floaters are since I had never heard of such a thing. He told me that it is something within the liquid of the eye and that there is no cure for it, nor is there an operation to remove them.

What I thought was my dog’s hair was really a reflection of the mirror of the eyes. Since I was not mentally prepared to accept this explanation, I thought it best to leave hoping he had made an incorrect diagnosis in spite of all his credentials. So I left his office and I telephoned a friend of mine because I was unable to drive.

I spent the rest of the day at my friend’s house trying to calm my nerves.

I asked his wife to scan the internet and find the word floaters.

Each time she read an article to me, I became more and more disillusioned.

Each article emphasized that there was no cure for floaters and that they are very annoying.

There are people even at a young age that develop them and they stay with you for the rest of your life.

I sat there listening to her with my fingers crossed hoping that the doctor really had made an incorrect diagnosis.

The next day, I made an appointment with another doctor, only to have the same information and diagnosis confirmed.

The floaters were so annoying that I had to turn off the lights in my office. My poor secretary had to work along with me in the darkness using only the light of the computer screen. Even a little bit of sunlight or looking up at the sky was enough to give me a tremendous headache.

I made an appointment with a third doctor for a final opinion.

This time I took my son with me. After the examination, the doctor verified that the floaters are here to stay and will eventually affect the other eye.

My son heard the conversation very clearly and on the way out of the doctor’s
office, I told him to learn as much as he could about the business and that I had to learn as much as I could, the language of the blind. – Braille.

Since I produce more than one thousand products from all over the world which I believe are the best the world has to offer, I thought to incorporate the perfume of the products within the can with blind people in mind.

With the essence incorporated within the ink of the label, when visually impaired consumers pass by the supermarket shelves or open their cupboards, the intense aroma generated by the label would cause them to immediately identify what is in the can, for example, a pineapple or a tomato field, for that matter.

An article with respect to this particular idea of mine was printed in Globe & Mail newspaper on April 3, 2001.

That idea became intensified in my brain as a consequence of the floaters, and the research that I started twenty years ago but had never completed, will be my mission for the years to come.

Needless to say, I spent more than two months in seclusion with pain in my legs, pain in my back, floaters in my eye, until my 65th birthday came along.

So the big day arrived! Once at the office, I was greeted with many Happy Birthday wishes.

I received telephone calls, postcards, letters and e-mails from every part of the globe.

However, I was left speechless by letter that was posted on our website by my employees.

The text is as follows:

HAPPY 65TH BIRTHDAY SIR!

Hello Everyone:

It is 9:20 p.m. on Wednesday, March 28, 2007. It is not unusual that I am sitting here at work.

My hours have been rearranged because my boss apparently works 29 hours a day.

Anyway, tomorrow, he will be 65 years old. Happy Birthday, Sir!

Congratulations on reaching such a milestone in life, thank you for what you have done and accomplished in this time period and may our great and wonderful God, our Father Almighty, continue to bless you and keep you strong, healthy and productive for many, many, many more years.

For without you, there will be a terrible void left in the world because, you have made it possible for millions of people to have food on the table.

There are no words to describe my gratitude and appreciation for everything you have done and I am very privileged to have made your acquaintance.

Thank you from the bottom of my heart.

An e-mail arrived in the office today from one of our many suppliers.

It has been reproduced exactly as is and is a sincere testament to the Man for all seasonings, rice products, beans and peas, soups and prepared meals, canned vegetables, beverages and drinks, tomato products and pastes, canned fruits, sugar, flour, sauces, condiments, spices, etc., etc., etc.,

Mr. Spyros Peter Goudas, who for al-
most 40 years has dedicated his life to a mission which has been successfully accomplished in spite of many trials, disappointments, personal tragedy and grief.

The text of the e-mail is as follows:

My name is Theologos Kangelidis, my English is poorest than semi poor.

But my will to express my opinion for Mr. S. Peter Goudas is very strong and I will try to do it anyway I can.

I hope I will be understandable.

Before about a few years, I was so much disappointed of my life and so tired from all the bad moments I had with my work (after few years of hard work I had set up a little factory for canned food) in Bulgaria (I am Greek) I was looking to the net for some companies to collaborate with and send to them some samples...

As I search I found a website called MR. GOUĐAS www.goudasfoods.com. I wrote a letter to him and after a while I had already an answer which left me surprised. How fast this man reply to me although he was very busy with all his products. After a long conversation with the man, I left with the opinion that he is a very clever hard working man looking for perfection for his products.

But all this was like a fairy tale for me, because he said to me that he will advance money and raw materials to me...you see I was in a difficult time...

NO ONE WILL BELIEVE IT SINCE WE DON’T KNOW EACH OTHER!!!

The next morning they call me from my bank that an amount of US dollars has arrived from Canada to my account. I don’t believe it! Yes, it’s true!!!

After a short time, a whole load from MR. GOUĐAS raw material to begin production of his products arrived in Bulgaria for me. Since that day till today, me and Peter have produce more than 35 articles under Mr. Goudas brand, all of them under his straight observe and opinion (you see, he wants the best in the world and not less) and we are good friends more than business partners.

Honestly, I am 45 years old and I have seen many things in my life, for first time I have met a person like him.

Words are very poor to express this entire phenomenon called Peter Goudas! He is a whole catalogue from qualities Honest, HARD WORKING, human, sensitive, clever, hard to the difficulties of life, funny when he has the time, simple and thousands more...

If he was not near to me, at all these hard moments of my life I really do not know if I was here today.

I pray to God every day to keep him alive and healthy because he is a good man...

I want to thank him in a very open and public way for all people to see who Mr. Goudas is. If the world had 2 men like him maybe life was better for sure.

And to close this long letter, I must thank all his team in his company (they are all of them perfect).

And all his valuable customers that they respect so much his name and his products which without any date are the best in the world! I am proud to serve him and his company!!!

With all my respect,

Theologos Kangelidis
Bernadette:

As I continue to type this, I am overwhelmed. The above letter perfectly describes this man whom we all know as Mr. Goudas, and I sincerely believe it is the most appropriate Happy Birthday and Thank You.

Since I have been recording the details of his life for his autobiography titled, The Immigrant, I have become aware of the strength and determination of Mr. Goudas.

We love you sir and never ever forget that. You have made the world a better place! Happy Birthday Sir!

You are an inspiration to all of us.

From all you faithful employees, and of course Koukla.

Peter:

My whole staff knowing my situation encouraged me not to retire, since not only them, but the world needed me, maybe now more than ever before because the tremendous experience that I possess should not be allowed to go to waste. Not yet anyway.

I was telling my floaters story to one of my suppliers, when he told me that his mother who was raised in Greece and is very religious, will send me a little package the contents of which I should place on my eye and this will cure me. I thought it was just another old wives tale so I did not pay it very much attention.

After one week, I had a telephone call from a Customs Supervisor telling me that as Mr. Goudas, I bring hundreds of containers from all over the world and every one of them has the proper paperwork accompanying them.

This particular package did not have any paperwork and they were unable to process the entry into the country.

However, since they knew me very well, they told me they would forward the package and when I found out what it contained, I should inform them for their records.

When the package did arrive, I realized that it contained a piece of cotton, soaked in oil from the candle of St. Paraskevi, considered to be a healer of the blind, from the Church of the same name in Greece.

I phoned my supplier and advised him that I had received the package.

He further informed me that his mother instructed that I pray from deep within my heart and believe.

I was then to cover the eye overnight with the eye patch (like that of a pirate) and St. Paraskevi would heal my vision.
I admit that I have to deal with all nationalities in the world as part of the nature of my business and each one has their own beliefs, and food is indirectly related to religion.

I have no room for mistrust in miracles therefore I did exactly as per instructions and I spoke directly to the Great One who is above, until I fell into a deep sleep.

Only to wake up in the morning and find that

**miracles still do happen.**

Now, I am 65 years old and I am better than ever before.

I can walk some times without the assistance of a cane.

I drive without dark glasses and I control my blood pressure, until one of my secretaries causes it to rise.

I thank the Lord for keeping me in the top shape that I am in, at this stage of my life.

A Brief Portrait of Spyros Peter Goudas
(by Tasos Gikas)

Having read other people’s writing, having examined what’s hidden behind what Peter says about himself, having talked to him on the phone numerous times, having observed his behaviour on my last visit to Toronto, and having used various ‘analyzing tools’ – professional and...semi-professional – I have concluded in the following opinion:

Peter is very energetic, powerful, active, ambitious, competitive, determined, zestful, creative and gifted. He is optimistic, friendly, honest, independent, spontaneous, brave, openhearted, agile, a person always seeking action and adventure.

As a leader, he is a fighter and always capable to go past any obstacles. He is also polite and sensitive, always seeking good relationships with everyone, love, affection, and he expects the same back. He dislikes loneliness, seeks to earn appreciation, and is always touched with people’s flatteries and applauses regarding his products.

On the negative side, I can easily detect his impatience, uneasiness, and a dose of self-absorption, always feeling like ‘his products are best’. Of course, as far as truth is concerned, this does not necessarily portray egotism. I believe that as far as is his motto about his deli-
cious and healthy foods is concerned – for as much as I tried (and I have no reason to doubt the rest) – this, is actually true, because Peter truly believes that foods should be cooked with quality ingredients.

Peter is an artist deep inside. His constant interaction with the Media (television, radio, music), his public speeches, his innovative and creative label ideas, etc., show this clearly. He wishes to occupy himself with creative arts and to communicate with the general public, even to international extents.

He is a very hardworking individual, who does not necessarily always follow ‘the doctor’s advice’. Of course, Peter is not someone who accepts others advice easily, he will definitely hear the advice carefully but will not necessarily listen.

Peter’s business management style: Basically, he is a competent manager, a visionary leader, who functions using mostly the right side of his brain, and who executes instantly his immediate thoughts. He is a pioneer who always takes major risks, which could potentially end up into disasters.

Of course, ‘the biggest risk in life is not to take a risk at all’. Having studied business management, having been involved in various business fields and having worked as a leader myself, I have in mind an operational system that could work just as well as his, or even better.

Regardless, since the company is still being managed from Peter and continues to grow, I don’t see an immediate problem. In the long run, businesses need to develop systems, which do not solely rely on the raw talent and gifted personality of their founder.

Thankfully, Panos seems to have obtained many of his dad’s characteristics, and the leadership within the company is staying in place.

I am happy to have met Peter and have had the chance to work on his biography.

I wish Spyros Peter Goudas to always be strong, and to manage the successful Goudas Foods Company for much longer, as well as other businesses he has created, having always started from scratch. I wish his son, Panos, to continue his dad’s work, with the same or even better success.

Peter’s story is a source of inspiration for all of us. His book can be used as a practical business manual, as a leadership and marketing book, as well as a personal development guide. Of course, in his pages, there is also a lot of humour for any taste, that can entertain the readers.

Whoever reads this book, however, should not attempt to imitate Peter (or any other leader) precisely, but they should discover their own interests, talents, strengths and weaknesses, as well as abilities.

And after they have made a plan with what they want to make of their lives, they should start putting it to work as soon as possible. The secret is not found on intentions and plans, but in their EXECUTION.
My Experience Getting to Know the True Mr. Goudas
(by Livia Papadhimitri)

At this point of the book, I believe the reader feels as though they know Mr. Goudas well. For me though, the experience of the completion of this book, was also an opportunity to truly get to know my boss, a person who I thought I knew well, but in fact I didn’t know at all.

Every day I would come to work, pass by his office to tell him good morning before I went to my office, and in the end of the day, I would pass by his office again to say goodbye. This daily routine went on for years. Only when Mr. Goudas began the writing of his biography and needed my help for the editing, I actually had the chance to get to know the real person behind the brand Goudas Foods.

During the completion of the book, Mr. Goudas and I have spent countless hours talking in his office, when his mind was clear from all the daily problems. Often, he has narrated, very spontaneously, different stories about his life.

During this period I learned that some of his experiences, were so important that they have truly carved the direction of his life. Others have determined various important characteristics of his personality.

While Mr. Goudas narrates various stories he has lived, his words and his facial expression, many times uncover a person full of sensitivity and emotions. There have been many times where my eyes have watered with tears of joy or sadness, following a story he told me.

Many times I have been surprised with his honesty, as well as his bravery to open his heart with no fear or hesitation.

The same honesty is incorporated in this Biography, because Mr. Goudas wanted to touch the readers heart, but also show him/her, in his own words, who is the real Peter and how his life has evolved until now.

I would like to add something, that maybe has been mentioned previously in the book, but has not been emphasized enough: Mr. Goudas’ heart. I have never met a person with such a big heart and generous soul in my life. It has touched me but also inspired me that there are still people like him left in the world, those who are not only preoccupied with personal interests and earnings.

I admire Mr. Goudas that he managed to accomplish his goal to place his whole life in a book, with truth being number one priority.

My general conclusion from this whole experience is that there is not one boring story in his life. He has lived a life just like a movie, full of interesting events and never with a dull moment.

The most exciting part of it all, though, is that the stories of his life never end, and personally, I can’t wait to hear the next story he will narrate to me.
Dear Readers, Friends and Supporters:
(by Bernadette Scott)

As of today, I realized that with the famous “Biography” out of our hands and into the hands of the printer, that I miss all those Mr. Goudas stories. It was back to work. There were no more: “Stop for a minute and listen!” moments like before. Instead, it was business as usual, and for many of you in the business jungle, that means deadlines, aggravation, frustration, headaches, incessant telephone calls, banks, customers, etc., etc., etc... I am not in the business like him but I see the daily events.

Hey, this is one very serious man when it comes to business matters. At any given time, he could be negotiating a deal with the chief warden of a prison in Thailand, asking him to release the prisoners at 4:00 a.m. to pick the okras before noon, because if they grow any larger they will be inappropriate for canning.

The next phone call could be to Sri Lanka, to arrange a temporary ceasefire with the rebels, so that the truck with Mr. Goudas Coconut Cream can pass through, without the driver and escort being harmed. Or he could just be arranging to make a donation for the next senior citizen’s event. I can go on and on with examples, just to give you an idea of how diverse his day is, and the endless hours he inputs into his mission. Nevertheless, I will stop here to continue on with my main point.

Well, someone up there is listening to me. I was called into the office shortly after a package arrived for “the Boss”. With my pen and paper in hand, I walked into his office anticipating a dictation session. “Yes sir!” I responded, upon sitting down across from him. “Do you know what is in this box?”, he asked me. “No sir”, I said and placed my ear to the box and stated, “Well, it is not ticking!” He smiled, and opened it for my benefit.

Wow! The first rough printing of the “Biography”. It was (and still is) a beautiful sight. “The Immigrant”, Mr. Goudas’ Biography! Weeks, months, years, of typing, stories, readingssss!! It was now my responsibility to proofread it before it went to press. I was handed this “little piece of gold” and requested to read the entire book, as any regu-
lar reader would, and to come back with comments or changes to be made. Mr. Goudas told me that people who buy Mr. Goudas products will read this book and since they are loyal to his brand. Also, people who never knew the brand will read it out of curiosity, and, of course, the competition will thoroughly read it and then run through it with a magnifying glass.

My task is not to make any corrections in typographical or grammatical errors because the book is probably full of them since certain articles and sections were written as told by him. After all, Mr. Goudas is not a certified university English Major, but an immigrant who spent basically his entire life trying with the best of his ability to create whatever he has so far. Of course I scanned the print immediately locating my pictures (page 39 - the colourful one and the one eating pelau on page 47). Hey, you would do the same, given the situation. After all, being in the same book with the famous Mr. Goudas is an honour.

I began my initial task of proofreading, but became engrossed in reading this “Biography” as the book it was intended to be.

To give my undivided attention to this assignment, I kindly relayed the fact that it was more appropriate to read it in seclusion as opposed to the office environment. I succeeded in obtaining two days, so I left the office. I was told not to let this book out of my hands and that no one else was to read it before publication. I was totally engrossed and focused on reading, to the point I found myself miles away from my appointed destination - home.

I continued on, to the subway system, for further reading time. After all my years on the tube, it seems to be everyone’s reading room. The lady sitting next to me inquired as to where she could obtain a copy, because she was aware of the man on the cover and is a loyal Mr. Goudas customer. Another passenger, after hearing the conversation, was surprised that Mr. Goudas was not from the Caribbean…to her rice and kidney beans, hot sauce, and curry, meant…Well, you know what I mean! The next passenger, after overhearing the conversation, stated that she thought that Mr. Goudas was deceased many years ago, hmm. I smiled and asked how much would they pay for this “Biography”.

...The responses varied between $20 and $25. In fact one person stated they would even pay $50. I was beginning to feel that I was at an auction sale. This really surprised me. I quelled the discussion by exiting at the next station because, after all, the book had not yet been published. I found myself reading late into the night and upon awakening, I headed to my local coffee shop, you know, the “open 24 hours” kind, with a nice atmosphere, that students from Universities use as their reading
room, or private study. Well, I became one of them studying my text for the next assignment. I admire and respect Mr. Goudas for many, many reasons.

This entrepreneur has enabled me to retain a very special part of me, my originality and heritage. Mr. Goudas’ products have allowed me to continue eating the foods I grew up on, thereby passing on my culture to my offsprings through food, and it is this food that ever so often has caused me to recall very pleasant moments with loved ones. There are no words in this world to describe this. I believe for this reason Mr. Goudas will forever be blessed. Thank you.

The following evening I headed to one of my special spots to have some great, home made food, and to sit at the table in the corner and continue reading, despite the fact that the atmosphere was a little noisy from the music.

However, I was still able to focus my attention on reading. I was on page 30 of the book, admiring the picture of my long-time favourite wrestler Sweet Daddy Siki, and I was thinking to myself whatever happened to him...when to my surprise, it was announced over the P.A. system: “Ladies and gentlemen, let us welcome Sweet Daddy Siki”.

Wow! I pinched myself to make sure I was not dreaming! It was like a miracle! A page in this “Biography” came to life for me right then and there. What a coincidence! The gentleman stood up and I was speechless! There in person and life-size was Sweet Daddy Siki. One could not mistake him with his hair completely white. After his session, I went over to him immediately and said “Sir, I have been a fan of yours for many years, in fact, it was your wrestling that attracted me to the sport, back when it was really wrestling. I loved your costume”.

He was very gracious, soft spoken and gentlemanly. I further inquired “Do you know Mr. Goudas”? He smiled and responded “Yes”. I blurted out “You are in his Biography, in costume and everything”! He then requested a copy of the book, but unfortunately he has to wait until it is published, so I promised to personally bring him an autographed copy. I further informed him that I work for Mr. Goudas and obtained his telephone number.

Even now, while writing this, I feel a special something. In a way, I believe that meeting Sweet Daddy Siki has solidified everything in this “Biography” as true.

Imagine, I was thinking to myself as I was returning to my table, when this book is finally published, how many lives it will touch in significant ways.

Thank you a million times Spyros Peter Goudas. Your life experience has been an inspiration for me. May you live on forever!
Mr. Goudas’ New Baby
(From all of us)

The successful business career of Mr. Goudas has recently expanded into a new field: advertisement via the internet. The website: www.flyermall.com is an original idea designed to offer advertising services and public exposure for over 1,000 companies which originate from a large variety of industries. This website has tremendous value for the Canadian consumer. The site provides up-to-date flyers featuring the various specials for the different stores, new products, as well as a section in which classified ads can be posted with a special feature by which pictures may be included. Updated daily and rich with informative content, www.flyermall.com is the very first website of its kind in the whole world, which at times reaches over 200,000 hits daily.

Mr. Goudas dedicates many late evening or early morning hours to his new ‘baby’, which has already expanded outside of Canada. On the birthday celebration of the website, attended by hundreds of advertisers and regular visitors, the staff gave him kudos for his restless and always energetic contribution in the business world. We wish that he sees many more successes and that his inspiration never dies!

Thank-you Note
(by Spyros Peter Goudas)

I would like to extend my appreciation and gratitude to all those who in one way or another contributed into putting this book together:

To the writers who dedicated their hard work into best portraying the most important events and experiences of my life.

My staff, who with their added comments and ideas assisted into making this book more appealing to the general public.

My family and friends who supported me all the way into realizing this endeavour.

And finally to those recent acquaintances who read parts of my book and offered their comments, which definitely added a fresh element to the final outcome.

My acknowledgements to all of you, who devoted time and effort, encouragement and advice, and offered valued conviction and assurance into adding confidence to my work and bringing my vision to life.

To all who read the biography, and to those of you who loyally buy Mr. Goudas products, thank you for inviting me to your dining table.

If, however, you have not yet tried any of my products, I gladly extend my personal invitation. In any case, it is the customer’s preference that comes across into Goudas
Foods, and gives us a boost forward every time you send us a letter of appreciation, or a store manager contacts us to order highly-demanded products which the store does not carry.

Our efforts to produce quality products that everyone can enjoy, are paid back with your expressed satisfaction.

I hope we repay your fondness for Mr. Goudas’ products, by continuing to meet your high expectations.

I conclude with a small but important reminder:

The book you have in your hand is my biography until now; you still have not seen the last of me.

I am leaving the door open God willing for much more to come

Keep an eye open...

In Closing

We, the writers, have enjoyed putting this book together, and we sincerely hope you have enjoyed reading it too!

As you might agree by now, Mr. Goudas has had a very eventful life so far, and he has lived through many experiences, good and bad, which, he is always ready and eager to talk about. In fact, at any particular occasion, he always has a related story to share.

It is amazing how he makes one see that he has made good use of every single day of his life! However, we regret to confess that not all the material we have gathered from his lifetime experiences is incorporated into this book; we could not provide it all here because of lack of space.

During the time we spent together with Mr. Goudas, we not only talked about interesting happenings, but we have also had the chance to try all his products, which we really love.

We hope that the next time you go to the supermarket or to a smaller independent grocery store, you will look for them, because we really believe they are the best.

Hopefully, they are available where you do your shopping. If they are not, ask the store manager to obtain them for you. Should your request(s) be ignored, we suggest you consider changing supermarkets to one where consumer requests are respected and where, for example, a whole aisle is dedicated to Mr. Goudas’ products.
After all, his products encompass all nationalities, a verification of Canada’s own theme of multiculturalism.

The last thing we would like to share is some great news we have received just recently. We have learned that a movie company has expressed its interest in obtaining the rights to produce a film version of “The Immigrant” and are currently looking for look-alikes!

This is very exciting, because not only are we convinced that this material is more than enough to fit in a movie, but it is destined to become successful at once, although, the actual book has not even circulated yet! We consider this a good sign for the future success of this book.

At this point, we have come to the end of the book, and it is time to say farewell.

This is an emotional time, as we recall all the moments we have spent with him, while writing one article after the other. You have to realize that Mr. Goudas lived his life twice through this book.

At times, it was very stressful for him to recall some of the names, events, and situations. We had some good laughs and even some tears, while hearing Mr. Goudas share some of his personal stories, which kept us going through the long hours of careful and intensive work.

We are proud not only to provide you with this colourful biography, but above all, we are satisfied to see how the message of this book sparkles clearly between the lines.

All his experiences, all the situations he went through, every event he has participated in, every book he has read or he wrote, every new friend he has made and kept close, and everything he has ever been a part of, have made Mr. Goudas the man he is today:

An entrepreneur with a mind for business and a heart of gold!

We thank him for sharing his life story with us, and we are delighted to have gained something useful from every single one of his stories, whether that is knowledge, or a simple laugh.

Now we have passed this book into your hands.

We thank you for having taken the time to read it, and we urge you not to place it in your library to collect dust, but to pass it on to a friend, so that others may enjoy it as well.

Maybe you should even leave it on your coffee table to provoke conversation.

We would like to leave you now with a sentence we hope you will remember and pass along to your family and friends:

“GOUDAS ON THE LABEL MEANS GOOD FOOD ON THE TABLE”.

GOUDAS ON THE LABEL MEANS GOOD FOOD ON THE TABLE.
A Priceless Collection of Stamps

Please be mindful that this is a short overview of Goudas Foods products. We did not include the different sizes available for each product, as well as the institutional and foodservice items such as bulk spices, sugars, rice, beans, flour, and many more under other categories and brands. Mr. Goudas also distributes or owns brands such as Mamma Lucia, Lion King, Tai-Tai, Pride of Himalaya, Jewel of the Indies, Golden Wings, Blue Lake, No. 5, Snappy Pop, Golden Feather, Yellow Bird, Tiranga, Tourlou-Tourlou, Cakemaker, Speedy Rice, Golden Dragon, Mamma Thekla, Spinorizo, Garlito, Heavenly Bite, Pandemonium, Frutzz, Yuca Gold, Lentelino, 888, Charlie B's, and many others.

After Mr. Goudas reviewed the layout of the stamps, his expression changed. It seemed his eyes were telling both a happy and a sad story about the imagination, focus, creation, difficulties, commitment, and the endless hours and heartaches involved, as he slowly gazed across the pages. After all, it's not just the pretty label, but most importantly what's inside, that requires extended thinking and careful preparation. But, how could someone possibly capture a lifetime of dedication in the limited perimeters of a stamp?

We asked Mr. Goudas:

“What are you thinking at this moment?” and he replied...

“It’s just the beginning...”.
WHEN WE ASKED HIM HOW HE DID IT, HE REPLIED:

It must be clearly understood that many more people, other than myself, are involved in making such magnificent products, or any other product that comes out of the Goudas Foods Organization. There are people like: microbiologists, food chemists, sealing and packaging specialists, nutrition evaluators, packaging and label designers, market researchers, government advisors, food surveyors, quality control personnel, post production evaluators…and the list never ends. In a few words, it’s a huge product producing orchestra, with myself as the conductor.”